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CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

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CHAMBERS'S

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COMICALITIES OF NATURE.

ERE are some objects in animated creation which ɜsistibly provoke a smile. It is different with inanimate ure, which is variously beautiful, sublime, tame, desolate, d, or whatever else, but always respectable. There is hing frisky in the characters of mountains or precipices, ins, lakes, rivers, or seas—unless, indeed, we are to ke an exception for some little *burns* in our own thern land, which the imagination may very readily pose to be of a tricksy, gambolsome humour, seeing h what deft antics they tumble and trip along their ɔbly way, as if to amuse the gowans that ogle them as y pass, from the fairy befooted sward. But, upon the ole, inorganic creation is not at all funny. Animated ure, on the contrary, presents to us an immense deal t we cannot help feeling to be so.

To begin with the next creatures below ourselves—re are the monkeys, whose whole appearance and vements are grotesque. Who could ever look in the ɜ of one of these animals without that same stirring of risible faculties which we experience in perusing a icature or parody, or witnessing a pantomime? The

wretch never laughs itself, but its every gesture is provocative of mirth in us. See it taking care of one of its young, or allaying some temporary irritability in one of its sides, or inspecting any suspicious-looking morsel which may have been given to it, and the perfect whimsicality of the creature must be acknowledged. So thoroughly is this the case, that no one could ever speak of a monkey gravely; the name is never mentioned without a smile or a laugh. The appearance of the sloth is ludicrous, but in a different way. 'There,' remarks Cuvier, 'nature seems to have amused herself with producing something imperfect and grotesque.' The mirth excited by this animal is of the derisive kind. We smile to see a miserable-looking creature crawling so abjectly, unable to use its fore-legs for support, and only able to move when it can get something to lay hold of whereby to pull itself along. The sloth may be, as later naturalists allege, fully accomplished for all the ends of its being; yet it is not less true that, constituted as we are, we cannot help smiling at an object which strikes our minds as so uncouth.

So, also, the peculiar feature of the marsupial tribes is no doubt appropriate to the circumstances in which they live. Yet is it in the power of any human being to think of that feature with the same feelings as those with which, for instance, he would regard the gracile limb of the antelope, or the shaggy mane of the lion? To think of a creature having a pouch in which to carry her young family, and from which they may occasionally be seen peeping like so many juvenile bipeds from a huckster's panniers, is surely a most whimsical idea. Think of what a monstrous crime pocket-picking must appear to a female kangaroo with a charge of children! Australia presents another good living joke in her celebrated ornithorhynchus, where we see a creature like a rat, but a good deal larger, furnished with a duck's bill and web-feet—an association exactly of the same character with those which human conceit has occasionally formed for *emblematical devices*, or in the way of buffoonery.

the feathered tribes there are also numerous
micality. The choler of the turkey-cock never
te mirth. Domesticated ravens come to enter
nours of the families they live with, and some-
amazingly funny. The whole race of parrots
. Not altogether mechanical is that power
of repeating droll expressions, under the
of human masters and mistresses. By timing
they often shew that they enjoy them. This
ell as the monkeys and mocking-birds, is
bly possessed of that same power of imitation
employ to the excitement of mirth in mimicry
theatricals. The mocking-bird is the very
lexandre of American ornithology. It can
e cry of almost all birds, and the name we
resses the purposes for which it employs the
of its favourite waggeries, as is well known,
other birds near it by imitating their cries,
disperse them, like a set of school-boys at the
the master, by uttering the cry of the bird of
stand most in fear.

e many whimsical things in the vegetable
gh the British Flora is perhaps a more serious
n some of her foreign sisters. If we go abroad,
id many quaint things in this department of
ie *Broussonetia papyrifera* of Japan and India,
the article called India paper is made, has
fferent in form, and each of which seems as if
a piece rent out of it, and as if it had been
sewed up again to repair the damage. Here
complete an appearance of a familiar human
imitated in nature, as there is in the junc-
duck's bill to the water-rat's body in the
chus. There is exactly that disarrangement of
the leaf, and that appearance of puckering at
hich would be seen in a piece of checkered
by a mendicant, which, having had a narrow
n out of it, had been hastily *based* together
regard to the joining of the checkers or to

smoothness of surface. The well-known fly-trap strikes the mind with all the effect of a joke. The leaf stands temptingly open; a poor fly pops in for shelter or food; no sooner has it set its foot on the bottom, than some sensitive fibres are affected, and the cilia at the top close in upon the intruder, impounding him as effectually as if a boy had taken him and closed him up in a box. The doings of a human economy are also curiously coincident with those of the pitcher-plant of the East. To the foot-stalk of each leaf of this plant, near the base, is attached a kind of bag, shaped like a *pitcher*, of the same consistence and colour as the leaf in the early state of its growth, but changing with age to a reddish purple. It is girt round with an oblique band or *hoop*, and covered with a *lid* neatly fitted, and movable on a kind of *hinge* or strong fibre, which, passing over the *handle*, connects the vessel with the leaf. By the shrinking or contracting of this fibre, the lid is drawn open whenever the weather is showery, or dews fall, which would appear to be just the contrary of what usually happens in nature, though the contraction is probably occasioned by the hot and dry atmosphere, and the expansion does not take place till the moisture has fallen and saturated the pitcher. When this is the case, the cover falls down, and it closes so firmly as to prevent any evaporation taking place. The water having gradually absorbed through the handle in the footstalk of the leaf, gives vigour to the leaf itself, and sustenance to the plant. As soon as the pitchers are exhausted, the lids again open, to admit whatever moisture may fall; and when the plant has produced its seed, and the dry season fairly sets in, it withers with all the covers of the pitchers standing open.*

There are some plants, the flowers of which bear curious, if not ludicrous resemblances to other objects. The natural order *Orchidaceæ* are remarkable for this property. The flower of the *Oncidium papilio* presents an extraordinary resemblance to a tortoise-shell butterfly,

* *This description of the pitcher-plant is from Barrow's Cochin China.*

as that of the *Phalænopsis amabilis* does to a white one. *Peristeria pendula* looks like a dove crouching in its nest; and *Coryanthes micrantha* resembles a skeleton's head, with the vertebræ of the neck, finished off with a pair of bat's wings! * The flower of the *bee orchis* is like a piece of honeycomb, and, strange to say, the bees delight in it. Then there is the *snap-dragon*, the corolla of which is cleft and turned back so as to look like a rabbit's mouth, especially if pinched on the sides, when the animal appears as if nibbling. If, in like manner, the two petals or nectaries of another well-known plant are pinched, they peep from under the coloured calyx, like two great eyes looking out under the cowl of a monk; hence its name of monk's-hood. The flower of the cock's-comb and seed-pod of the *Mostynia proboscidea* bear equally curious resemblances to the objects which have suggested their names. Some kinds of *Medicago* have also curious seed-pods, some being like bee-hives, some like caterpillars, and some like hedgehogs—the last being itself an essentially ludicrous natural object.

A certain grotesqueness of form belongs to the whole order of *Cactaceæ*. The *Cactus senilis* would arrest the most unobservant eye in an exhibition of plants, by the ludicrous peculiarity from which it derives its name. Being simply a kind of stump, covered with long white streaming hair, it exactly resembles the head of an old man! In its native country, this cactus puts on considerably different, but not less ludicrous appearances. It there grows to the height of ten or twelve, sometimes even to twenty or thirty, feet, and when it approaches a flowering state, a circlet of short brown fur appears round the summit, which gradually increases till it takes the very form and appearance of a lady's fur muff! Mr Lambert, the president of the Linnæan Society, has preserved in glass-cases, in his drawing-room, two specimens taken from full plants; and a person who has seen

* There is a figure of this flower in the *Botanical Register*, vol. xxii., but it gives no idea of the horrible grotesque of the living plant.

them reports to us, that one in particular, about eighteen inches high, precisely looks like an old sable muff. The flowers of the *Cactus senilis* are crimson, and are produced in a ring. The reader may, therefore, judge what a curious figure our old gentleman-plant cuts in his native woods, with his body all covered with long white hair, surmounted by a black muff, and above all a wreath of crimson flowers.

Our minds naturally recognise the tall straight stems of the beech and elm as elegant objects. The trunk of the oak is thick, but it conveys the idea of manly robustness and vigour. Most flowering-plants in this country have elegant stalks, to which the flower parts are in general neatly and fittingly joined. We never think of smiling mirthfully at any of these objects, but, on the contrary, are disposed to regard them with a musing and serious admiration. How different are these cactuses, with their incomprehensible lumpy angular stems, masses of green vegetable matter, decorated quaintly along the edges with prickles, while here and there a flower sticks out, looking as oddly placed as would a man's head if it projected from his side or stuck upon his knee! It is the *Cactus speciosissimus*, which is so particularly liable to this description. To the dark crimson flowers which ornament its stem, succeeds the fruit, a thing which one would at first suppose to be an egg, till tasting it he would imagine it a gooseberry! In their native country, they rise thirty or forty feet high, without a single branch or a single leaf, and it is generally upon the tops of mountains that they grow. Pæping, a German botanical traveller in Brazil, says that, in that country, a hill top bristling with the *Cactus speciosissimus* resembles nothing so much as a hog's back!

Then we have the creeping cereus (*Cereus flagelliformis*) which looks like a number of cats' tails tied together, and hung over a flower-pot, with a few crimson flowers stuck into them irregularly. The spines with which these hanging stems are completely covered are what give them *the cats-tail appearance*; they have no leaves, but the

nails are sometimes forked. The leaf cactus (*Epiphyllum phyllanthoides*) is of totally different but equally quaint form, the stems appearing to consist of a series of leaves stuck into each other, and having notches in the sides from which spring the flowers. The porcupine cactus (*Echinocactus*) has a round ball-like stem, often with projecting angles like a lady's reticule, covered with hard sharp spines. The flowers of this genus appear thrown carelessly on the stem, and not to belong to it. We might expatiate upon the eccentricities of this order of plants for half a day, but shall content ourselves with adverting to that crowning conceit manifested by one of the family, of blowing in the middle of the night—emblem apt and true of a certain class of whimsical mortals.

Every one has heard of *lusus naturæ*—sports of nature—things which she was supposed to produce in the way of freak, and as exceptions from her ordinary laws. Fossil shells, for example, were considered as *lusus naturæ*, no one being able to understand how, if they had been originally real shells of marine molluscs, they could ever have got into those deep-seated rocks where they were found imbedded. It is now believed that there are no such things as *lusus naturæ*, every one of her organic creations being formed after a distinct type, and designed for a particular purpose in creation, just as there is no character used in a printed book but what there is a type for in the compositor's case, and is liable to appear accordingly in other printed books of the same language. The true sports of nature are to be seen in the many grotesque forms of her legitimate and recognised children, animals and plants, and in the whimsical powers and properties which she has assigned to many of at least the former class. With regard to grotesque forms in plants and animals, it may be said that these things are perhaps not absolutely grotesque, and that it is only in consequence of some law of our minds that we think them so. This, we conceive, may be the case without in the least detracting from the force of what has been said; for how can we *judge of* anything but by virtue of and in

accordance with the habits of our minds? Undoubtedly, if the cheek of the fair young maiden affects us with the sense of beauty, as truly does the figure of the Barbary ape affect us with the sense of comicality. So, also, of the powers and properties of many animals. The chatter of the parrot, the strut and crow of the cock, the wretched bray of the ass, the capers of the young goat, and the pranks of the kitten, all affect us with the same risibility as the humour of a Mathews or the wit of a Sheridan. To come finally to man, he has been endowed with both the power of creating mirth and the power of enjoying it. He has a faculty of the ludicrous in his mental organisation, and muscles in the face whereby to express the sensation in its well-known form of laughter. Some are born with such a predominance of the ludicrous in their nature, and such wonderful powers of awakening risibility in their fellow-creatures, as to seem to have been mainly designed, as far as the worldly utility of their existence is concerned, for this purpose. This is a class of men particularly apt at perceiving the comicalities of the lower animal and vegetable worlds. While others see only what is painful and melancholy in the scene around them, they are conscious only of what is merry and ridiculous, and spend the part of their lives that is devoted to common sensation in a constant flow of self-generated humour.

We would fain, from all that has been said, establish the importance of the comical in the mundane economy. It seems to us that it cannot be necessarily a reprehensible frivolity—to however absurd purposes it may be occasionally perverted—when we see traces of it springing directly from the common Origin of all things. Time and place may be necessary for its proper development amongst assembled human beings, but this is no more than what may be said of all things. There is a time to laugh and a time to weep. Man, it is true, in his blind zeal for what his higher sentiments dictate, has sometimes *acted* as if to smile were a sin. He has, strange to say, *thought that* an invariable gloom and sadness was the

proper habit of mind in which to live, as being more agreeable to the Deity. But when we look into the book of Nature, we see these ideas completely contradicted. We there find types of being which must have been grotesque and whimsical in their forms, since long before there was such a thing as the human mind to regard them either in one light or another. We see jocularities and merriments in animals which existed long before man, and to which no moral error can be imputed. Finally, we see man himself organised so thoroughly for mirth, that his very health is liable to be improved by it. Well, indeed, might Grecian imagination include Thalia amongst the children of Jove.

SLAVE-HUNTS IN EGYPT.

THE publication of a work, entitled *Egypt and Mohammed Ali*, in 1841, by Dr R. R. Madden, has brought prominently into notice a variety of circumstances connected with the legalised system of slavery in Egypt, as well as the manner in which it is supported by the practice of hunting down and carrying off the unfortunate inhabitants of Nubia and Abyssinia. As little is popularly known on the subject, we propose, with the assistance of facts gleaned from the work of this intrepid and philanthropic writer, to bring it before our readers.

In all the undertakings of Mohammed Ali, with the ostensible view of civilising the nation of which he was the ruler, he appeared to be animated by one prevailing sentiment, and that was, the desire to serve his own selfish purposes, and yet deceive the people of Europe, who, he was fully aware, had an eye to his public actions. In accomplishing this object, he had, by the aid of French tacticians, been eminently successful. The trick of his highness was generally well managed: it consisted in issuing orders of the most *liberal* nature respecting any matter

of serious complaint, for which he received a great deal of praise, but which orders, except in particular instances, he took good care should never be carried into execution. Some years ago, when on an expedition into Eastern Africa, he found it his interest to be very much shocked with the practice of capturing slaves for sale within his dominions, and issued an immediate order that this barbarous trade should be prohibited. So pleasing a circumstance gave much satisfaction in England, and the Anti-slavery Convention held in London sent an address applauding his generous and humane conduct. Dr Madden was the bearer of this document to his highness; but, greatly to his surprise, he found, on its presentation (August 1840), that the pacha had taken no step whatever to give effect to those orders for which he was now congratulated. The slave-hunts and slave-sales went on the same as ever.

Our author was much shocked to find the Egyptian despot so much less a man of humanity than English philanthropy had supposed, and he took leave to present to him a very bold address, in which he stated that there were 300 slaves for sale at that moment in the markets of Cairo and Alexandria; that the number sold in the preceding twelve months was above 10,000; and that the government not only permitted, but practised, the horrible traffic, the pacha's soldiers being regularly employed in seizing slaves in Nubia, and a tax upon their exportation being one of the resources of his treasury. Mohammed Ali equivocated, and threw the blame upon the law and the sultan; but his issuing licences to slave-merchants was in itself sufficient to establish his guilt. The particulars which Dr Madden gives of the mutilation of children for certain purposes makes the flesh thrill with horror; and his description of slave-hunting in Nubia presents a picture of oppression which must stamp this plausible tyrant with everlasting infamy.

The number of persons carried off from the Nubian mountains between 1825 and 1839, omitting the thousands *who were captured* by the Bakkara, amounted to at least

100,000. As soon as the rainy season is over, the capturing excursion, called Gasna, commences, and the necessary number of camels, one for each soldier, and others for arms, ammunition, and tents, is demanded. The soldiers seize all that comes in their way, and in a few days all that is necessary is obtained. The capturing expedition consists of from 1000 to 2000 regular foot soldiers; 400 to 800 Mograbini (Bedouins on horseback) armed with guns and pistols; 300 to 500 of the militia (half-naked savages) on dromedaries, with shields and spears; and 1000 more on foot, with bucklers and small lances. 'As soon as everything is ready, the march begins. They usually take from two to four field-pieces, and only sufficient bread for the first eight days. Oxen, sheep, and other cattle, are generally taken by force before at Cordofan, although the tax upon cattle may have been paid. When they meet with a flock, either feeding or at the watering-places, they steal the cattle, and do not care whether it belongs to one or more persons: they make no reparation for necessary things, whoever may be the sufferer, and no objection or complaint is listened to, as the governor himself is present.

'As soon as they arrive at the first mountains in Nubia, the inhabitants are asked to give the appointed number of slaves as their customary tribute. This is usually done with readiness; for these people live so near Cordofan, and are well aware that, by an obstinate refusal, they expose themselves to far greater sufferings. If the slaves are given without resistance, the inhabitants of that mountain are preserved from the horrors of an open attack; but as the food of the soldiers begins to fail about that time, the poor people are obliged to procure the necessary provisions as well as the specified number of slaves, and the Turks do not consider whether the harvest has been good or bad. All that is not freely given, the soldiers take by force. Like so many blood-hounds, they know how to discover the hidden stores, and frequently leave these unfortunate people scarcely a loaf for the next day. They then proceed on to the more distant mountains:

here they consider themselves to be in the land of an enemy; they encamp near the mountain which they intend to take by storm the following day, or immediately, if it is practicable. But before the attack commences, they endeavour to settle the affair amicably; a messenger is sent to the sheik, in order to invite him to come to the camp, and to bring with him the requisite number of slaves. If the chief agrees with his subjects to the proposal, in order to prevent all further bloodshed, or if he finds his means inadequate to attempt resistance, he readily gives the appointed number of slaves. The sheik then proceeds to procure the number he has promised; and this is not difficult, for many volunteers offer themselves for their brethren, and are ready to subject themselves to all the horrors of slavery, in order to free those they love.

'Here the most heart-rending scenes may be witnessed; for who is willing to separate himself from his home, from his parents, brothers and sisters, and relations?—who likes to forsake the cottage that has sheltered him from his infancy, and where he has spent so many happy hours in the society of those by whom he is beloved?—who likes to go forth to meet a horrible futurity, which promises nothing but misery, cruelty, and, what is perhaps most desirable, death?—and yet they feel the necessity that one of them should suffer in order to exempt the rest; the father may frequently be seen disputing with his son, the brother with his brother, as to which of them is to deliver himself freely into slavery, for every one wishes to save his affectionate and endeared relative.

'The anticipation of falling into the hands of the unfeeling Turks, where nothing but misery and torments await them, to which they must submit—the prospect of being obliged to forsake all that is dear to them, and that for ever—overpowers them. They bedew the cheeks of those they love with their tears, while they press the last kiss, and take the last farewell; they then deliver themselves *into the hands* of their unfeeling, hard-

tors. Sometimes they are obliged to be torn by
rom the embraces of their friends and relations.
eik generally receives a dress as a present for his
ervices.

there are very few mountains that submit to such
and. Most villages which are advantageously
d, and lie near steep precipices or inaccessible
, that can be ascended only with difficulty, defend
lves most valiantly, and fight for the rights of
with a courage, perseverance, and sacrifice, of
history furnishes us with few examples. Very few
the approach of their enemies, although they
take refuge in the high mountains with all their
especially as they receive timely information of
ival of the soldiers ; but they consider such flights
lly and shameful, and prefer to die fighting for
iberty.

he sheik does not yield to the demand, an attack
le upon the village. The cavalry and bearers of
surround the whole mountain, and the infantry
our to climb the heights. Formerly, they fired
annon upon the villages and those places where
groes were assembled, but, on account of the want
l of the artillerymen, few shots, if any, took effect :
groes became indifferent to this prelude, and were
timulated to a more obstinate resistance. The
ering of the cannon at first caused more consterna-
an their effects, but the fears of the negroes ceased
n as they became accustomed to it. Before the
commences, all avenues to the village are blocked
h large stones or other impediments ; the village is
led with water for several days ; the cattle and other
ty taken up to the mountain ; in short, nothing
ary for a proper defence is neglected. The men,
l only with lances, occupy every spot which may be
led, and even the women do not remain inactive ;
ither take part in the battle personally, or encou-
heir husbands by their cries and lamentations, and
le them with arms : in short, all are active, except

the sick and aged. The points of their wooden lances are first dipped into a poison which is standing by them in an earthen vessel, and which is prepared from the juice of a certain plant. The poison is of a whitish colour, and looks like milk which has been standing; the nature of the plant, and the manner in which the poison is prepared, is still a secret, and generally known only to one family in the village, who will not on any account make it known to others.

'As soon as the signal is given for the attack, the infantry sound the alarm, and an assault is made upon the mountain. Thousands of lances, large stones, and pieces of wood, are then thrown at the assailants; behind every large stone a negro is concealed, who either throws his poisoned lance at the enemy, or waits for the moment when his opponent approaches the spot of his concealment, when he pierces him with his lance. The soldiers, who are only able to climb up the steep heights with great difficulty, are obliged to sling their guns over their backs, in order to have the use of their hands when climbing, and, consequently, are often in the power of the negroes before they are able to discover them. But nothing deters these robbers. Animated with avarice and revenge, they mind no impediment, not even death itself. One after another treads upon the corpse of his comrade, and thinks only of robbery and murder, and the village is at last taken, in spite of the most desperate resistance. And then the revenge is horrible. Neither the aged nor sick people are spared, women, and even children in their mothers' womb, fall a sacrifice to their fury; the huts are plundered, the little possession of the unfortunate inhabitants carried away or destroyed, and all that fall alive into the hands of the robbers, are led as slaves into the camp. When the negroes see that their resistance is no longer of any avail, they frequently prefer death to slavery; and if they are not prevented, you may see the father rip up first the stomach of his wife, then of his *children,* and then his own, that they may not fall alive *into the hands of the* enemy. Others endeavour to save

themselves by creeping into holes, and remain there for several days without nourishment, where there is frequently only room sufficient to allow them to lie on their backs, and in that situation they sometimes remain for eight days. They have assured me, that if they can overcome the first three days, they may, with a little effort, continue full eight days without food. But even from these hiding-places, the unfeeling barbarians know how to draw them, or they make use of means to destroy them: provided with combustibles, such as pitch, brimstone, &c., the soldiers try to kindle a fire before the entrance of the holes, and by forcing the stinking smoke up the holes, the poor creatures are forced to creep out, and to surrender themselves to their enemies, or they are suffocated with the smoke.

'After the Turks have done all in their power to capture the living, they lead these unfortunate people into the camp: they then plunder the huts and the cattle, and several hundred soldiers are engaged in searching the mountain in every direction, in order to steal the hidden harvest, that the rest of the negroes, who were fortunate enough to escape, and have hid themselves in inaccessible caves, should not find anything on their return to nourish and continue their life.

'As soon as they have obtained about 500 or 600 slaves, they are sent to Lobeid, with an escort of country-people, and about fifty soldiers, under the command of an officer. In order to prevent escape, a sheba is hung round the necks of the adults. A sheba is a young tree, about eight feet long and two inches thick, and which has a fork at the top: it is so tied to the neck of the poor creature, that the trunk of the tree hangs down in the front, and the fork closed behind the neck with a cross piece of timber, or tied together with strips cut out of a fresh skin; and in this situation, the slave, in order to be able to walk at all, is obliged to take the tree into his hands, and to carry it before him. But none can endure this very long, and to render it easier, the one in advance takes the tree of *the man* behind him on his shoulder. It

is impossible for them to get their head free, and it frequently happens that they have their necks wounded, which is followed by an inflammation, and sometimes even by death.

'Boys, between ten and fifteen years of age, who cannot bear such a sheba, are tied together, two and two, with wooden clasps on their hands; this is done by placing the wood on the right arm of one, and on the left of another, above the wrist, and then lacing it tightly. Other boys are tied together, by two and two, with leather strings. Boys under the above-mentioned ages, as well as girls, women, and aged persons, are allowed to walk at liberty. Many a mother carries her sucking babe, of a few days old, in her arms; others have to carry on their backs, or in their arms, two or three of their children, as they are too young and feeble to walk by themselves. Old people, tottering with their staves, the sick and wounded, walk, surrounded by their daughters, wives, or relations, and are assisted and even carried occasionally by them. If one of these unfortunate persons remains behind the line but one step, he is immediately forced to proceed by blows from the but-ends of the guns, or by stripes of the whip; and if they even then should not be able to move on, from ten to twelve of them are tied with their hands to a cord, one end of which is fastened to the pommel of a camel, and the dying thus dragged along. No pity is shown to those who sink down; they are not released, but dragged along with the rest, even if one should die before they arrive at the appointed halting-place. Before the caravan halts, no refreshment, either of food or drink, is given to the debilitated negroes; the unfeeling Turks have no compassion—even if a drop of water should be sufficient to refresh the feeble, it is not given to him, but he is left to perish.'

TWO OPINIONS, OR WHICH IS BEST?

In my native town in Lincolnshire, there resided a medical gentleman named Albright, and a worthy divine whom I must take leave to name Dr Doubtmuch: two beings more opposite in the cast of their minds could not be conceived. My father, bless him! being an easy sort of a man, allowed me to choose my own future profession, but requested that I would consult these two gentlemen, as he calculated that, in all probability, their difference of character would give me an excellent idea of the world, and some useful hints for my future guidance in it.

Unfortunately for my peace of mind, I met Mr Albright just as I was going to the house of Dr Doubtmuch, and related to him my plan, which was to become a teacher of experimental philosophy, that being, in my opinion, less laborious and more profitable than any of the three learned professions, and more gentlemanly than trade. Mr Albright stared as if he considered me an intellectual prodigy; and then exclaimed, in an enthusiastic manner: 'Admirable plan! Pray, my dear Mr Weathercock, is it your whole and sole suggestion?—for really, sir,' he continued, 'it shews a greatness of mind, a profundity of thought, and a brightness of idea, that is truly surprising for so young a man.' This hyperbole, which he used upon all occasions, was a delicious dose to my vanity. I was always lean and upright, like a hop-pole; but this extraordinary jargon made me seem to grow some inches higher.

Mr Albright was a smart bustling little man, with reddish hair, light-gray eyes, and a murky, yellowish complexion. He was usually dressed in a dark-green surtout, broad white-corded small-clothes, top-boots, a riding-whip under his arm, and his hat placed rather backwards, so as to make the most of his small head. He affected an *appearance* of great professional practice,

thunder bursting over his house, or a musket-ball suddenly whizzing past my head, I could not have been more effectually startled from my seat than I was at the enraged 'WHAT!' I actually felt a spasmodic action of the heart; and, when I recovered from the stupor it induced, I perceived an expression of extreme contempt written on the features of my censor. Yet I did not venture to say anything, but looked rather timidly at him, and encountered his large full eyes, when he said, in an irritated tone: 'Why, that puppy Albright will ruin you, Tom! I doubt much whether the fool knows the exact meaning of experimental philosophy.' I then ventured to assure him that my friend Mr Albright was a scientific man, and practised in medicine and surgery. He replied, sneeringly: 'You assure me, do you? Why, I doubt much, sir, whether you are competent to judge, or to give an opinion on the subject.' These uncourteous remarks quite nettled me; so, taking up my hat, I pertly told him, that as my friends thought I possessed talent, it behoved me to try whose judgment was most correct. The worthy doctor looked at me with a countenance more in sorrow than in anger; and, pointing to the chair, bade me, in an authoritative manner, to be seated—an order which I could not help obeying. After a short pause he said: 'It is out of respect to your family, Mr Weathercock, that I am induced to point out to you the absurdity of your speculation. For, sir, I doubt much whether, in a country so commercial as England, where the people are devoted to the mere acquisition of wealth, and the fortunate winners so fond of show and dress, even if you had the greatest talent for philosophical teaching, you would get a class to pay more than current expenses. You would, therefore, be sure to get into debt, compromise your respectability, and lose all relish for more certain means of getting money to pay your way as an honest upright man. It is a mistaken notion, my good sir, to think all *respectability* is confined to professions; for in very few instances do we find that professional pursuits are so *lucrative as trade.* Yet some would rather starve to be

men, even at the hazard of integrity and independ-
:han be guilty of exercising some mechanical or
raft occupation. They would think it a compromise
r gentility to go behind a counter; and yet they
ften pander to the whims of a rich shopkeeper, and
keep their opinions to themselves, or be literally
ings to all men." Therefore, Tom, if in opposition
experience of observing persons, you follow the
ical fancies of your own morbid imagination, it
not the gift of prophecy to foretell the conse-
s. You will fritter away the greater part of your
catching at unsubstantial shadows; your latter
rill be cheerless and miserable; and your bosom
nions will be poverty and disappointment, as they
lly are the associates of the visionary adventurer.'
uite motionless during the delivery of this power-
:ure, and I felt that the doctor, like a divine oracle,
onounced my certain doom, if I persisted in my
l design. Yet I could not reply to him, for a
faintness came over me, cold drops of perspiration
d down my aching forehead, and my whole body
l enveloped in a chilly, deathlike dampness, as if
s oozing away. It was not till some minutes had
l that I felt myself able to rise and take my leave.
sequent deliberation convinced me that the opinion
Doubtmuch was the most prudent; and I resolved
ow it, though still grieving over the downfall of my
rilliant hopes. I selected a particular line of busi-
onnected with medicine, and gave it my undivided
on for a series of years. Ere life had passed its
I possessed a competency, with which I retired,
voted myself to those scientific pursuits, which,
sued in poverty, would undoubtedly have ended
loss of my independence. I allow myself to be
nally tempted to give a few lectures, in amateur
, to the good folk of the little town near which I
and generally secure a fair modicum of applause.
after these exhibitions, I descend from the rostrum,
pectable neighbours, ladies as well as gentlemen,

flock about me, shake hands, and assure me they ha had a great deal of pleasure in listening to my excelle lecture, &c. I more than suspect that it is pleasant to be a lecturer on experimental philosophy as a gent man of independent means, than as a young fellow seeki to make his bread and establish himself in the world.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.

[THE following graphic account of the Exhibition Madame Tussaud, was communicated from a lady on visit to London, to her niece in the country. It is on necessary to say that, since it was written, Madar Tussaud has died at a good old age; the exhibition bea ing her name, however, continues to be one of the mo attractive sights in the metropolis.]

I arrived in London a few days ago, after a long a amusing tour with your uncle on the continent; a having much to do in a very limited time, before comi home to Scotland, it was only yesterday that I cou begin to look about me, or visit any of the interesti sights in this wonderfully large town. By the kindness Mr ——, I was conducted to several public buildings the early part of the day; but none of these afforded r so much pleasure as an exhibition to which I was tak in the evening—I mean the very curious wax-work the Bazaar in Baker Street, the proprietor of which Madame Tussaud.

Madame Tussaud, you must understand, is an elder French lady, who, in the early part of her life, figured the higher circles of Paris at the time of the Revoluti She was the niece and adopted daughter of M. Curti a Swiss medical gentleman, who was famous for his sk in modelling figures in wax; so much so, that the roy *family* of France invited him to Paris, where he w *greatly patronised.* His young niece becoming a pu

ı wax-modelling under his kind directions, she
ıined eminence in the art, and was employed
yal palace to teach it to the Princess Elizabeth—
amiable manners, who, with thousands of other
ɔqually worthy and unfortunate, perished during
)lutionary disorders. Under such respectable
Madame Tussaud gained an entrance into the
iety, and became personally acquainted with
ll the distinguished men of the day. When the
n broke out, she was among the few connected
aristocracy who were spared, and this she owed
ɛill as an *artiste:* you see how much good may
ɜs come of learning a useful art, which may either
life in prosperity or *support* it in the day of hard
'. Well, Madame Tussaud was spared from the
ɜ, because she was required by the revolutionary
to immortalise them by her craft. She made
ı wax of Robespierre, Marat, Danton, and a great
her worthies, dressing them of course in the
ion of the period, called the costume of the *sans*
She was also on many occasions employed to take
ıf heads which had been severed on the scaffold;
ırs of the Terrorists, as they were called, not inter-
) prevent her performing this melancholy task.
and other means, Madame Tussaud was enabled
ı large and valuable collection of models of the
ıarkable individuals in France—royalists, revolu-
generals, men of science and literature, and also
distinction. With this collection she afterwards
England, where she was permitted by many
shed personages to take models of them in wax;
ɜ at last we find her, now advanced in years,
ıg her unrivalled collection in one of the fashion-
ets in the west end of London.
Exhibition is open during the day; but we had
ıat the effect was much finer at night, and pre-
ɔeing it under its best aspect. Externally, there
ıg to indicate the singular scene which is going on
and, on entering, you find yourself in an elegant,

well-lighted lobby, surrounded by statues. A double staircase—that is, a flight of stairs leading from each side of the lobby—unites on a landing at the top, from which, by a door panelled with mirrors, you gain entrance to a beautiful outer apartment, tastefully laid out with ornaments of various kinds—mirrors, vases, &c. The walls, doors, &c., being of white decorated with gold, have a lightness and elegance, the effect of which is very pleasing. At one side of the door, on entering, before a small table, sits the venerable proprietor, neatly dressed in black, bowing to the company as they come in or out. Here the money is taken; and you advance through a passage, tastefully decorated with white and gold, to the principal room. But here, my dear Jane, I regret my utter inability to convey to you, as distinctly as I could wish, the extraordinary appearance of things on entering. Imagine a room about a hundred feet long (perhaps more), and lofty in proportion, the walls hung with scarlet cloth, which, before reaching the ceiling, is terminated by a ledge running round the whole room; on this ledge are placed, at regular intervals, elegant vases, gilt, with a thick garland of gilt flowers festooned from vase to vase. Over the doorway is a gallery splendidly gilt, filled with musicians, who play on various instruments. All the pillars and doors are of white and gilt, which lightens the effect produced by the scarlet walls. The whole place is brilliantly illuminated with gas, issuing from numerous lustres depending from the roof. With all this grandeur, take into account the crowd of figures, animate and inanimate, with which the apartment was filled—some in groups, some standing as if in doubt whether the objects before them were of flesh and blood, or merely artificial; every countenance impressed with the feeling of gratified wonder, and looking as if under the influence of a dream.

The first figure, on the right-hand side of the door, represents the inventor of the Infernal Machine, Fieschi—the person, you know, who attempted to destroy the King of the French; and as the head and eyes move in a *manner perfectly natural*, you are at first startled at being

ht so immediately in contact with a person of cha-
so infamous, and who appears to be in the act of
rging his terrific instrument of death, consisting of
y-five gun-barrels, loaded with several inches of gun-
r, besides ball and slugs; but as there are so many
ng and attractive objects courting the attention at
step, I shall not linger beside one which is only calcu-
o awaken feelings of horror. Near to this first figure,
g a delightful contrast to the French assassin, is the
led figure of an infant asleep, a beautiful emblem of
nce and simplicity. It is told of this infant, that,
year 1796, the Seine overflowed its banks, when the
was washed away in its cradle, but was rescued by
person who saw it floating down the stream. Bona-
having heard of the circumstance, had the child, who
boy, taken care of till he was a proper age, when he
im placed at the Polytechnic School in Paris, and
tely provided for him in the army. Again, in
distinction to this, stands the figure of Edward
d, who lately gained an undesirable notoriety in
uence of his insane attempt to shoot the Queen,
was driving in the Park. There is not anything
ular in his appearance. He looks like a genteelish
man, who would not attract any attention but for
me. The next group, which is to be regarded with
h greater degree of interest, represents Louis XVI.
nce, his unfortunate queen, Marie Antoinette, and
uphin. One is led to imagine that these must be
kenesses of the originals, from the circumstance of
having been exhibited at La Petit Trianon at
illes, where they must have been visited by many
ould judge of the correctness of the resemblances.
were taken from life in 1790. They are dressed in
stume of the period, and are represented as sitting
ofa, or chair of state, the Dauphin standing beside
His figure or face must have been taken subsequent
0, as he was not born till 1785, and here looks at
ight or ten years of age.
r this *group, on the* same side of the room, are

Louis Philippe, and the present Emperor of Russia. The King of the French, who is dressed in the uniform of the National Guards, is a decided likeness. This figure, and that of the Emperor of Russia, were taken from life. Again, amongst the crowned heads may be noticed Henry IV. of France, in a suit of chevalier armour, and Charles II. of England, also wearing a suit of magnificent armour. On the right-hand side, the attention is arrested by the majestic figure of Mrs Siddons, in the dress and attitude of Queen Catherine, in the play of *Henry VIII.*; and near her is her celebrated brother, John Kemble, in the character of Hamlet. The faces of both are fine and singularly expressive—such countenances as one looks for in vain in the everyday world. At a little distance in a sitting attitude, is Shakspeare, but for whom, it is possible, the talents of the last-mentioned personages might not have been brought so conspicuously forward.

On this side of the room, in the centre, we are gratified with a representation of the marriage group of the Queen; Prince Albert is in the act of holding the ring, preparatory to placing it on the finger of Her Majesty, while the Archbishop of Canterbury is performing his part of the ceremony with a look of great solemnity. The Queen is dressed in white satin, with a beautiful lace robe over it, and a train bordered with orange-flowers. A wreath of the orange-blossom encircles her head, from the back of which a white lace veil is arranged with great elegance. Across the breast Her Majesty wears the order of the Garter. Prince Albert is dressed in a field-marshal's uniform—scarlet coat, &c., with the order of the Garter round his leg, over stockings of white silk.

On this side, also, there is Lord Byron, as if conversing with Sir Walter Scott, whose likeness was taken by Madame Tussaud while in Edinburgh in 1828. There is a substantial respectability in Sir Walter's appearance, which, on a first glance, almost leads one to suppose that he is out of place, the scene around being one of intense brilliancy and glitter. He is dressed in a plain *suit of black*. Lord Byron's, I should suppose, is not

hat might be considered a fine likeness. The face is ot so expressive or intellectual in its character as one is ed to expect, in seeing a representation of this distinuished poet. His dress is partly concealed by a cloak hrown over his shoulders. The face is modelled from a ust of Lord Byron, executed in Italy while he resided here. Another group, comprising the king of Hanover, Lord Brougham, Sir Francis Burdett, and Daniel O'Connell, occupies a position on this side of the room; as also the Earl of Leicester, a fine venerable-looking personage, Earl Spencer, and Lord Durham. At the upper end of the room is a fine commanding figure of the king of the Belgians, taken from life in 1817; and at a little distance apart is Queen Caroline, in a court-dress of black velvet, and a hat with white feathers. This brings us to the upper end of the room, where a still more gorgeous scene opens up, shewing a spacious recess or anteroom, the whole of which is seen at one glance, magnificently fitted up. The walls are hung, in the richest manner, with crimson silk velvet, and the floor laid with crimson; the whole got up in the most tasteful and superb style.

The sole occupant of this grand apartment is his late majesty George IV., in his coronation robes. The figure is said to have been modelled from life; the attitude is at once easy and commanding. The king is decorated with the order of the Bath, the order of the Garter, and the Guelphic order. The principal robe, which is the identical one worn at the procession to Westminster Abbey on the day of the coronation, measures seven yards in length by three in width; is of crimson velvet, splendidly embroidered with gold; and, with the parliamentary robe, and the imperial robe, which is of purple velvet, both of which are also exhibited, contains 567 feet of velvet and embroidery, and cost, along with the ermine lining, L.18,000! The throne is also introduced on which the king received the allied monarchs. The crown, orb, and sceptre, which are arranged on a table, are correct copies of *those used at* the coronation. The jewels of

course are imitation, but so dazzlingly brilliant, would take a good judge to discover the deception. looking on this, and turning to the comparatively l figure of Queen Caroline, the effect is painful. Sh it were, standing a spectator of that splendour in she was not allowed to participate. Beyond this o on the other side, is the Princess Charlotte, in a dress, taken from a bust for which her royal hi sat on the day of her marriage. Near to this is t Duke of York, in the robes of the order of the said to have been taken from life.

A fantastically dressed figure of Baron Swed next attracts the attention. The costume is tha senator of Sweden. This individual, you perhap heard, was the founder of a small religious sect of ordinary opinions. The next objects of consequer his late majesty William IV., in an admiral's u remarkably well executed; and Queen Adelaid court-dress of dark silk velvet, her countenance distinguished for gentleness and mildness of exp than queenly dignity.

A little further on is another of the royal brothe late Duke of Kent, in the robes and orders of th and Garter; but the most conspicuous group on this the room exhibits a cluster of six persons, arrange good effect. The centre figure represents Mary Q Scots, in a sitting attitude, enduring the witherin bitter rebukes of her censor, John Knox, who is bac John Calvin and Martin Luther, in their black gow bands, with black caps. The introduction of the latter gentlemen is not in accordance with historica but they add to the effect *pictorially*. On the oth of Mary are figures of Queen Elizabeth and her Henry VIII. Henry, I must observe, is not in th like the bluff Harry with whose face every one is f —it is the only failure in the room. The dress i correct, but the resemblance is not in the least li portraits of Henry VIII. Queen Elizabeth do *appear to advantage* by the side of her beautiful

lary; her dress, however, is very good. Mary is dressed in a robe of black velvet, with a profusion of splendid old white lace—her look expresses patient submission.

On this side of the room there is a figure of Voltaire, as if addressing an old coquette, in the dress of the period—high-heeled shoes, powdered wig, ruffles, and buckram. A little further on is a group of eminent personages, the most striking of whom is Mohammed Ali, in a Turkish costume, and which includes Lord Palmerston; Commodore Napier, in the uniform of an admiral; Joseph Hume, M.P., Lord John Russell, and Sir Robert Peel, the three last-named gentlemen said to have been taken from life. Here we have Paganini playing on his violin, and near him, a fine figure of the late Princess Augusta, in a splendid court-dress of velvet and white satin, with a fine set of brilliants. Nearer to the door is an interesting figure of Madame Malibran, in a black velvet dress and black lace scarf; and underneath the pedestal on which she is placed, there is a humorous figure of Mr Liston, in the character of Paul Pry, with his everlasting umbrella under his arm; and beside him, sitting at a desk as if writing, with the pen in his hand, is Frost, the Chartist leader. It was some time before I discovered that this was not a real person—I thought him a check-taker, or some official connected with the establishment.

I must now turn your attention to the middle of the spacious room. We have been all this time pushing our way along the sides; the crowd has become more dense, and it is only by manœuvring that we can make our way along. The centre is occupied by two distinct groups, both of them interesting in no small degree. The first represents the most celebrated characters of the late war, with the members of the Holy Alliance. Opposite, on a raised platform, is a pedestal, surmounted by an eagle, the favourite emblem of Napoleon, who is standing at a little distance pointing towards it. Behind him stands Marshal Ney. On the floor, by the side of Napoleon, are the Duke of Wellington, Lord Hill, and the Marquis of Anglesea. At the *foot* of the pedestal is seated the

emperor of Austria, in the white coat and uniform of the Austrian guards. His face is singularly mild and benevolent in its expression. Behind the emperor are the king of Prussia and Marshal Blucher. The emperor of Russia, in the uniform of the Russian guards, occupies a conspicuous place, and is understood to be offering, on behalf of the allied monarchs, the kingdom of France to Napoleon. Next to the pedestal behind is Murat, king of Naples; and between him and Ney is Roustan, a favourite Mameluke, in an Egyptian costume, who is said to have saved Napoleon's life while in Egypt.

On the floor, on this side, is Prince Talleyrand, as if conversing with Bernadotte, king of Sweden; and next to him is Lord Nelson, in an admiral's uniform, from a cast taken from his face. Napoleon is dressed in the uniform of a chasseur of the Guard—a white kind of surtout-coat, with long boots—and bears the star of the Legion of Honour. His face is said to have been taken from life in 1815. This is a striking group altogether; bringing before you, as if living and breathing, those celebrated men with whose names every one is more or less acquainted. I know, my dear Jane, that your love of history will have enabled you, long ere this, to become familiar with not only their names, but with the parts which they played in the great transactions of their time.

Between this and the next group stands a figure of Madame Tussaud herself, dressed in a neat black silk cloak and bonnet. This is a capital deception. You would not for a moment suppose the figure to be artificial, did you not, perhaps, in the crowd, come up against it rather rudely; and having turned to apologise, you see that the eye is fixed as if looking upon a female who appears reclining on a couch asleep. There is a black lace veil thrown over the latter figure; and, to your amazement, you see the chest heaving, as if breathing gently in sleep. This is ingeniously contrived by springs, but looks so perfectly natural, that you can scarcely turn *away*. This sleeping beauty represents a young French-

oman, who was the widow of a lieutenant-colonel of tl ody-guard of Louis XVI., killed in defending the palac f the Tuileries, in the attack of August 1792. This lad as so unfortunate as to incur the vengeance of Robe pierre, was condemned by him to the guillotine, and erished at the age of twenty-two.

The second group exhibits the coronation of the Queen, who is seated on a throne in her crimson velvet robes. The crown has just been placed on her head by the arch- bishop of Canterbury, who is standing behind, as if imploring a blessing. The Queen is holding in her hand the orb and sceptre, the insignia of royalty. The arch- bishop is supported by the archbishop of York on his right, and the bishop of London on his left hand. Next the Queen, on the right, stands the Duke of Cambridge; then the Duchess of Kent, in a full coronation robe of velvet: next in order stands Lord Melbourne; next to his lordship is the Duke of Newcastle; and last, on this ide, is Lord Lyndhurst, all robed as peers. At the other ide of her Majesty is the Duke of Sussex, wearing the obes of a peer, and the collar of the Bath and star of St ndrew; next to him is Earl Grey; then the Duke of therland—all of these being also in their robes; Earl lgrave comes next, followed by the Marquis of London- rry, in the uniform of the 4th Hussars, wearing the 'er of the Guelph; and lastly, the Duke of Devonshire, court-dress, wearing the order of the Garter.

t the upper end, overlooking this scene, are three le figures, raised on pedestals, representing the three doms, holding the appropriate emblems of the three ries—England, Ireland, and Scotland. They are ed fancifully with helmets and white plumes.

re is one figure more, which I had almost forgotten, e is not the least celebrated person in the room; Mr Cobbett, who is sitting on a form, as if admiring ene around him. He is dressed in a plain gray th his hat on. He wears spectacles, and holds a x in his hand, as if inviting his neighbours to . His head moves from side to side, and you

might sit by him for an hour without discovering that he was not like yourself—a visitor. This, my dear Jane closes my rambling account of Madame Tussaud's famed Exhibition, which you must not allow yourself to associate in your mind with those tawdry and tinselled spectacles which are often to be seen in provincial towns: there is nothing paltry or mean, or got-up looking about it, but, on the contrary, everything bears evidence of the excellent judgment and liberality of the indefatigable conductor, Madame Tussaud, who, I believe, changes the linen, laces, &c., every week or two, so that they are all beautifully clean and neat. Nor is there that stiffness or awkwardness in the figures that one might expect in things so purely artificial, the face and hands only being composed of wax, the rest of the person, I believe, is stuffed so as to resemble nature as closely as possible. Besides the apartments I have mentioned, there is a room which is shewn separately, an extra charge being made for admission. This apartment is allotted to such personages as Burke, Robespierre, Courvoisier, &c.; but as the contemplation of these gentlemen could not be productive of anything but horror, I thought it a pity to destroy the very pleasing impression which was left by the more interesting exhibition in the large saloon, and so I passed them over.

ROMANTIC LIFE OF A TURKISH PRINCE.

THE romantic history of the captive James I. of Scotland finds more than a parallel in that of a Turkish prince who lived at the end of the same century (the fifteenth), and whose captivity ended less fortunately. The individual in question was the Prince Dschem, or Zizim, brother of the Sultan Bajazet II. On the death of their father, Mohammed II., these two princes contested the throne, and Dschem, though adored by the people, was

'eated. He resolved to seek protection among the nces of Christendom, and for this purpose sailed in ı state-galley of the Knights of St John to Rhodes,* ere he was received in great pomp by the grand- ster and the assembled chapter of the order. The ole city was adorned as for a festival; singers went 'ore him, and every roof and terrace was crowded to ıold the royal refugee. Hunting-parties, tournaments, ıquets, with music, occupied his time, till at length the rs of the grand-master lest the dagger or poison should ɔrive him of this precious deposit, or lest the order ıuld be embarrassed by the demand of his surrender, perhaps less honourable motives, made the knights :ermine to send him to a safe distance—to one of the ndations of their order in France. An advantageous aty was first concluded with Dschem, insuring valu- le privileges to the Knights of St John in case of his :cession to the Ottoman throne. As Prince Dschem led out of the harbour towards France, the ambassa- rs of the order, on their mission to Bajazet, passed over the coast of Asia. A treaty was concluded with the tan, who bound himself to the annual payment of ,000 ducats, as long as his brother should remain in ɜ *friendly* custody of the Knights of St John. After a ıg voyage, during which he ran some danger of being zed by a Neapolitan vessel, the Turkish prince arrived Nice. There he remained four months, in expectation the return of a messenger whom he had despatched to ɜ king of France. His only adventure there was, that with difficulty rescued his favourite from the hands justice, for some crime which the Turkish historians not name. He revenged himself for his forcible tention in Nice by a Turkish epigram on the city. om Nice the guest, or rather the prisoner of the ights, was transported to Chambery, thence to Roussil- n, where there was a foundation of the order. Here he

* In what follows, we avail ourselves of an abridgment of the rrative of the learned Von Hammer, which appeared in the arterly *Review, No. 99.*

excited the interest of the Duke of Savoy, who promised his endeavours to deliver him from the hands of the knights. After some days, he was embarked on the Isere, and by the Rhone conveyed to Puy. Here the knights began to think it politic, like Goneril in *King Lear*, 'to disquantity the train' of their guest: of his few followers, twenty-nine were forcibly seized by a body of armed men, carried off, and shipped back to Rhodes. Bajazet had offered a bribe even more tempting than his ducats to the pious cupidity of the order; it remained to be seen whether their superstition would grant what their rapacity had refused. It was no less than the right hand of John the Baptist, the patron saint of their order —a significant hint, that so inestimable a gift could not be better repaid than by yielding to the sultan his right hand, his brother, of whom he had been thus unfairly deprived. Though not delivered into the hands of his brother, the captive prince, now separated from all his followers but two, was transferred from castle to castle; in one of these the beauty of a Christian mistress beguiled his solitary hours. In vain the greatest sovereigns of Europe—the kings of France, Hungary, Naples, and the pope—negotiated with the grand-master for his deliverance; the subtle policy of D'Aubusson [the grand-master] still protracted his imprisonment, and he is accused by the Turkish historians of fraudulently obtaining from the mother and the wife of Dschem, who were still hospitably maintained by the sultan of Egypt, 20,000 ducats, under the pretext of fitting out ships for his voyage. He is even charged with having obtained the seal and signature of the captive to blank papers, for the purpose of carrying on this dishonourable transaction.

The sovereigns of Europe, in the meantime, the pope and the king of Naples, who had interested themselves in the restoration of the Turkish prince to liberty, began to quarrel, most likely for the possession of the prize; and, apprehensive that he should escape or be rescued by violence from his custody, the grand-master kept him in *still* closer imprisonment. He was confined in a strong

ır built for the purpose, with seven floors, the lowest ɔellar, then the kitchen, then the rooms for the ser- s, the fourth and fifth for the dwelling-room and chamber of the prince, the upper for the knights who ı on guard. Dschem began to meditate on means of pe; but his deliverance from the custody of the hts was effected at length by the intervention of les VIII. of France; yet this deliverance was only ange of prison. Hussein Bey, the ambassador of zet, had endeavoured to purchase the surrender of fugitive to the sultan by a magnificent present, not old or precious stones, but of relics. The trade, ɔver, in the latter had been rather blown upon; so y forged relics were abroad, that they could not be ed coming from that misbelieving quarter. Charles ıed to see the Turkish ambassador, and gave his ort to the pretensions of the pope, that the royal el should be placed in his hands, to be employed for ɔmmon good of Christianity. Yet a guard of French hts were to watch over his personal security; and ɔope bound himself in a penalty of 10,000 ducats if, out the knowledge of the king of France, he should up the captive to any other monarch. The order ived great privileges and advantages in compensation he annual 45,000 ducats paid by Bajazet; and the d-master, for this violation of all honour, truth, and ce, obtained a cardinal's hat—a reward, as our author rves, however unusual on the head of a warrior, yet mbecoming one who had shewn so much more of the le and intriguing policy of a monk, than the frank nanimity of a Christian knight.

hus, in the seventh year of his captivity, Dschem was n over from the custody of the order to that of the . He left the seven-floored tower, embarked at lon, landed at Civita Vecchia, was received with t pomp in Rome, and lodged in the Vatican. The after his arrival, he had his first audience of the , but no efforts of the master of the papal ceremonial d induce the young *Mohammedan* to uncover his

head or bow his knee. With his turban on his he
advanced direct towards the pope, kissed him, and
wards the cardinals, on the shoulder. He cond
himself throughout with the same haughty independ
he demanded and obtained a private interview, in
he dwelt with so much pathetic force on his long i
sonment, his separation from his mother, his wif
his children, that the pope was moved to ming
tears with those of the prince. The pontiff elude
request of Dschem, that he should be permitted to r
to the protection of the sultan of Egypt; intimate
his presence might be required with greater advant
the Hungarian frontier; and suggested, as a prelim
step, his conversion to Christianity. The captive l
declared that he would not abandon his faith fo
Ottoman Empire, not even for the sovereignty o
world. The ambassador of the Egyptian sultan tr
the Turkish prince with the highest respect, and rel
his pressing necessities. That of Bajazet attempt
least such was the report of the times) a shorter w
allaying the fears and sparing the cost of his master
Italian confessed upon the rack that he had beer
ployed to poison both the Turkish prince and the
himself. So lingered on his weary imprisonmen
he offered, through the ambassadors from the Por
submit himself to the will of his brother. At the
of Innocent VIII., the prince was committed to
custody in the Castle of St Angelo; Sismondi obs
as an important part of the inheritance of the
pope. This pope, Alexander VI., was not like
neglect any opportunity of turning his inheritance
best account. He sent an ambassador to Constanti
to negotiate with Bajazet. The sultan was to pay
ducats yearly for the safe custody, or 300,000 at one
the murder of his brother. Bajazet was so deli
with the friendly disposition of Alexander, that he di
scruple to recommend to the head of Christendor
ambassador, George Bocciardo, for a cardinal's hat!

In the meantime, Charles VII. made his descen

. Alexander, with his prisoner, took refuge in the
le of St Angelo. Charles demanded the possession
rince Dschem as one of the conditions of the treaty.
nterview took place between the pope, the French
, and the Turkish prince. Alexander, for the first
addressing the prince as a royal personage, asked
was willing to accompany the king of France.
chem replied with dignity and feeling: 'I have never
treated as a prince, but as a prisoner. The king
take me, if he will, or I am ready to remain in my
vity.'
e pope answered with some sense of shame:
ven forbid that you be considered as a prisoner;
re both sovereign princes, and I stand between you
interpreter.'
was surrendered to Charles, accompanied him to
e, and witnessed some of the bloody scenes which
red the subjugation of that kingdom. But the faith
nour of the pope were pledged to Bajazet. The
ish gold must be bought at the covenanted price.
hat manner appears uncertain, but a slow poison
dministered by Italian art; and when he arrived at
a, the unhappy prince was in a dying state. He
not read the letter of his mother from Egypt. 'Oh
od!' he said, 'if the enemies of the faith would
use of me to further their destructive views against
ue believers, suffer me not to live to that day, but
me at once to thyself!' The king of France paid
reatest respect to his remains; they were sent to
other in Egypt, but by some strange accident found
way to Constantinople. Prince Dschem was buried
usa, in the tomb of Amurath II. Thus ended the
turous life of this Turkish prince [1495], in his
-sixth year, after thirteen years of captivity.
chem, like the captive Scottish prince to whom we
compared him, was accustomed to solace his weary
with poetry; and his compositions were long
lar in Turkey.

CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

THE origin of the great catacombs, or receptacles
dead, attached to the French capital, is in every p
view curious and interesting. Previously to the
end of last century, the burial-places of the city v
a condition at once disgusting and destructive to
health. One of the early French kings had best
piece of the royal suburban grounds on the inhabit
a place of interment; and this spot, the site subse
of the Church of the Innocents, continued for nine
centuries to serve as the sole or principal recepta
the dead in Paris. Not only was this the case,
cemetery was also applied to its purposes in a
unusually dangerous. Large pits were formed
about thirty feet deep and twenty feet square, a
these coffins were lowered, one tire above anothe
out any intervening earth, until the pits were filled.
was then covered with a thin layer of soil. The c
number of bodies cast into every excavation amou
from 1200 to 1500; and, in the thirty years pr
1780, nearly 90,000 bodies had been thus deposited
charnel-holes of the Innocents. Once in every tl
forty years, it had been customary to execute the
ful task of opening and emptying these pits; but
case of great numbers of the older ones, this ta
long ceased to be fulfilled, and they accordingly re
unmoved, though so choked up with the matter of
tion as to rise above the level of the adjoining stre
seriously to affect the air in the ground-flats of the
It was supposed that, from the time of Philip Au
more than 1,200,000 bodies in all had been inte
the cemetery of the Innocents; and as the mou
bones, even when the pits were cleaned out, were
conveyed to an arched gallery surrounding the
ground, it might be said that some portion of all tl
ever lain there still remained.

When all men of science and sense were beginning to recognise the necessity of remedying this evil, another cause of peril and alarm chanced to agitate the city of Paris; but, fortunately, the one was found capable of serving as a remedy for the other. Quarries of stone had been opened in the immediate vicinity of Paris at an early period of its history, and had been wrought to a large extent in the course of successive ages, to supply materials for the increasing city. In consequence, a vague notion existed among the inhabitants, that the city was considerably undermined. Little attention was paid to the matter till 1774, when some alarming shocks and falls of houses aroused the fears of the government. A regular survey took place, and the result was the frightful discovery, that the churches, palaces, and almost all the southern parts of the city of Paris, rested upon immense irregular excavations, and stood the greatest risk of ere long sinking into them. A special commission was immediately appointed to take the proper steps for averting such a catastrophe; and the necessity of such a commission was made strikingly apparent on the first day of its operations, by an accident in the Rue d'Enfer. A house in that street sunk down in an instant, eight-and-twenty metres below the level of its courtyard.

When all the labyrinths of the quarries were inspected, and plans taken of them, the alarm of the Parisians was far from being abated. Every quarrier had habitually worked, it appeared, where he chose or where he could; and in many cases excavation was found *below* excavation, the whole running to almost interminable lengths, while the pillars that had been left were found in almost all cases to be totally insufficient to bear permanently the enormous weight above. In various instances, the roof had sunk considerably, and in others, large masses had actually fallen, rendering it almost marvellous that the city should not long before have become a mass of ruins. The great aqueduct of Arcueil, which passed over this scene of hidden peril, had in reality suffered some shocks, and if *the risk* had not been timeously discovered,

it can scarcely be doubted that the ultimate issue woul have been the charging of the quarries with water ar the sapping of the city. The commission began its wo of cure, aided by a very large body of workmen. Gre pains were taken in cutting galleries from labyrinth labyrinth, to ascertain the extent of the mischief, and vaulting and propping every part that seemed to requi such support. The extent of the quarries, howeve rendered the labour gigantic, and, long ere matters we permanently put in order, the happy idea of converti these excavations into receptacles for the refuse of t charnel-house of the Innocents, had occurred to Lenoir, the inspector of the city police. The suggesti was made public, and approved of by the Council of Sta which, in 1785, decreed the opening of the charnel-pits the Innocents, and the removal of the bones of the de to the quarries. The first step was to make an entran into the quarries by a flight of seventy-seven steps, and sink a shaft from the surface, down which the relics mortality might be thrown. At the same time, the wor men below walled off that portion of the excavati designed for the great charnel-house, and properly su ported the roof. On the 7th of April 1786, all the pr parations being completed, the new catacombs we consecrated with much solemnity, and on that same d the work of removal began. Bones and partially p served coffins were brought by night to the shaft in fune cars, followed by robed priests chanting the service the dead. The nature of the task, the glare of the tor and, above all, the hollow rattling and echoing of skelet bones, and broken wood, in their fall down the shaft, back as the sounds were by the vaults below, rend the whole scene peculiarly impressive and awful.

But the relics of human beings, in their ordinary dition, were not the most remarkable part of the mat transferred from one site to another on this occasion. pits of the Innocents exhibited immense masses of t white substance called *adipocere*, into which the bodi *been converted*, and which had been noticed under

ircumstances at former periods. Adipocere had some of he mingled qualities of wax and tallow, being capable of se in the manufacture of candles. Respect, however, for hat had once been the human body, of course dictated he consignment of the masses of adipocere found in the its of the Innocents, to the new catacombs under the Plaine de Mont Rouge.

The catacombs of Paris received in succession the ontents of the smaller cemeteries of Saint-Eustache and Saint-Etienne-des-Gres, after those mentioned. There, too, the victims of the revolution found a ready and roomy abode; and when the popular fury demolished a number of the churches, the bones lodged in them after the old fashion were removed to the same great receptacle. Between 1792 and 1808, the catacombs received the exhumations of twelve other minor cemeteries in and around Paris. Between 1808 and 1811, new excavations, made in the cemetery of the Innocents for the passage of a canal, rendered it necessary to convey a large quantity of additional relics to the catacombs; and a few other churches and cemeteries were emptied into them in the course of the next few years. Having thus made use of the quarries, and poured into them in all an immense quantity of human remains, the Parisians did not adopt the catacombs, as perhaps they might wisely have done, as their general burying-place. On the contrary, they created various new cemeteries above ground, though under comparatively excellent regulations, as the famous Père la Chaise and Montmartre sufficiently testify.

The revolutionary disturbances impeded the operations still requisite to render the vast quarries and catacombs of Paris stable and safe. The ordinary vaults became, consequently, full of cracks, water filtrated through the roofs, and fresh downfalls seemed impending. The air was rendered noxious by the want of circulation. In 1810, M. de Thury, the architect, began to make new repairs. He built new pillars, and formed channels for removing the water. Air was introduced simply but effectively, by luting the upper half of a broken bottle,

uppermost, into the wells wh
water, and which had
quarries to the grou
By uncorking the

drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.' It contains a few gold-fish, which seem to bear that dark abode very well, as we find them mentioned by visitors both of 1818 and 1832. A few other inscriptions are to be found here, such as Dante's famous line—

'Leave hope behind, all ye who enter here.'

A fire is also kept burning, in an antiquely-shaped vase, to purify the air of the vaults.

A mineralogical collection of some interest has been formed from the various strata composing the sides of the galleries. But the most interesting collection here is the Museum of the Dead. On approaching the catacomb galleries, the visitor finds the vestibule to be in the form of an octagon. Its gate is flanked by two pillars, and is inscribed above with some lines of poetry. The interior of the catacombs is arranged with propriety and decorum. The crypts holding the divisions of piled bones have each of them different names, some of which are appropriate, others absurd. There is the crypt or niche of Eternity, for example, that of Death, and that of the Resurrection, each marked by corresponding inscriptions. There is also a niche for the victims of the Revolution, with some Latin lines above, which may be rudely Englished—

'These, when fierce Discord had usurped the throne,
Prompter of crimes—and law and right were scorned—
By bloody ruthless men were done to death.'

Among the inappropriately named crypts may safely be reckoned those to which the names of Ovid, Anacreon, and some others, have been applied. An album, as might have been anticipated, is among the other appendages of the catacombs.

The other galleries of these great excavations need not be named or described in detail. One general feature marks them all, and it is worthy of mention, as reminding us most forcibly that these vaults are not simple objects of curiosity, or to be thought of merely as pleasant

spectacles, but are to be lamented as the possible sou of calamity and ruin to the great city under which t neglect allowed them to be formed. Constant atten to them is imperatively demanded to secure the safet the capital of France, and the provision adverted to sists in every subterranean street being numbered cisely like the one occupying the ground above. Th necessary in order to apply new supports, on the sligh indication of danger, to the exact point where they required.

THE TWO MISS SMITHS:

A TRUE STORY.

In a certain town in the west of England, which sha nameless, there dwelt two maiden ladies of the n of Smith; each possessing a small independence; residing, with a single maid-servant, in a small house drawing-room floor of which was let, whenever lod could be found; each hovering somewhere about the of fifty; and each hating the other with a restless implacable enmity. The origin of this aversion was similarity of their names: each was Miss C. Smith, one being called Cecilia, the other Charlotte—a circ stance which gave rise to such innumerable mistakes misunderstandings, as were sufficient to maintain t ladies in a constant state of irritability and war. Letters, messages, invitations, parcels, bills, were c missent, and opened by the wrong person, thus expo the private affairs of one to the other; and as t aversion had long ago extinguished everything delicacy on either side, any information so acqu was used without scruple to their mutual annoya Presents, too, of fruit, vegetables, or other delica *from the neighbouring* gentry, not unfrequently fo

their way to the wrong house; and if unaccompanied by a letter, which took away all excuse for mistake, they were appropriated without remorse, even when the appropriating party felt confident in her heart that the article was not intended for her; and this not from greediness or rapacity, but from the absolute delight they took in vexing each other. It must be admitted, also, that this well-known enmity was occasionally played upon by the frolic-loving part of the community, both high and low; so that over and above the genuine mistakes, which were of themselves quite enough to keep the poor ladies in hot water, every now and then some little hoax was got up and practised upon them—such as fictitious love-letters, anonymous communications, and so forth. It might have been imagined, as they were not answerable for their names, and as they were mutual sufferers by the similarity, one having as much right to complain of this freak of fortune as the other, that they might have entered into a compact of forbearance, which would have been equally advantageous to either party; but their naturally acrimonious dispositions prevented this, and each continued as angry with the other as she could have been if she had had a sole and indefeasible right to the appellation of *C. Smith*, and her rival had usurped it in a pure spirit of annoyance and opposition. To be quite just, however, we must observe that Miss Cecilia was much the worse of the two; by judicious management Miss Charlotte might have been tamed, but the malice of Miss Cecilia was altogether inexorable.

By the passing of the Reform Bill, the little town wherein dwelt these belligerent powers received a very considerable accession of importance: it was elevated into a borough, and had a whole live member to itself, which, with infinite pride and gratification, it sent to parliament, after having extracted from him all manner of pledges, and loaded him with all manner of instructions as to how he should conduct himself under every conceivable circumstance; not to mention a variety of bills for the improvement of the roads and markets, the

erection of a town-hall, and the reform of the systems of watching, paving, lighting, &c., the important and consequential little town of B——.

A short time previous to the first election—an event which was anticipated by the inhabitants with the most vivid interest—one of the candidates, a country gentleman who resided some twenty miles off, took a lodging in the town, and came there with his wife and family, in order, by a little courtesy and a few entertainments, to win the hearts of the electors and their friends; and his first move was to send out invitations for a tea and card party, which, in due time, when the preparations were completed, was to be followed by a ball. There was but one milliner and dressmaker of any consideration in the town of B——, and it may be imagined that on so splendid an occasion her services were in great request; so much so, that in the matter of head-dresses, she not only found that it would be impossible, in so short a period, to fulfil the commands of her customers, but also that she had neither the material nor the skill to give them satisfaction. It was, therefore, settled that she should send off an order to a house in Exeter, which was the county town, for a cargo of caps, togues, turbans, &c., fit for all ages and faces—'such as were not disposed of to be returned;' and the ladies consented to wait, with the best patience they could, for this interesting consignment, which was to arrive without fail on the Wednesday, Thursday being the day fixed for the party. But the last coach arrived on Wednesday night without the expected boxes; however, the coachman brought a message for Miss Gibbs, the milliner, assuring her that they would be there the next morning without fail.

Accordingly, when the first Exeter coach rattled through the little street of B——, which was about half-past eleven, every head that was interested in the freight was to be seen looking anxiously out for the deal-boxes; and, sure enough, there they were—three of them—large enough to contain caps for the whole town. Then there was a rush up stairs for their bonnets and shawls, and in

a few minutes troops of ladies, young and old, were seen hurrying towards the market-place, where dwelt Miss Gibbs—the young, in pursuit of artificial flowers, gold bands, and such-like adornments; the elderly, in search of a more mature order of decoration. Amongst the candidates for finery, nobody was more eager than the two Miss Smiths; and they had reason to be so, not only because they had neither of them anything at all fit to be worn at Mrs Hanaway's party, which was in a style much above the entertainments they were usually invited to, but also because they both invariably wore turbans, and each was afraid that the other might carry off the identical turban that might be most desirable for herself. Urged by this feeling, so alert were they, that they were standing at their several windows when the coach passed, with their bonnets and cloaks actually on—ready to start for the plate! determined to reach Miss Gibbs's in time to witness the opening of the boxes. But 'who shall control his fate?' Just as Miss Cecilia was stepping off her threshold, she was accosted by a very gentlemanly-looking person, who, taking off his hat, with an air really irresistible, begged to know if he had 'the honour of seeing Miss Smith'—a question which was of course answered in the affirmative.

'I was not quite sure,' said he, 'whether I was right, for I had forgotten the number; but I thought it was sixty,' and he looked at the figures on the door.

'This *is* sixty, sir,' said Miss Cecilia; adding to herself: 'I wonder if it was sixteen he was sent to,' for at number sixteen lived Miss Charlotte.

'I was informed, madam,' pursued the gentleman, 'that I could be accommodated with apartments here—that you had a first floor to let.'

'That is quite true, sir,' replied Miss Cecilia, delighted to let her rooms, which had been some time vacant, and doubly gratified when the stranger added: 'I come from Bath, and was recommended by a friend of yours; indeed probably a relation, as she bears the same name—Miss Joanna Smith.'

'I know Miss Joanna very well, sir,' replied Miss Cecilia; 'pray walk up stairs, and I'll shew you the apartments directly. (For,' thought she, 'I must not let him go out of the house till he has taken them, for fear he should find out his mistake.) Very nice rooms, sir, you see—everything clean and comfortable—a pretty view of the canal in front—just between the baker's and the shoemaker's; you'll get a peep, sir, if you step to this window. Then it's uncommonly lively; the Exeter and Plymouth coaches, up and down, rattling through all day long, and indeed all night too, for the matter of that. A beautiful little bedroom, back, too, sir—yes, as you observe, it certainly does look over a brick-kiln; but there's no dust—not the least in the world—for I never allow the windows to be opened: altogether, there can't be a pleasanter situation than it is.'

The stranger, it must be owned, seemed less sensible of all these advantages than he ought to have been; however, he engaged the apartments: it was but for a short time, as he had come there about some business connected with the election; and as Miss Joanna had so particularly recommended him to the lodging, he did not like to disoblige her. So the bargain was struck: the maid received orders to provision the garrison with bread, butter, tea, sugar, &c., whilst the gentleman returned to the inn to despatch Boots with his portmanteau and carpet-bag.

'You were only just in time, sir,' observed Miss Cecilia, as they descended the stairs, 'for I expected a gentleman to call at twelve o'clock to-day, who I am sure would have taken the lodgings.'

'I should be sorry to stand in his way,' responded the stranger, who would not have been at all sorry for an opportunity of backing out of the bargain. 'Perhaps you had better let him have them—I can easily get accommodated elsewhere.'

'O dear, no, sir! dear me! I wouldn't do such a thing for the world!' exclaimed Miss Cecilia, who had only *thrown out this* little inuendo by way of binding her

lodger to his bargain, lest, on discovering his mistake, he should think himself at liberty to annul the agreement. For well she knew that it *was* a mistake: Miss Joanna of Bath was Miss Charlotte's first-cousin, and, hating Miss Cecilia, as she was in duty bound to do, would rather have sent her a dose of arsenic than a lodger any day. She had used every precaution to avoid the accident that had happened, by writing on a card: 'Miss Charlotte Smith, No. 16 High Street, B——, *opposite the linen-draper's shop;*' but the thoughtless traveller, never dreaming of the danger in which he stood, lost the card, and, trusting to his memory, fell into the snare.

Miss Cecilia had been so engrossed by her anxiety to hook this fish before her rival could have a chance of throwing out a bait for him, that, for a time, she actually forgot Miss Gibbs and the turban; but now that her point was gained, and she felt sure of her man, her former care revived with all its force, and she hurried along the street towards the market-place, in a fever of apprehension lest she should be too late. The matter certainly looked ill; for as she arrived breathless at the door, she saw groups of self-satisfied faces issuing from it, and, amongst the rest, the obnoxious Miss Charlotte's physiognomy appeared, looking more pleased than anybody.

'Odious creature!' thought Miss Cecilia; 'as if she supposed that any turban in the world could make her look tolerable!' But Miss Charlotte did suppose it; and, moreover, she had just secured the very identical turban that, of all the turbans that ever were made, was most likely to accomplish this desideratum—at least so she opined.

Poor Miss Cecilia! Up stairs she rushed, bouncing into Miss Gibbs's little room, now strewed with finery. 'Well, Miss Gibbs, I hope you have something that will suit me!'

'Dear me, mem,' responded Miss Gibbs, 'what a pity you did not come a little sooner! The only two turbans we had are just gone—Mrs Gosling took one, and Miss Charlotte Smith the *other*—two of the beautifulest—

here they are, indeed—you shall see them;' and opened the boxes in which they were deposited, presented them to the grieved eyes of Miss Cecilia.

She stood aghast! The turbans were very respect turbans indeed; but, to her disappointed and e desires, they appeared worthy of Mohammed the pro or the Grand Sultana, or any other body, mortal o mortal, that has ever been reputed to wear turl And this consummation of perfection she had lost!— just by a neck!—missed it by an accident, that, how gratifying she had thought it at the time, she now was but an inadequate compensation for her present appointment. But there was no remedy. Miss Gibbs nothing fit to make a turban of; besides, Miss Ce would have scorned to appear in any turban that Gibbs could have compiled, when her rival was t adorned with a construction of such superhuman e lence. No! the only consolation she had was to Miss Gibbs for not having kept the turbans till she seen them, and for not having sent for a greater nu of turbans. To which objurgations Miss Gibbs could answer: 'That she had been extremely sorry, in when she saw the ladies were bent upon having turbans, as she had ordered two entirely with a to Miss Cecilia's accommodation; and, moreover, she was never more surprised in her life than when Gosling desired one of them might be sent to her, bec Mrs Gosling never wore turbans; and if Miss Gibbs only foreseen that she would have pounced upon that way, she, Miss Gibbs, would have taken care should never have seen it at all,' &c.—all of which reader may believe, if he or she chooses. As for Cecilia, she was implacable, and she flounced out of house, and through the streets, to her own door, temper of mind that rendered it fortunate, as far as peace of the town of B—— was concerned, that no acci brought her in contact with Miss Charlotte on the w

As soon as she got into her parlour, she threw off *bonnet and shawl*, and plunging into her arm-chair,

to compose her mind sufficiently to take a calm view
dilemma, and determine on what line of conduct to
e—whether to send an excuse to Mrs Hanaway, or
er to go to the party in one of her old head-dresses.
r alternative was insupportable. To lose the party
game at loo, the distinction of being seen in such
society—it was too provoking; besides, very likely,
e would suppose she had not been invited; Miss
lotte, she had no doubt, would try to make them
e so. But then, on the other hand, to wear one of
ld turbans was so mortifying—they were so very
y, so unfashionable—on an occasion, too, when
body would be so well dressed! O it was aggravat-
vexatious in the extreme! She passed the day in
tion—chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies;
ing to herself how well she looked in the turban—
e had tried it on; figuring what would have been
Charlotte's mortification if she had been the disap-
ed person—how triumphantly she, Miss Cecilia, would
marched into the room with the turban on her head
crest-fallen the other would have looked; and
she varied her occupation by resuscitating all her old
s, buried in antique band-boxes deep in dust, and
whether it were possible, out of their united
ials, to concoct one of the present fashionable shape
limensions. But the thing was impracticable; the
urban was composed of crimson satin and gold lace,
of pieces of muslin and gauze.

hen the mind is very much engrossed, whether the
ct of contemplation be pleasant or unpleasant, time
with inconceivable rapidity; and Miss Cecilia was
d from her meditations by hearing the clock in the
ge strike four, warning her that it was necessary to
to some decision, as the hour fixed for the party,
ding to the primitive customs of B——, was half-
even, when the knell of the clock was followed by a
knock at the door, and the next moment her maid
ed into the room with—what do you think?—the
ical crimson and gold turban in her hand!

'What a beauty!' cried Susan, turning it rou
she might get a complete view of it in all its pha
'Was there any message, Sue?' inquired Miss
gasping with agitation, for her heart was in her t
'No, ma'am,' answered Sue; 'Miss Gibbs's g
left it; she said it should have come earlier, but
so many places to go to.'
'And she's gone—is she, Susan?'
'Yes, ma'am, she went directly—she said sh
got half through yet.'
'Very well, Susan, you may go; and remem
not at home if anybody calls; and if any messag
here from Miss Gibbs, you'll say I'm gone out,
don't expect me home till very late.'
'Very well, ma'am.'
'And, I say, Susan, if they send here to m
inquiries about that turban, you'll say you know
about it, and send them away.'
'Very well, ma'am,' said Susan, and down she
the regions below.

Instead of four o'clock, how ardently did Miss
wish it were seven; for the danger of the ne
hours was imminent. Well she understood
turban had got there—it was a mistake of the g
the chance was great that, before seven o'clock
Miss Charlotte would take fright at not recei
head-dress, and would send to Miss Gibbs to de
when the whole thing would be found out. How
message came: at five o'clock, when the milk-b
Miss Cecilia thought she should have fainted; but
the only alarm. At six she began to dress, and
she stood before her glass in full array, with th
on her head. She thought she had never looked
indeed, she was sure she had not. The magnitu
thing gave her an air, and indeed a feeling of dig
importance, that she had never been sensible o
The gold lace looked brilliant even by the ligh
single tallow candle; what would it do in a well
ated drawing-room! then the colour was s

becoming, and suited her hair exactly—Miss Cecilia, we must here observe, was quite gray; but she wore a frontlet of dark curls, and a little black silk skull-cap, fitted close to her head, which kept all neat and tight under the turban.

She had not far to go; nevertheless, she thought it would be as well to set off at once, for fear of accidents, even though she lingered on the way to fill up the time, for every moment the danger augmented; so she called to Susan to bring her cloak, and her calash, and her overalls, and being well packed up by the admiring Sue, who declared the turban was 'without exception the beautifulest thing she ever saw,' she started; determined, however, not to take the direct way, but to make a little circuit by a back street, lest, by ill-luck, she should fall foul of the enemy.

'Susan,' said she, pausing as she was stepping off the threshold, 'if anybody calls, you'll say I have been gone to Mrs Hanaway's some time; and, Susan, just put a pin in this calash, to keep it back, it falls over my eyes so that I can't see;' and Susan pinned a fold in the calash, and away went the triumphant Miss Cecilia. She did not wish to be guilty of the vulgarity of arriving first at the party; so she lingered about till it wanted a quarter to eight, and then she knocked at Mrs Hanaway's door, which a smart footman immediately opened, and, with the alertness for which many of his order are remarkable, proceeded to disengage the lady from her external coverings—the cloak, the overalls, the calash; and then, without giving her time to breathe, he rushed up the stairs, calling out: 'Miss Cecilia Smith;' whilst the butler, who stood at the drawing-room door, threw it open, reiterating: 'Miss Cecilia Smith;' and in she went. But, oh! reader, little do you think, and little did she think, where the turban was that she imagined to be upon her head, and under the supposed shadow of which she walked into the room with so much dignity and complacence. It was below in the hall, lying on the floor, fast in the calash, to which Susan, ill-starred wench! had pinned it; and the footman, in his cruel haste, had dragged them both off together.

With only some understrappings on her cranium, altogether unconscious of her calamity, smiling bowing, Miss Cecilia advanced towards her host hostess, who received her in the most gracious mar thinking, certainly, that her taste in a head-dress peculiar, and that she was about the most extraordi figure they had ever beheld, but supposing that such the fashion she chose to adopt—the less astonishe inclined to suspect the truth, from having heard a deal of the eccentricities of the two spinsters of B- But to the rest of the company, the appearance she was inexplicable; they had been accustomed to see ill dressed, and oddly dressed, but such a flight as they were not prepared for. Some whispered that had gone mad; others suspected that it must be accide that somehow or other she had forgotten to put on head-dress; but even if it were so, the joke wa excellent one, and nobody cared enough for he sacrifice their amusement by setting her right. So Cecilia, blessed in her delusion, triumphant and ha took her place at the whist-table, anxiously selecti position which gave her a full view of the door, in o that she might have the indescribable satisfactio seeing the expression of Miss Charlotte's counten when she entered the room—that is, if she came; probability was, that mortification would keep her aw

But no such thing—Miss Charlotte had too much s to be beaten out of the field in that manner. She waited with patience for her turban, because Miss C had told her, that, having many things to send o might be late before she got it; but when half-pas arrived, she became impatient, and despatched her to fetch it. The maid returned, with 'Miss Gibbs's resp and the girl was still out with the things; she woul sure to call at Miss Charlotte's before she came b At half-past seven there was another message, to say the turban had not arrived; by this time the girl done her errands, and Miss Gibbs, on questioning *discovered the truth*. But it was too late—the mis

was irreparable—Susan averring, with truth, that her mistress had gone to Mrs Hanaway's party some time, with the turban on her head.

We will not attempt to paint Miss Charlotte's feelings—that would be a vain endeavour. Rage took possession of her soul; her attire was already complete, all but the head-dress, for which she was waiting. She selected the best turban she had, threw on her cloak and calash, and in a condition of mind bordering upon frenzy, she rushed forth, determined, be the consequences what they might, to claim her turban, and expose Miss Cecilia's dishonourable conduct before the whole company.

By the time she arrived at Mrs Hanaway's door, owing to the delays that had intervened, it was nearly half-past eight; the company had all arrived; and whilst the butler and footmen were carrying up the refreshments, one of the female servants of the establishment had come into the hall, and was endeavouring to introduce some sort of order and classification amongst the mass of external coverings that had been hastily thrown off by the ladies; so, when Miss Charlotte knocked, she opened the door and let her in, and proceeded to relieve her of her wraps.

'I suppose I'm very late,' said Miss Charlotte, dropping into a chair to seize a moment's rest, whilst the woman drew off her boots, for she was out of breath with haste, and heated with fury.

'I believe everybody's come, ma'am,' said the woman.

'I should have been here some time since,' proceeded Miss Charlotte, 'but the most shameful trick has been played me about my—my—— Why—I declare—I really believe'—— and she bent forward and picked up the turban—the identical turban, which, disturbed by the maid-servant's manœuvres, was lying upon the floor, still attached to the calash by Sukey's unlucky pin.

Was there ever such a triumph? Quick as lightning the old turban was off and the new one on, the maid with bursting sides assisting in the operation; and then, with a light step and a proud heart, up walked Miss Charlotte, and was ushered into the drawing-room.

As the door opened, the eyes of the rivals met. Miss Cecilia's feelings were those of disappointment and surprise. 'Then she has got a turban too! How could she have got it?' and she was vexed that her triumph was not so complete as she had expected. But Miss Charlotte was in ecstacies. It may be supposed she was not slow to tell the story; it soon flew round the room, and the whole party were thrown into convulsions of laughter. Miss Cecilia, alone, was not in the secret; and as she was successful at cards, and therefore in good-humour, she added to their mirth, by saying that she was glad to see everybody so merry, and by assuring Mrs Hanaway, when she took her leave, that it was the gayest party she had ever seen in B——.

'I am really ashamed,' said Mrs Hanaway, 'at allowing the poor woman to be the jest of my company; but I was afraid to tell her the cause of our laughter, from the apprehension of what might have followed.'

'And it must be admitted,' said her husband, 'that she well deserves the mortification that awaits her when she discovers the truth.'

Poor Miss Cecilia *did* discover the truth, and never was herself again. She parted with her house, and went to live with a relation at Bristol; but her spirit was broken, and, after going through all the stages of a discontented old age—ill-temper, passion, peevishness, and fatuity—she closed her existence, as usual with persons of her class, unloved and unlamented.

HARD BROTHERS, THE MAD PROPHET.

name of the 'Prophet, Richard Brothers,' is one
h yet retains very considerable celebrity, and many
ns are still in life who must remember the extent
e impression made by that insane enthusiast when
aticinations were first promulgated. Only sixty
have passed away since the wildest ravings which
n lips can be supposed capable of uttering, found
rers and believers in the capital of Great Britain,
these neither few in numbers nor confined to the
s of the unwise and uneducated. As a lesson and
ing may always be drawn from such cases of delusion,
s it may be, imposture, we shall pay to Richard
iers the same mark of deference which has already
accorded in these pages, and with similar views, to
hews the American.

others was born about the year 1760, in the town of
ntia, in Newfoundland, and all his relatives appear
ve been settled there, as we find, from one of his
declarations, that he had neither friend nor relative
ritain. His family were respectable enough to get
placed as a midshipman on board a British vessel of
and in time he rose to a lieutenancy on board the
lbans 64-gun ship. In the year 1784, a reduction
place, and he was paid off, to live for the future
an allowance of 3s. a day. No particular eccen-
ies of conduct characterised Brothers up to the year
when his understanding, according to his own
ing, began first to be really 'enlightened; although,'
he, 'I had always a presentiment of being some
or other very great.' The enlightenment took the
of an objection to the oath which he was obliged by
to take in receiving his half-yearly pay, and which
to be a 'voluntary' attestation that the annuitant
eceived the benefit of no public employment during

the term for which he draws his salary. Mr Bro found here a difficulty which seems really some puzzling. 'I do not wish,' he reasoned, 'to take oath if I can possibly avoid it, and yet part of my t tation is, that I swear voluntarily. This makes me and sign a falsehood, as the oath is compulsory, my not being procurable without it.' The head of Admiralty, 'John Pitt,' as the title-despising lieute usually called the Earl of Chatham, would not d from the ordinary form in such cases, and Mr Bro was left half starving, for the space of a year or s the horns of this dilemma. Anxiety of mind app to have given the decisive bent, at this period, t awakening fanatical tendencies.

The next tidings which we have of Mr Brothers r from the application, in 1791, of Mrs Green, a lod house keeper in Westminster, to one of the workh in that district, respecting a lodger of hers who owe L.33, and whom she was unable to keep any long his conscience would not allow him to draw th due to him from the Admiralty. The workhouse pitied the poor woman, who spoke highly of the h good-temper, and moral conduct of her lodger. sent for Mr Brothers. 'His appearance,' says s who was present, 'prepossessed me greatly in his He seemed about thirty years of age, tall, a formed, and shewed in his address and mann mildness and gentility. He answered question though his replies were all tinctured with fa The issue was, that the board took him off Mr hands for a time, and stated the case fully to t ralty; which body, on the score of the occ deposed to by the widow, granted the pensi Brothers for the future without the oath.

Richard Brothers, comparatively easy in w cumstances, now came before the world as He did not publish his 'great' works till 179 before that time his prophetic announcemen spread abroad, and he had made a mighty

world. 'His house was constantly filled by persons of quality and fortune, of both sexes, and the street crowded with their carriages.' There was at least one member of parliament, Nathaniel Brassey Halhed, a gentleman known as a profound Oriental scholar, and author of some highly valued compositions, who openly espoused the views and cause of Brothers, sounding his praises in the British senate, and supporting him by learned dissertations from the press. Oxford divines did not disdain to enter the field as opponents of the new prophet; scores of pious enthusiasts 'testified' in his favour; thousands trembled at his denunciations of wo; and, in short, Richard Brothers became, what he 'had always a presentiment of being some time or other—a very great man.'

To glance at the mass of absurdities, blasphemous in the extreme if viewed as the outpourings of mental sanity, which men thus allowed to arrest their attention, excites a sense alike of the painful and ludicrous. That the man was neither more nor less than a confirmed lunatic, appears on the face of every chapter. If there was any admixture of imposture in the case, certainly self-delusion was the prevailing feature. The following selections, which, so far from being the most gross specimens of his ravings, are only such as may without impropriety be set down here, will satisfy every reader of the diseased organisation of the prophet's head. He calls his work, which appeared in two books, *A Revealed Knowledge of the Prophecies and Times*—with a further heading, which could scarcely be repeated. He had found out in his visions that his ancestors had been Jews, though 'separated from that race for 1500 years—such a length of time as to make them forget they ever belonged to the name.' The discovery of his Hebrew descent was an essential point, as the prophet was to be the 'prince and restorer of the Jews, by the year 1798.' Absurd enough as this assumed genealogy was, what term should be applied to the further assumption, defended by Mr Halhed in parliament, of such a descent, as to render him 'nephew' to the divine being!

The views formed by Brothers about the Jews rendered it fitting that all friends and favourites should be entitled to share in the promised deliverance. Accordingly, we find the poor deluded man announcing, by imaginary command, to Mr Halhed, that the latter 'was descended from the tribe of Judah, and family of David, king of Israel.' Various other persons are similarly honoured. A gentleman had done the prophet a favour, and is told: 'Although your name is Hanchett, there is John Pitt, Earl of Chatham, Sir Gilbert Elliott, and Charles Grey; you, as well as they, are of the Hebrews, branches of my own family, and are descended from David, king of Israel.' Then another favourite, John Wright, is told that he is 'of the tribe of Levi, descended from Aaron the high-priest.' And the knowledge of all this came by 'visions and revelations.'

One of Brothers's assertions had well-nigh cost him dear. 'I am not mortal to human power,' he said. Whereupon one of his followers, by name William Bryan, feeling some doubts about his pretensions, acknowledges himself to have been strongly tempted 'to try if the prophet was not mortal to man, by plunging a knife in his heart'—a test which would probably have had the effect of at once proving and ending the insanity of both master and follower.

One of Brothers's more important prophecies was, that London would be destroyed in 1791; and will it be credited that such a piece of nonsense should at the time have created great uneasiness in the minds of many persons in the metropolis? To finish the farce, London was *not* destroyed at the time predicted, but that only gave the prophet grounds for self-laudation: it was saved by *his* interposition! He describes minutely what the state of things would otherwise have been, in order, no doubt, to make the sense of the escape stronger. 'London would have formed a great bay or inlet of the channel; all the land between Windsor and the Downs would have been *sunk, including* a distance of eighteen miles on each

side, to the depth of seventy fathoms, that no traces of the city might be ever found.'

Mr Brothers had many visions of solid temporal power and honours. In a vision he was shewn 'the queen of England coming towards me slow, trembling, and afraid. This was communicated to William Pitt, in the month called June 1792.' In another vision, he saw the English monarch rise from the throne, and humbly send him 'a most magnificent star.' What this meant, the prophet could not at first tell, but it was 'revealed' to signify that entire power was given to him over the majesty of England. A letter describing the vision, 'with others to the king, queen, and chancellor of the Exchequer, were put into the penny-post office, to be sent by that conveyance, according to the directions I received on that head by revelation.' But Brothers was still more direct in his announcements to the king of his coming fall. In his book he plainly says: 'I tell you, George the Third, king of England, that immediately on my being revealed in London to the Hebrews as their prince, and to all nations as their governor, your crown must be delivered up to me, that all your power and authority may instantly cease.' The 'revelation' spoken of was to be effected openly and visibly. 'I am to take a rod, and throw it on the ground, when it will be changed into a serpent; to take it in my hand again, when it will be rechanged into a rod.'

Can it be possible that ravings such as these, which are among the least objectionable in the book, brought carriages full of admiring people of quality to the door of Richard Brothers, and were defended by a learned senator of Britain less than sixty years ago? That they did so is undeniable; and here lies the apology for yet holding the case up to ridicule. But space and time enough have now been occupied with the task, and we must speedily draw to an end with Richard Brothers. He shewed most fully the extent of his self-delusion, perhaps, on the occasion of his visit to the House of Commons. After formally announcing that he was

about to do so, he went to that place for the purpo prophesying to the members of wars and rumou wars, and of directing them, as their true 'king minister of state,' how to avoid the coming p Strange to say, the reckless Speaker sent back the l of the prophet with a messenger, who set him off what he felt to be, 'in such a public place particu unfeeling contempt and incivility.' But the Hou Commons had not yet seen the last of Richard Brot On the 4th of March 1795, the poor prophet was t into custody, ostensibly to answer a charge of treason, founded on the printed passages relating t king, but in reality to try the sanity of the man regular way. He was tried, and was declared by a to be *insane*. The imputation, both of insanity and treason, was combated, in two long speeches in the H of Commons, by Mr Halhed, and these speeches both learning and ingenuity in no slight degree. the case was too strong for Mr Halhed, and his mc fell to the ground unseconded.

Richard Brothers now fell under the care of the Chancellor as a lunatic, and passed the whole of h maining days, we believe, in private confinement. D less, he would there be much happier than in midst of a world for which his unfortunate situ unfitted him. The victims of such illusions create a of their own around them, and, in imaginary interc with the beings that people it, find more pleasure in any commerce with the material creation. Ri Brothers, so far as he lived at all for the ordinary lived only to give another proof of the strength c superstitious feeling and love of the marvellous in as well as of the difficulty which even education h repressing their undue exercise.

LINES ON OPENING A CASKET.

Oh! none would covet jewellery,
  Or scenes where jewels shine,
If every casket's treasured hoard
  Told such a tale as mine.
A bracelet—of my father's hair,
  A locket—of a brother's,
A brooch—memorial of despair,
  A guard-chain—of my mother's.
Rings, fans, and hearts, unfitly gay,
From friends estranged or far away;
That spotless agate cross was given
By one who now finds rest in heaven:
And long we've wept the matron staid,
Who gave yon locket's raven braid:
Memorials all, save *one* alone,
Of grief, of death, of friendship flown!

Gray is the lock that bracelet bears,
  But thought, not time, had made it so;
For in the strength of mind and years
  Was that thrice-honoured head laid low!

This locket's golden silky tress,
  It waved once on a cherub's head,
Lent but to cherish and to bless—
  Soon was its angel mission sped;
Through the stained crystal still appear
A sister's kiss, a mother's tear!

The auburn lock, it graced a brow
  Bright in the majesty of truth;
That, too, is pillowed lowly now,
  And with it rests the dream of youth!

My mother's hair—she lives, and long,
Long may she live, loving, beloved!
But this fair chain was twined, ere wrong
Or wo her widowed heart had proved;
And thus, even this becomes the theme
Of life's uncertainty and change—
The heartlessness of fashion's stream,
The void of miscalled pleasure's range!

'Twere well if all vain ornament
Such grave and tender warning sent;
Then would life's giddy vanity
Be tempered with fond memory;
And few would covet ornament
Or scenes where trinkets shine,
If everybody's jewels sent
A lesson sad as mine!

L. F.

COUNT CAGLIOSTRO.

If any one chance to be unacquainted with the ge character of this personage, he may learn something from the following pithy summary of his titles give Thomas Carlyle:—'Count Alessandro Cagliostro, pu the sage Althotas, foster-child of the Scherif of M probable son of the last king of Trebizond; namec Acharat, and unfortunate child of Nature; by profe healer of diseases, abolisher of wrinkles, Grand-mas the Egyptian Mason-lodge of high Science, spirit moner, gold-cook, Grand Coptha, prophet, priest, thaumaturgic moralist and swindler; really a liar o first magnitude, thorough-paced in all the provinc lying, what one may call the *king of liars*.' The mar so comported himself in life as to merit these titles- *not one of them is* inappropriately or unjustly appl

must have in his time played many parts, from the contemplation of which may result both entertainment and instruction.

In the year 1743, Joseph Balsamo first saw the light, being born of poor parentage resident at Palermo, in Sicily. Left under the weak control of a widowed mother, the youth showed an unruly and indolent disposition in his earliest years, and greatly neglected even the scanty educational advantages which were afforded to him. In his fifteenth year a circumstance occurred, which, in part, gave the tone to his whole future existence. An uncle got him placed in the convent of Cartegirone, where the house-apothecary was charged with the task of instructing him in the arts of chemistry and pharmacy. Idle as he continued to be, he no doubt acquired here some little knowledge of these sciences, and we shall see what use he finally made of it. After some years' stay, he grossly insulted the monks of the convent, was consequently punished, and quitted the place for ever, leaving those behind to congratulate themselves on the happy riddance. Joseph Balsamo, now nearly in his majority, passed the few succeeding years of his life in Palermo, acquiring by degrees the repute of being one of the most finished blackguards in the place, and fully deserving it by robbing his uncle, forging a will, and many similar acts. At length he used his address to persuade a certain Polish goldsmith that a large treasure, to be obtained by digging, lay hidden in a cave nigh the city, and, on their going at midnight to the spot, Balsamo brought out on the dupe a band of accomplices dressed like fiends, who robbed the poor man, and beat him cruelly. Having his eyes fully opened, the goldsmith threatened to retort with the Sicilian vengeance of the stiletto, and Joseph thought it necessary to take himself off from his native Palermo.

With the lion's share of the booty, sixty ounces of gold, Balsamo proceeded to Messina, where he met an alchymist named Althotas, a man versed in various mysterious secrets of nature, and an adept in the Eastern tongues.

The career of our hero in connection with Althotas i buried in doubt and obscurity, his own statements i after-days being anything but trustworthy, or even con sistent. The common statement is, that finding Althota to be possessed of a secret for making goods out of fla: of an almost silken quality, Balsamo persuaded him t try a commercial venture to Alexandria, with a store o that commodity. The voyage was eminently successful It is probable that they visited Egypt and Turkey afte this time, selling drugs and amulets. From the stories afterwards told by our hero, when, concealing his real origin, he let out ambiguous hints of his being some unfortunate Oriental prince, it is possible that he also visited Mecca and Medina. A visit to Malta is better substantiated. He was well received by the grand-master, and, with his companion, laboured there for some months at the task of making pewter into gold. It is also said that Althotas died in Malta. Be these things as they may, certain it is that, during the mysterious years of his life now under notice, the Palermitan was fitting himself most diligently and successfully for his final career; and that, at the close of his probation, he appeared alone in Rome to commence a new era of his history.

It must not be thought that Balsamo had been all this time contented with his ill-savoured, untitled patronymic. He had been a chevalier, a marquis, and six or seven different barons in succession, just as it suited him. Count Alessandro Cagliostro was the title which he bore on entering Rome, and it became his permanent one. He at first contrived to live by selling pen-drawings (forged ones, moreover, being merely engravings Indian-inked); but this was a poor occupation, and he speedily gave larger scope to his genius. He commenced the sale of an *elixir* for warding off old age and disease, and further boasted that he could *transmute metals* and make himself *invisible*. The Maltese grand-master had given him good letters of introduction. These admitted him to society where his boundless boasting and indomitable assurance *impressed some* with a conviction of his mystic powers

xir sold abundantly, and his success tempted a
l Roman, Lorenza Feliciani, to share his rising
. Unscrupulous, witty, and fascinating, Lorenza
admirable partner for Cagliostro, who speedily
r an adept in all his pretended mysteries. The
pair now sought a wider sphere for their combined
on the European purse. They opened their career
by going to Westphalia on a visit to the Count
ain, the great quack of the preceding generation,
haracter is settled by one fact: he called himself
rs old! Cagliostro, no doubt, inhaled much goodly
lge from this personage; and, for the next three
Venice, Madrid, Cadiz, Lisbon, Brussels, and, in
at part of Europe, enjoyed the advantage thereof.
ng usually in a four-horse carriage, with the lovely
by his side, and a host of couriers and beef-
efore and behind, all in Parisian liveries, the
unt enters in succession the cities of the continent,
ended to the high-birthed dupes of one place by
hom he had left in another, to awaken at leisure
eir dream of eternal youth. Arrived, he fixes
in some splendid hotel, and shews a full and open
Man and wife soon address themselves to business.
es, he had lotions beyond all that the imagination
onceive; and for faded gentlemen of quality, he
Wine of Egypt, and other potions, washes, and
innumerable. It may be thought that princes and
would be apt to deem it degrading in a count to
gs for money, like a common quack-salver. No
ng. The count, generous man, never gets his own
for them. He travels the world to do good; and
dily would he give the precious drugs for nothing,
not they are brought from far at a great expense!
f this he himself really defrays, but to reimburse
a small degree he is forced to take—a considera-
The poor he visits gratis. Thus run the tale and
of the arch-quack.

ostro and his countess were not always pampered,
r, in fortune's coach-and-four. Sometimes their

stores ran low; and on unwisely attempting to
the eyes of old friends at Palermo, the count wa
jail by the revengeful goldsmith. He had the a
induce a Sicilian prince to interfere, and he w
Then, again, we hear of Cagliostro in Londo
obscure character of a common painter, and be
title of plain Signor Balsamo. This was in 1
returned to the continent, and must again have
the ladder of fortune; for we find him once
England, in 1776, with a stock of L.3000. T
here commenced as usual with his elixir and phil
stone annunciations; but it was necessary to the
both of himself and his helpmate, that they shou
access to society. A false friend undertook this
introduced them to mock lords and ladies, by w
long, the arch-plunderer was plundered of all hi
A prison was the end. The count gained his
however, and left the uncongenial air of Engla
the visit was not thrown away. Far from it.
been initiated into some obscure mason-lodge,
most brilliant idea of his life struck him in con
—the idea of the 'Grand Egyptian Lodge of Ma
which who so fit as himself to become the head,
called himself, the Grand Coptha? As for th
lodges, again, who so well suited for the 'Grand I
ship' as the fair Lorenza?

Full of this new idea, the count recommenced h
on the continent. The repute of the wonderful
mason, who knew all the secrets of the brotherh
the time of its institution by 'Enoch and Elias,' s
abroad. 'Arrived in any city, he has but by
grip to accredit himself with the venerable of th
and, not by degrees as formerly, but in one night,
duced to all that is fattest and foolishest far a
and in the fittest arena—a gilt pasteboard maso
Mr Carlyle, to whom we are indebted for par
information, describes the quack as having been
with loud shouts under steel arches; as holdin
hour discourses on all things fittingly unintelligi

g Egyptian lodges in all manner of places with
ls of such a dark, death's-head description, that
ne's hair stand on end merely to read of them.
s sold now at a double-quick rate ; and in con-
of the enormous expenses of the Grand Coptha,
ondences and the like, the money flowed into
in full streams.

in splendour from place to place, the count
arsaw, and finally Strasburg. Here he met the
f his prizes—the Prince de Rohan, first-class
rance, and Cardinal Archbishop of Strasburg,
rœsus, and gullible to excess. Knowing well
he count at first wrapt himself up in reserve,
t the same time gained a character by liberally
medicine (brick-dust pills, possibly) to the poor,
hewing them, now and then, his purse. Prince
sought an interview again and again : he was
His anxiety grew greater, and at length he was

At once he became an obedient dupe, and his
emptied freely—in payment, chiefly, for the
predictions which Cagliostro gave the cardinal
guiding him in all his affairs.

riod, 1783, may be called the brightest in the
Cagliostro, whose reputation was now European.
ked by the Prince de Rohan to go to Paris, and
; he stayed at this time only a few days, being
drain a little further the dupables of Strasburg.
thusiasm was past, and he found it advisable to
ux. Here, for the period of a year, he was so
successful in magical and elixir practice, that
ities at one time granted him a guard to keep
clear. Bordeaux exhausted, he thought fit to
mself on Paris. It might have been expected
would have shrunk from exposing his magical
s to the eyes of the savans in Paris. Not he.
penly professed his ability to transmute metals ;
andicraft deceptions, he practically convinced
and unwary. He—when well paid for it, for
would *not* rise for nothing—called up spirits,

though they seem not to have been seen, t
have spoken to him from under glass bells.
supported him ably in these deceptions.

But Cagliostro suddenly fell in this very
glory, and fell irrecoverably. Happening to
involved in the celebrated necklace case of
nette, where one of the queen's servants
Motte, forged her mistress's name, Cagliostr
La Motte and Rohan, was thrown into the
being brought to trial, he told lies of the n
ing magnitude as to his birth and resources,
one thing that he was constantly supplied
by an unknown friend in Arabia; but the c
attention to his rant. La Motte and othe
punished: as for our count, though he got f
the state of a beggar.

The sun of the arch-quack had begun it
course, and rapid, indeed, was its downward
England, to which he now resorted, he gain
tenance of scarcely one man of note excepti
George Gordon; and trickery was at a d
whether in regard to elixirs or Egyptian lo
ostro was compelled to look to the continen
alas! France, Germany, Russia, and the Sa
tory, were all closed against him by positive
He had been too successful in his magic. Hi
repute had roused the long suspicious Churc
lost all power to contend with her. So he fe
when, after some obscure and poverty-struc
he ventured at length to enter Rome in 1
his wife, who, jaded and wearied out, now d
reach her mother's grave and die. Caglio
been long there, ere the Inquisition caught
what Mr Carlyle aptly calls 'some feebl
ghost of an Egyptian lodge,' and he was thr
Castle of St Angelo. By papers and petiti
planations and recantations, Cagliostro st
stoutly for life and liberty. The form
obtained; but being doomed to perpetual

d in St Angelo in the summer of 1795. The Grand
ess was placed for life in a nunnery.
liostro forms, on the whole, a sad monument of the
es of a career of imposture. We have seen here
was the end of all; and moreover, with all his
ent assurance, it may be doubted if the instability
position, and the constant risk of exposure, left him
appy moment even in the hours of his greatest
s. Goethe visited his disclaimed mother and sister;
e picture given of their calm tranquillity of mind,
midst of poverty and privations, but impresses us
ore strongly with a sense of the folly of preferring
of splendid vice to one of humble virtue.

THE BRONZE HORSE:

A NEAPOLITAN LEGEND.

ow some ninety years since there lived, in a vast
ace in one of the narrow streets that run behind
ada Toledo in Naples, the Principe (Prince) di San
ro. A very distant relation of the family to whose
s he had succeeded, he had passed all his younger
obscurity in one of the provinces with his father,
roud of his high birth, but without the means of
ting it in the style of his equals, preferred vegetat-
solitude with his only son, rather than permit him
eavour to raise the fortunes of his house again, by
g any profession that might tarnish the dignity of
ient name.
tly after the death of his father, the prince came
s inheritance, which in reality added but little to
ealth, as it consisted merely of the old gloomy
o Cavallo, which was much dilapidated, and totally
ished, excepting a few rooms which had been
ted by the late prince—an eccentric character, who

ed so retired, and with so little show
rprise of every one how he could h
ry considerable fortune, when, at
states were obliged to be sold for th
ebts. The new prince removed to N
ipon the demise of his relation; hav
father and his wife in the course of the
had now no tie to the country, and was
his son the advantage of a superior ed
retired province could afford him.

They were soon quietly established in
Constantino was sent to a college; and t
very little known in Naples, continued
much secluded as he had done in Calab
possession of the Palazzo Cavallo, he fo
remains of its ancient magnificence cons
colossal statue of a bronze horse, which
a high pedestal in the centre of the c
quently occurred to him how gladly h
it if a purchaser would present himself
being hurt by offering it for sale.

One winter evening, several years
his residence in Naples, when it was
old man, bending double apparently
his hat so much pulled over his face
any of his features to be visible, en
palace, and, meeting one of the
inquired if he might speak with hi

The prince, who was disengage
admitted, and to his surprise the
accent, seemed a foreigner), apol
told him that the reason of his
had any objection to sell the b
in the court below, as he wishe
The prince replied, that he wa
statue, provided a good price
very lowest sum he would ta
the other declared was far
after continuing to discuss th

l 3500 ducats, which the prince agreed to accept;
d man said he would return on the following
) remove the horse, and bring an order upon a
n banker for the stipulated sum. He then
leaving the prince very much at a loss to guess
d have induced this singular-looking being to
i a purchase; and suspecting that it must be a
)me one who was acquainted with his necessi-
arcely expected to hear anything more of the
Iowever, next evening the old man called at
and sent up by the porter bills for the 3500
rrectly made out upon the before-mentioned
)ng with a note from the unknown, requesting
or them; adding, that he had been prevented
'orkmen to carry away the statue that morning,
) should certainly return for it on the morrow.
nce, well pleased to find he was not to meet
isappointment, hastened to give the desired
ut when the porter descended with it to the
man was nowhere to be seen, and, after waiting
in expectation of his reappearing, he went up
n to inform his master of the fact. More than
ed, the prince could in no way account for such
but the next morning the first thing he did was
elf to the banker's, to find out if the money had
ally placed there. Contrary to his almost
ed hopes, the banker replied, that the day
ttle man (answering the description the prince
called and paid him 3500 ducats on the
:count, and had received from him a receipt
ne; the signature he gave seemed some Jewish
ch none of them had ever heard before.

i as the prince had received his money, he
)me, with no small curiosity, to see the myste-
)nage again; but no tidings had been heard of
; his absence. The bronze horse remained in
ndeur in his place; and from that day forward,
r whoever he might be, never more made his
e at the Palazzo Cavallo. So strange was the

event, that the prince could not help mentioning it t
his acquaintances, and much inquiry was made in e
direction, to endeavour to throw some light upon
affair, but all in vain; and after a time, except by
prince himself, the matter was entirely forgotten.

It might be about five years after the sale of the h
that the prince was one morning awakened in great h
at the early hour of six o'clock, by the sudden entr
of the Abbate Selvaggi (an old antiquarian friend of
while he was yet in bed. 'Get up, get up, my fri
said he, 'we must go instantly and examine your br
horse! I have made a great discovery; but I will ex
nothing until we have convinced ourselves with our
eyes of the extraordinary truth.' The prince ran with
abbate to the statue, when the priest, after a gl
exclaimed: 'It is true!—they *have* taken out his ey
The abbate then stated to the surprised prince, tha
had been just called to the deathbed of the confess
the prince's late father, and had received from the d
man a most extraordinary confession in writing. A
expressing regret for a deed of guilt committed, the d
man's confession narrated, that he had been the confi
of the late Principe di San Silvestro, who, many years
had confided to him that he had formed the resolu
on account of a vow he had made, to place two brilli
of immense size and value, as eyes in the head o
bronze horse. The confessor had aided in the act,
added, that he strongly suspected (although he outwa
appeared to be a strict Catholic) that the reason of
prince's doing so extraordinary a deed proceeded fr
remnant of the superstitious veneration for horses, w
had secretly been cherished in Naples long after
inhabitants were converted to Christianity. But if
was the case, the prince never confessed it. Years r
on, and the transaction remained a profound secret;
prince was a strange, eccentric person, considered
crazy by every one, who passed his days and night
poring over ancient lore, and receiving no visitors, u
it was some one who brought him manuscripts or leg

quity, for which he was always ready to give a good
A short time before his death, the confessor used
ntly to meet at his house a little old man of foreign
ance (who, the reader may guess, was the myste-
urchaser of the bronze horse). He had travelled
and evidently became soon in high favour with the
whom he supplied with much of his favourite
ire, and they used to be shut up for weeks together
ieir books. On the death of the prince, the priest
mpted by the stranger with an offer of 10,000 ducats
the other take away the brilliants and keep the
The priest yielded; the strange old man kept
mise, and at once disappeared, leaving his accom-
› deep remorse. This was the confession.
ay be well imagined what was the vexation of the
›e San Silvestro, on receiving the foregoing com-
ıtion from his friend the abbate. To hear that he
en deprived of wealth, probably more than suffi-
› put him upon an equality with the richest of the
itan nobles, would have been a severe trial to any
ut the prince had been so long accustomed to
›ns, that he no longer felt disappointments so
as he did in his younger days: for his son's sake
e would have desired riches. 'God has so ordered
he to himself with a sigh; 'I am not born to be
ıte; however, 3500 ducats are better than nothing,
ll assist me in fitting out my boy when he leaves
.'

ıe meantime, the prince's son, the young Constan-
orillo, grew up the pride and joy of his fond father,
y strict economy, had been enabled to give him an
nt education; and gay, handsome, and accom-
, he was beloved by all his companions in college,
eing sons of the first noblesse in Naples, were much
ır to him in fortune. But Constantino as yet felt
› difference of their positions. At college all were
and when, at the age of eighteen, they returned
r families, several young men with whom he had
ted a *warm friendship* continually invited him to

visit them; and at length the Duca di Laurino, the fi
of his most favourite young friend (who was carri
suddenly by an illness of a few days), procured for
the commission his son had held in the *Guardio Cor*
King's Body-guard, which was then considered the
regiment in Naples, and only the sons of the nol
were admitted into it.

One evening, during a very gay carnival, the y
Conte di Lesino called to carry his friend the Princ
with him to a ball at the Duc de St Marguerite's, wh
then French ambassador at the court of Naples, an
their way thither, the count exclaimed gaily: 'Prepa
surrender your hitherto insensible heart to-night.
stantino, I am going to shew you the prettiest girl
has appeared this winter, the beautiful Cecile de M
mar—only do not try to supplant me, as I fully in
doing her the honour of making her Contessa di L
My father has given his consent to the match; sh
the only child and heiress of Monsieur de Mont
a stranger Frenchman, whose wealth, report say
immense.'

The ball had commenced, for it was late when
friends arrived; and the count hurried forward in s
of the subject of their conversation, leaving Consta
standing near the door, quietly waiting for the concl
of the dance. A friend introduced him to a young
of surpassing beauty. It chanced to be Mademoise
Montemar, and the young prince danced with her, t
admiration of all, both being alike perfect in the exe
But, to Constantino's surprise, M. de Montemar a
hurried up, and, with something like anger and rud
placed his daughter in charge of the Conte di L
The ball had no further charms for Constantino, nc
Cecile de Montemar herself appear to relish her cl
of position. During the continuation of the car
Constantino had opportunities of seeing Cecile, a
strong mutual passion sprung up between them; bu
young lady informed him of a peculiar personal av
expressed for him by her father. From this time

intercourse was half a secret one, and carried on through the kind Duchesse de St Marguerite. It had the effect of firmly rivetting the chains of love, in the case of both, though that love was still unacknowledged. Meantime, the Conte di Lesino continued the father's avowed favourite.

The carnival was at length concluded; and after the expiration of a few weeks more, the count determined to bring his fate to a decision, and made a formal offer of his hand to Mademoiselle de Montemar, having hitherto only spoken to her father on the subject, who had always endeavoured to keep up his hopes, simply cautioning him not to be too precipitate in making his declaration; but the impetuous Neapolitan would wait no longer, and urged his suit with much eagerness, but at the same time with the air of one assured of success. What was his surprise, then, when Cecile firmly declined his proposals; adding, that she knew his addresses were encouraged by her father's sanction, and she feared her refusal would displease him if he knew it. 'But why,' continued she, 'need he be acquainted with it? Be generous, Monsieur le Conte, and let what has passed be buried in oblivion. I do not love you, therefore I cannot become your wife; but I shall be the most grateful of your friends, if you will grant my request, and conceal from my dear father that you have ever spoken to me on this subject.'

The eyes of the Italian flashed fire as she concluded, and his countenance lowered; but Cecile had turned her face from him while she spoke, afraid to witness the reception of her refusal. With a strong effort, the count repressed the passionate language that rose to his lips; and merely replying: 'You shall be obeyed, mademoiselle,' he bowed profoundly, and left the room. Cecile, in the innocence of her heart, was overjoyed that he had received her answer with so much calmness, and delighted to think that the affair was settled, and, as she hoped, without offending her father; she flew to her friend the duchess, and with a radiant smile communicated the above particulars, adding: 'How very happy I am that I shall never

more be annoyed by his attentions!' 'And you that the count will be satisfied to give you up so e asked the duchess; 'do not flatter yourself he will ever, I am glad that you have answered him so dec and we shall hope the best. But let us think no n your rejected swain for the present—you must com me and choose a dress for a grand masked-ball, w to be given by the Marchese Severino on the marr his son. It is expected to exceed all the carniva in splendour, and I intend that my dear Cecile sl its brightest ornament.'

Cecile, however, begged to be allowed to go to t as a simple peasant of Provence, and the duches sented, taking herself also a French character—that Duchesse de la Valliere. It was on this occasion t young Constantino found a chance of openly avow love for Cecile. His kind friend, the Duchesse Marguerite, gave him a hint of the masked cha chosen by herself and Cecile, and he went to the ball as a Provençal troubadour, to have an opportu lingering appropriately by his fair countrywoman' The issue of the prince's avowal of his passion was deeply mortifying. Cecile was affected even to but his declaration only seemed to recall her to a r brance of her father's aversion and her forgotten She bade Constantino think of her no more, and l ball, overpowered by conflicting feelings. The prin soon followed.

On that same night his father died suddenly. Th of the young prince was violent and deep. Havi but one parent from his early infancy, all the war enthusiastic feelings of his heart had been concer in his love for his father, and, until he met with Ce Montemar, no other attachment had found a place He therefore sunk almost into despair on finding h alone, as it seemed, in the world, without any connection on whom he could rely; and the affair late father were left in such disorder, that the *scarcely a sum* at his command sufficient to kee

ctual want. The latter misfortune weighed but on him in the present state of his mind; it only m withdraw himself still more from the world. d not bear to tax the generosity of the Duc de St rite, and many kind friends who would have him assistance, and he often seriously contem- hutting himself up in a monastery for life. For a er the death of his father, he remained almost confined to his own palace; and his gay com- , finding they were constantly denied admittance by degrees gave up the attempt; so that the who had so lately been the life of all their parties, ded from their memories, as if he had never

The only recreation in which he indulged, was g long solitary rambles in the environs of Naples, of his most favourite resorts was to the lovely go d'Agnano; he would linger for hours by the tired side of it, carrying a fowling-piece in his ut rarely making use of it. Reclined upon the s thoughts would wander back to the happy days spent on his first entrance into life, and of the unbeam that had crossed his path, in the vision of ile; and often the shades of evening had long re he sought again his solitary home. One night aken a longer ramble than usual, having sauntered ral hours in the romantic woods of Actroné, the reserve, the ascent to which is by a winding road e extremity of the lake, and the sun had set some fore he reached the broad path, skirted by trees, uns along the left side of the water. He had d in it but a little way, when he overtook a lady tleman; the latter seemingly an invalid, and very was leaning heavily on the arm of his companion, stantino started as he once more heard the voice moiselle de Montemar, who said anxiously: 'Dear fear you have walked too far; you are fatigued; l never reach the carriage. Henri,' she added servant who attended them, 'go on and bring it us, and we *shall* await you here.'

Constantino withdrew behind the trees, that he mi
escape observation, while Cecile seated her father u
the grass, and placed herself beside him. The servant l
not left them above a few minutes, when suddenly t
men, who had been concealed behind a bank on the otl
side of the road, sprung out upon them; one of th
seized the old De Montemar, and, gagging his mouth,
prevent him calling out, he was proceeding to tie
hands, when a shot from the gun of Constantino laid h
prostrate on the earth. The other man, meanwhile, h
caught up the fainting Cecile in his arms, and proceed
to carry her off with great rapidity across a field towa
a hut at some distance; but the moment Constantino s
his shot had taken effect, he flew to the rescue of l
beloved, loudly calling upon the ravisher at his peril
stop and release the lady. The former turned, and seei
the prince was unarmed, he laid the insensible Cecile
the ground, and, drawing his sword, rushed at once up
him; but Constantino was prepared, and pulling out
stiletto he always carried about with him, he struck
with all his force into his assailant's right arm, the pa
of which obliged the latter to drop his sword and stagg
back, when Constantino instantly possessed himself of
The Conte di Lesino (for it was he) seeing the victory lo
fled with the greatest precipitation, and was soon out
sight. The prince cared not to follow him; all his anxi
was for Cecile, who had now begun to revive. He du
not leave her to call for help, but, to his inexpressil
relief, he saw De Montemar's servant running towa
them, with whose assistance he conveyed Mademoise
de Montemar to the place where they had left her fath
She had now recovered her consciousness, but was nea
relapsing again on finding that the dreadful shock h
been too much for the enfeebled frame of her parent, w
was so exhausted that he could scarcely make any answ
to their inquiries. The carriage having now arri
Constantino, at the earnest entreaty of Cecile, accep
seat in it to Naples. Little conversation passed d
the drive; Cecile's looks, more than words, spoke

ude, but her father engrossed all her attention; his ness increasing so much that they were often obliged op, fearing he would expire ere they could reach with him. On arriving at length at De Montemar's e in the Chiaja, Constantino only remained till he he invalid carried to his room; he then despatched vant in all haste for a physician, and sent another to m the Duc and Duchesse de St Marguerite of the trophe; then pressing the hand of the weeping e, he took his leave, saying he should return early ext morning to inquire for them both. It may be ined that, after the agitating scenes he had been ged in, sleep did not visit his eyes, and the earliest of day found him again at De Montemar's door. report the servants gave of the latter was very vourable; he continued to sink, and the physician red it his opinion that he could not survive another

While they were conversing together, Mademoiselle ontemar's maid entered with a note, which she said ad that moment been desired by her mistress to send e Principe San Silvestro. Constantino tore it open, read these words: 'My dearest father earnestly es to see you; lose no time, I beseech you, in coming .' He instantly followed the maid to the sick man's ber, at the door of which he was met by Cecile, who im up to the bedside of the dying De Montemar. old man, feebly turning his eyes towards him, ched out his hand, saying: 'You have saved my child worse than death, monsieur, and there is but one rd worthy of you; I rejoice that my life has been d long enough to do you justice. Take her,' con- d he, uniting his hand with that of Cecile, 'and may blessing of an unfortunate and repentant man rest you both!' Then turning to the Duchesse de St uerite, he added: 'Retire, my dear friend, and take le with you for a short time—I have some private uctions I wish to give to the prince, as my son, which uld only pain my darling child to hear.' The ladies rdingly withdrew, when De Montemar, addressing

Constantino, said: 'Will you swear solemnly t
never will make known to my beloved Cecile wh
going to reveal to you? It would only increas
other sufferings in these my last moments, the
she would despise her poor father's memory
humbly trust that my present repentance may
degree wipe away my sins. May I depend up
secrecy?' Constantino eagerly gave the desired
and De Montemar continued thus: 'In me, pri
behold the purchaser of your father's bronze h
know you are acquainted with all the circumst
the transaction, from the confession of the old pr
was my accomplice in the guilty deed, so I n
repeat them to you; but open that cabinet, and
spring you will see at the back of it, that I may
proofs of my identity.' Constantino obeyed, and
ing the secret drawer, he beheld to his amazem
two small frames which had contained the diam
he had heard so much of, with the original ey
had been taken out to make room for them. '
forgive me,' said the expiring man, 'for thu
robbed your good father of his riches, and depr
for so long a time of your just rights? Could I
you an idea of the misery my guilty conscie
occasioned me for many years, you could not r
your compassion. My health has by degrees su
it, and it scarcely required the shock of the last
snap the slender cord asunder. When I met
winter, my unhappiness was redoubled—I seeme
in your eyes that you were informed of my gr
when I perceived your attachment to my daught
haunted by the fear that you might disclose the
her—for which cause, more than your want of f
forbade her having any intercourse with you.
intention was, as soon as I should unite her to th
di Lesino, and thus secure for her the illustrior
in society I was ambitious of, to confess all to yo
your property, and then seclude myself in a m
for life. Cecile's firm refusal to accept the cou

sconcerted my plans ; and at her earnest entreaty, ; consented to give him a formal dismissal, the ɜnce of which has been his rash attempt of last De Montemar here paused to recover his breath, stantino hastened to assure him, that in the father ɜloved Cecile all was forgiven, adding, that his ire was to gratify him in any remaining wish he ɪve.

you, my dear son,' said De Montemar, his eyes ing with tears, 'I am undeserving of such good- ɪt I have one last request to make, which, if not ugnant to your feelings, I trust you will comply ll my estates are in France, to which country my ' is most fondly attached ; to Naples you have no iends, no property, to interest you—will you, then, a Frenchman, take my name, and make your Provence ! If you can agree to this, you will ɜ die happy ; for—it may be a weakness—but I if you remain in Naples, one day or other, by ance the degrading tale of my unworthy conduct ch the ears of poor Cecile, and with her sensi- ings, I am convinced she could not survive the ge.'

ld man's voice here became inarticulate, and he after expired in the arms of his daughter. Con- determined to respect De Montemar's dying ; and shortly after his union with Cecile, they ieu to Naples, and sailed for France, where they ɪed themselves. Constantino faithfully kept his and his wife never suspected the fatal secret. nze horse still remains in the court of the Palazzo where it may be seen by all curious inquirers. ɔnd respecting it is probably now almost forgotten, ɔd as a fable, unless by those who are so fond of ɾvellous as to give eager credence to all such records.

have now to require of thee, and the granting
may partly remedy the misfortune which you h
fered. An infant boy has somewhat strangely
our particular guardianship. He is of such n
birth that we conceive thee to be a fitter person
his sponsor than any of the nobles of our cou
civic position suits thee much more for serving th
fortunes of this boy; and, God's bread, Sir Jo
shalt have a queen for a partner in the office.'

Doubt had gradually disappeared from the
brow during this speech, and had been supplı
a feeling of the highest gratification, as was c
apparent in his looks. 'Your majesty,' said he,
an honour which kings might be proud of. An
life, madam, I shall prove, by my conduct to
that your majesty has not so honoured one who is
ful for it. I have no child,' continued the citiz
slowly—'I have no child now, and my gods
supply the place which has been wilfully vacate
queen was obviously pleased with what had pas
she looked on Sir John, who had cast down hi
closing his speech, there was a sparkle of passing
in her quick dark eye.

'Farewell for the present, Sir John Spencer,'
'due tidings shall reach thee when it becomes n
to assume thy new duties.' The knight stoope
the hand extended to him, and the queen pa
leaving the citizen to follow, and finally w
way homewards.

Sir John Spencer, commonly called 'Rich
was in his day the wealthiest and most influentia
of London. The mayoralty and shrievalty h
both served by him more than once, we belie
was a great favourite with the queen, being note
public-spiritedness, and his anxiety to sustain th
of his sovereign and his country. Such a fee
peculiarly evinced by the opulent cloth-worke
was by profession, on the occasion of the Mı
Rosny's visit to England, as ambassador from H

/ France to Elizabeth. The Marquis (afterwards Duke) f Sully was lodged and entertained by Sir John in the ost sumptuous manner, at his own private cost. He was nderstood to be worth a million sterling, and had but one hild, a daughter, his sole heiress. Having fixed upon a on-in-law in his own rank in life, the worthy citizen had een deeply irritated by the elopement of his daughter ith the young Lord Compton ; and though at the period eferred to in our story, more than a year had elapsed nce the event, Sir John's anger seemed to have been ncreased rather than diminished by the lapse of time. arious attempts had been made to bring about a recon- iliation, but unsuccessfully. So stood the family affairs f Sir John Spencer, when good Queen Bess intimated er wish to honour him in the manner related.

Of that honour the citizen continued to think with ride, up to the time of his receiving a message from the ueen, requiring a second visit from him at Greenwich alace. Thither, accordingly, Sir John wended his way, editating how he might best shew, in a marked manner, is sense of the high favour bestowed on him by the ueen. When ushered into the presence of the latter, he und her with a goodly company of ladies and courtiers ; nd in presence, also, was her majesty's household chap- in. 'Welcome, Sir John,' said the queen, as the citizen aid his duty on entrance ; 'thou art punctual, yet we ave been for sometime in readiness. The ceremony hall be private, as best befits the condition of our poor ittle charge.' Sir John bowed in silence ; and the com- any, at a motion of the queen's hand, proceeded to the mall chapel, where her majesty was accustomed to erform her private devotions.

We shall suppose the child baptised, and the whole eremony over. Increasing the amount of the honour, he queen gave to the child the Christian name of Spencer.' This unexpected circumstance, and the uncom- on beauty of the infant, seemed to determine the knight n its favour. 'Madam,' said he to the queen, with tears n his eyes, '*I* have resolved to shew my sense of this

honour by adopting this child, now my name-son. I shall be my *sole heir;* and, that no foolish relentings m afterwards affect this resolve, I here solemnly vow, befo the holy altar, and in presence of your majesty and t fair company, to settle irrevocably my estate by de in this child's favour, and to place it immediately in yo majesty's possession, if you will honour me by accepti such trust.'

The eyes of the queen sparkled with unaffected pl sure. ''Tis well, Sir John Spencer,' said she; 'we a witnesses to your promise, and know that it will be kep She then turned round, and exclaimed, looking to a sid door: 'Without there! You may enter.' In an insta the door was thrown open, and Sir John Spencer behe his daughter, the Lady Compton, and her husband, knee ing at his feet. Before the agitated citizen could spea the queen addressed him. 'Sir John, the child who thou hast here adopted is thine own grandchild. Tak these his parents also to your favour, and make this o of the happiest hours in a queen's life.'

'Pardon, dearest father, pardon!' cried the weepi daughter of the knight; 'pardon,' continued she, takii her child from an attendant, and raising it in her arms 'pardon, for this child's sake!' Sir John Spencer cou not resist these appeals.

'Heaven bless you, my children!' said he, embraci them by turns; 'I do forgive all the past; and I hearti thank her majesty, who has brought about this hap event.'

Our anecdote is told. Many glorious acts signali the reign of Elizabeth, but it may be questioned if a recorded deed of hers places her character in a mo pleasing light, than the little ruse by which she reconcil Sir John Spencer and his daughter.

THE MOCK-KING OF MUNSTER.

happens in the case of all great changes affecting the ial framework, the unsettlement of the long-established m of clerical polity in Europe during the sixteenth ntury was attended with popular commotions equally tensive in their amount and destructive in their effects. ch consequences are, indeed, more peculiarly insepar- le from revolutions in the religious world. Except in xtreme cases, secular authority may be transferred from ne body to another without the reins of governmental iscipline being relaxed in any great degree; but it is ot so as respects clerical affairs. When the European princes judged it right, at the era of the Reformation, to leave their subjects free to quit the pale of the old church, they were also left free, upon the same principles, to select for themselves a new spiritual path. Wild were the delusions, and appalling the errors which resulted, in that comparatively barbarous age, from this unfortunate but unavoidable necessity. Madmen, fanatics, and impostors, with persons in whom, perhaps, all three peculiarities were mixed up, had here an ample field for their operations, and they left not the opportunity unused. We now proceed to give an account of one extraordinary instance of popular hallucination, springing from the source above described.

The modern sect of Anabaptists was, in consequence of the adoption of a peculiar custom, made odious in Germany in the sixteenth century by a set of impostors and fanatics of the most depraved description. In 1533, there came to Munster, in Westphalia, a Dutchman named John Bockholt, a tailor by profession, and a native of Leyden. He was a ringleader of a fanatic party in his own country, and, with the aid of a Jol Matthison, one Gerharp, and some others, began spread his mischievous principles in Munster. T

time was, unhappily, but too favourable for attempt in Germany, where the ancient religious of the people were torn up by the roots, leavi impressed with vague notions of an approaching and ready to listen to the wildest speculation subject.

This was fully shewn in 1525, twenty years be period, when a fanatic named Munzer had th raise a numerous army of Suabian, Franconi Saxon peasants, and took the field with the int overturning all governments and laws, under tence that the world was now to be governed Founder of Christianity in person. The Saxon and other princes, raised an army, however, an the insurgents. Immense numbers were slain and executed. John Bockholt soon gathered a Munster, whom he persuaded that a new kingdom was to be established, and that Mun to be its capital, under the title of the New Je whence the novel doctrines were to be dissemina the earth. This idea was flattering to the mob, Leyden tailor gained continual accessions of a As he went on, even the learned, including some joined his sect, until at length he found himself enough to venture on his great project. His rose suddenly in arms, attacked and deposed th trates, and became masters of the city. Imm afterwards, John of Leyden was proclaimed *kin* New Jerusalem.

We have said nothing of the doctrines or doings of the man who thus got the sway of a g containing many thousands of people. His gances are almost incredible. He married eleve to shew his approbation of the polygamy which in the times of *other* kings of Jerusalem; and t late himself to a particular king of the Hebrew or madly danced, without apparel, through the s Munster. Other most offensive and pernicious a *daily committed* by this mock-monarch, whom

charity to set down as insane. He of course saw
, and dreamt dreams in abundance. In one dream
communicated to him, he said, that the cities of
rdam, Deventer, and Wesel, were given to him as
n. He accordingly sent disciples or bishops thither,
ead his new kingdom. In the state of the public
at the period, these pseudo-embassies were not, as
ppear now, ridiculous. The Amsterdam envoy
ed so many proselytes, that he attempted to seize
city. He marched his followers to the town-house
given day, with drums beating and colours flying.
y seized on the house, he fixed his head-quarters
but the burghers rose, and with some regular
surrounded the fanatics, the whole of whom were
death in a severe manner, in order to intimidate
of the class.

ay well be imagined that the city of Munster was
eadful condition under John of Leyden, it being a
ie of the sect, that all things should be in common
the faithful; and they also taught that civil magis-
were utterly useless. Hence enormous crimes, as
ridiculous follies, were practised continually—real
iasm of belief adding to the evil rather than
shing it. The following incident is the only one
tive of the insane and scandalous practices of the
hich we shall venture to record—a specimen is
n. Twelve of them met, five being women, in a
house. One of the men, a tailor by trade, having
for four hours in a sort of trance, then took off
rments, and throwing them into the flames, com-
d the rest to do the same. All did so; and the
subsequently went out to the streets, which they
d, crying: 'Wo! wo! wo to Babylon!' and the
Being seized and taken before a magistrate, they
l to dress themselves, saying: 'We are the naked
' Were it not for the sequel, we might simply feel
t at this, as the doing, possibly, of shameless profli-
But when these very persons, instead of being
in lunatic asylums, were taken to the scaffold, they

sung and danced for joy, and died with all the marks sincere religious enthusiasm.

John of Leyden did not long enjoy the throne Munster. Its rightful sovereign and bishop, Co Waldeck, aided by other petty princes of Germa assembled an army, and marched against the city. T fanatics shut its gates, and resisted, nor was it until af an obstinate siege that the occupants were overcon The mock-monarch was taken, and suffered a cruel dea with great numbers of his wrong-headed associates.

The popular hallucination, however, did not end he The severe laws which were enacted after the deaths Munzer and Bockholt, in order to check the spread their principles, were of no preventive value, perhaps t reverse. We are told by Mosheim, that immediat after the taking of Munster, 'the innocent and the gui were often involved in the same terrible fate, and prodi ous numbers were devoted to death in the most dread forms.' There is proof, too, as in the single case detail that even where great profligacy characterised th peculiar course of conduct, there was often mixed up w it such an amount of sincerity, as ought to make us thi of them with pity as beings labouring under a strar delusion, rather than blame them as persons erring un the common impulses leading to vice. 'In almost all countries of Europe, an unspeakable number of th wretches preferred death, in its worst forms, to a retr tation of their errors. Neither the view of the flar kindled to consume them, nor the ignominy of the gibl nor the terrors of the sword, could shake their inv cible but ill-placed constancy, or induce them to aban tenets that appeared dearer to them than life and all enjoyments.'

FAMILY MANAGEMENT:

A TALE.

AT can be the reason Harriet and Miss Williamson so late in returning from their walk?' said Mrs ier to her husband, as they were sitting one Novemvening in the comfortable library. 'What can they out?' continued the lady, an additional shade of gloom ig over her face, as she watched the approaching ws of night darkening more and more the room in they sat. 'That girl Harriet keeps the house in a ual state of agitation; I never know what it is to a moment's peace with her madcap pranks.'

and Mrs Aylmer were people of rank and fortune, resided in the south of England; they had married a life, and the results of their union were two child- boy and girl. Mrs Aylmer was chiefly remarkable er capabilities of putting herself into terrific fits of nper, which alarmed and subjugated all around her lfil all her behests, and for ruling with strict and ching authority over her respectable husband. Mr ier's principal peculiarities were an excessive love od English dinners, and long comfortable naps after . Charles Aylmer, the son and heir, was a sickly d boy of fourteen. He was ill-tempered, selfish, rdly, and mischievous—the darling of his mother, remitted in his favour the uninterrupted severity hewed to all else—the heir of the property, and the eign of the household. He was chiefly remarkable lling tales of his sister; eating a surprising quantity es and sweetmeats; a great love of tyranny, united strong sense of personal danger. He had a tutor, for L.100 per annum, with a considerable number ysical comforts, was willing to take charge of an lling pupil and a disagreeable boy. Harriet Aylmer fifteen, a fine tall girl, very handsome, very high-

spirited, very clever, and very disobedient, passionate and mischievous; she had always shewn great aptitude for teasing and laughing at her brother (for which she invariably got punished), and for treating with supreme contempt all existing authorities. Her character was redeemed from its great faults and unfeminine love of mischief by deep and strong feelings of affection, which few had the power of calling forth, and by great kindness and benevolence towards those worse off than herself for the luxuries of life. She was neither her mother's darling nor her father's heir; and as they had some floating ideas of the necessity of both rewards and punishments in the education of children, they solved the difficulty by applying the rewards to Charles and the punishments to Harriet. Poor Harriet, she was no one's pet! She teased her brother, disturbed her papa's naps, grumbled at her mother's partiality, caricatured the tutor, disobeyed and disliked her governess, held Mrs Jones, her mamma's officious maid, in supreme contempt, and was disliked by one-half of her friends, and continually reproved by the other; besides her little dog Fido, the only persons who loved her undividedly were the gardener's daughter, silly Jane, and most of the servants, who pitied and excused her.

Now that we have introduced the Aylmers to our readers, we will continue our tale where we left it off—in the old library.

'Well,' continued Mrs Aylmer, 'I must know what keeps them so long. Ring the bell, Mr Aylmer; Miss Williamson should remember I don't approve of a young lady of Harriet's age being out so long. Oh, here they come!' she exclaimed, as the door opened. It was not them; it was Charles and his tutor.

'Oh, mamma!' exclaimed the boy, bursting in with an excited look and heated face, 'what do you think Miss Harriet has been doing?—she will get what she does not like, I expect, when you know.'

'What has she been doing?' asked Mrs Aylmer 'something wrong, I have no doubt; but don't be in such *a hurry, my darling.* Poor child! you are quite out of

will kill yourself with such speed. I
ıd told you, Mr Ramsay,' said she, turning
embarrassed tutor, 'that I do not wish Mr
ɛert himself in this way, to put him in such a
very odd people cannot attend to what is
,

ɣou, madam,' answered the unfortunate tutor,
rm brewing in Mrs Aylmer's threatening
ıure you, Mr Charles was so anxious to come
that he saw Miss William'——
ɔ!' interrupted Charles; 'I don't want you
ıa—I shall tell her myself.'
uious tutor was silent, and the spoiled child
ɔ relate how his sister had seized upon
her governess to a tree in the adjoining
ɪrvant was immediately sent to release her,
ı instantly made for the delinquent, far and
one thought of going into her room, where
ıd, sitting quietly by the window. By this
fortunate governess was released from her
l had returned home, with the determination
ıg another day with such a pupil. Pale with
ıshed into Mrs Aylmer's presence.
-Mrs Aylmer'—she gasped, as soon as she

ll!' interrupted Mrs Aylmer, waving her off
ınd. 'Pray, do not repeat things so very
ɔr a mother's ear; but I must say, Miss
you have your pupil under very indifferent
· her to get to such a pitch.'
again gasped the ill-treated governess.
s in vain for her to speak; Mrs Aylmer
ɜten to her.
ın, Mrs Aylmer,' she at last said, 'you will
ə the kindness to hear me when I say that,
ay be to leave a house where I have expe-
nuch *kindness* and *lady-like treatment*, I am
ecline the honour of any longer conducting
ɑ of your daughter.'

'Spare yourself the trouble,' interrupted Mrs Aylmer again, with a haughty glance, 'for I have long thought of removing Miss Aylmer from your care, and the events of this night have hastened my determination.' She rung the bell. 'Robert, tell Mrs Jones to bring Miss Aylmer here.'

'My dear, shall we not dine first?' interposed Mr Aylmer with a timid voice. (He had been sitting for sometime looking on in great annoyance at the bustle and turmoil going on around him.) 'It is past seven o'clock, and the dinner will be spoiled,' he continued, fidgeting in his chair from a mixture of fear of his wife's anger at the interruption and dread of the dinner being overcooked. His faint appeal was of no use.

'Mr Aylmer, may I beg of you once more not to interfere? I believe,' said she, casting on him a glance of supreme contempt, 'your dinner is of more consequence to you than all your family put together.' At this moment Harriet entered, her brow firmly set, her mouth closed, and her whole appearance shewing she had made up her mind to bear the storm hovering over her head with dogged indifference. It is needless to repeat her mamma's address to her; the specimen we have given of her eloquence will shew the style of it. Harriet listened unmoved and unsoftened. 'Well,' said her mother, stopping at last for want of breath to go on, 'what have you got to say for yourself? Speak!—are you deaf?'

'No, I wish I were,' muttered Harriet sullenly. 'I have not anything to say; I know if I were to explain, it would do me no good—I should not get justice done to me.'

'Leave the room, Miss Aylmer.'

Harriet obeyed; in opening the door she passed the poor governess, wiping tears of mortification from her eyes. Harriet was touched; she went up to her, and taking her hand, said: 'Come, Miss Williamson, let us be friends; I will forgive you if you will me. I am sorry *I tied you to a* tree, but you put me into such a passion

restrain myself.' The governess flung away
ınd, with flashing eyes, muttered something
crisy. Harriet turned as red as fire; she
.d the room; her brother Charles was laugh-
lisappointment. 'Take that for your pains,'
ving him a box on the ear, 'you cowardly
nd with flashing eyes, ran out of the room.
le version of this adventure was as follows:—
mson and Harriet were taking their usual
walk. Harriet had brought with her in her
:tle pet Fido, which was seized with an unac-
him of keeping up a constant barking. Miss
who was not in the best of humours, having
interchange of words with Mrs Aylmer, felt
inclined to vent her ill-humour upon the
ıpany. In no very gentle terms she insisted
et putting the dog down. Harriet refused,
'illiamson seized hold of the dog, and threw
r on the ground; poor Fido howled piteously,
away. With sparkling eyes and raised colour,
c hold of her pet, and dared Miss Williamson
in. The governess was so unmindful of her
o do it. Harriet said nothing, but not many
ɜr, she seized her opportunity, and, being a
strong girl, tied her governess to a tree; she
left her, and going back to where her poor
.y really hurt, she took him up in her arms,
ɔ her own room, where she remained, with
ıness, till called upon to account for her

day, Harriet was conveyed in a close chariot
ma to a school some fifty miles off, celebrated
t seclusion and severe discipline in which the
ı were kept. Mrs Aylmer, still burning with
ıt her daughter, gave such a character of her
vis, the head of the establishment, that this
upon the entrance of Harriet into her house
the same fear and trepidation as she would
ɔ a Jack Sheppard, or an officer of the Guards,

with a Lovelace kind of reputation, been prese
as a boarder. However, seeing Miss Aylmer '
and fortune, and that much money, and, perch
credit (if she could succeed in changing her
priety-loving young lady), was to be gained by
tance, she consented to receive her under cei
restrictions, to all which Mrs Aylmer com
came away perfectly satisfied that she had int
daughter to such discipline 'as would make
herself,' as she expressed it, 'and regret the
now despised.' Miss Lewis was stiff, starc
decorum worshipper. She had no idea of i
pupils with the genuine feeling of kindness
to have for each other; but she did her be
them never to behave *ungenteelly*, and alv
polite and young-lady-like. She expected
young ladies that they should know danci
piano, harp, drawing, French, Italian, all in a
like manner, and that they should have a cert
tary knowledge of all the other branches of
that they should make a courtesy on entering
another when they went out, and call each
when they conversed together; above all,
should not know the meaning of the word
all events, if they were so unfortunate as t
knowledge, they should *appear* not to know
particularly incensed at the mention of the
of marriage. Such characteristics, she consi
a perfect *young lady*.

The second act in this drama of family n
now opens.

Mrs Medcalf was the widow of a naval offi
his death-bed had bequeathed to her a mod
and the guardianship of the orphan boy of
friend, whom, in the absence of any family of
had adopted as his son. Mrs Medcalf was
Mr Aylmer, but owing to the great differen
her character and that of her sister-in-law,
the disapprobation she continually expres

anner in which her nephew and niece were brought up, e held very little intercourse with Aylmer House. She new very little of the children, but had a general impres- on that they were very spoiled and disagreeable. One ark and stormy night, in the month of January, she was tting over her tea, musing on the approaching college eation of her ward, William Mansfield—whom she aged to see as much as if he were her own son—when e heard a voice at the hall-door begging to see her. here seemed to be some dispute upon the subject; so e rung the bell to know who was there, when the awing-room door opened, and there entered with the ervant the muffled up figure of a young girl. Mrs Medcalf started; she knew the face, but could not at nce recollect it, as the stranger advanced and threw p her veil.

'Aunt Margaret!' at last said our old friend, Harriet Aylmer.

'My niece Harriet!' said Mrs Medcalf in utter stonishment; 'what has brought you here?'—and she notioned to the servant to leave the room. 'What is the natter?—what brings you here?' she repeated, in an nxious voice.

'I am come to ask you for a home and for a refuge rom those who persecute me,' said Harriet, with a burn- ng cheek and almost menacing tone; 'and if you refuse t me I go away, and no one will ever be troubled with me again.'

Mrs Medcalf saw she was dreadfully excited. 'Sit own, my poor girl,' said she soothingly, 'and tell me what has happened to you—you look dreadfully fatigued nd excited; I will do anything I can for you. Do not e frightened,' she continued, observing the sofa shake nder the emotion of poor Harriet, who at length burst nto such heart-rending tears and sobs, that her aunt hought she would almost fall into convulsions; she atied her bonnet and cloak, gave her some cold water to rink, and, finally, had the pleasure of seeing her restored o more calmness.

'These are the first tears I have shed since I le
father's house,' said she, at length finding words to
'and I was nearly desperate when your words, the
words of kindness I have heard, quite overcame me.
at once began her story: she related in clear term
misconduct which had caused her dismissal from
and her being sent with the most disgraceful of re
tions to school. There she had had to undergo
kind of disgrace and contumely: she was not al
to associate with the girls, nor were they permitted
to speak to her; she was always kept by h
and each night was sent for into Miss Lewis's
where she was accused of every possible fault and n
meanour, and exhorted to repent of them. Tales c
misconduct at home were daily circulated amon
girls, as warnings to avoid the like; and, in fact, all
of humiliation and mortification were showered upo
'I was treated as a felon, and as if I had the feeling
felon, and not those of a young girl, like the others,
Harriet, with flushed cheeks; 'so at last I could b
no longer; I thought anything would be better;
watched and watched till I made my escape, and ca
see if you would take me in; and if you had re
I would have gone and killed myself,' said she
vehemence; 'I am sure I would. I had but a few
in my pocket, as my money and jewels were taken
me, and I have walked fifty miles, sometimes buy
pennyworth of bread.'

Mrs Medcalf shuddered with horror at this rel
she thought with terror of all the dangers her n
violent temper, and the injudicious treatment to
she had been subjected, might have brought her.
was too sensible a woman to reason with her o
conduct that night, so with soothing words and
promises she conducted her to her bed: she
scarcely refrain from tears when she saw her sw
and blistered feet, which she got bathed and band
and giving her a composing-draught, left her to
that repose of which she stood so much in need. It

ır that night before Mrs Medcalf retired to her
Harriet's conduct occupied her most anxious
s. She was a very superior woman, both in feel-
l intellect; and she resolved, if possible, to take
of her niece. She wrote an earnest and solemn
to the parents, stating that Harriet was under her
nd another to Miss Lewis, acquainting her that her
ır pupil was in safety, and that she need take no
er measures for her recapture.

ıe next morning the aunt went into her niece's room;
found her just awake, very feverish, and evidently
/ unwell from fatigue and excitement. She sent for
lical assistance; it was a week before Harriet was
e to leave her bed, and *then* she was very much paler
d thinner. In the meanwhile, Mrs Medcalf left her to
e attendance of her trusty maid, and set out herself for
ylmer House. She exerted all her eloquence in repre-
enting Harriet's case to her parents, and her whole stock
f patience in listening to Mrs Aylmer's animadversions
in return. By dint of prophecies of shame and disgrace
to the family, if Harriet, by unrelenting rigour, was driven
to extremity, and confident promises of amendment if
kindness was shewn to her, she prevailed upon the mother
to give her up to her charge. This Mrs Aylmer was the
more readily induced to do, in despite of her jealousy
of her sister-in-law's interference in family affairs, as she
felt that Harriet's high spirit was too much for even
her passionate temper to curb. She consoled herself for
granting the request, by remembering that her darling
Charles would be only too happy to get rid of his sister
for ever. After making, therefore, as many objections as
she could muster together, she graciously acceded, and
Mrs Medcalf returned content with her mission.

When her niece was sufficiently well to bear the news,
she told her of her success. Harriet fell at her feet in an
ecstasy of joy, and promised for herself much more than
she was able to perform.

Time passed on. Mrs Medcalf knew she had taken
a heavy responsibility upon herself in thus adopting her

niece, and that the charge of so wayward and passionate a girl could not be otherwise than a distressing one; and such she found it, for, strive as Harriet would, she could not correct the faults of sixteen years in a few months, and many were the bitter hours passed by her in repentance and regret for having offended her aunt. But what will patience, unwearied kindness, and charity not effect? Mrs Medcalf laboured hard at her task, and before six months were passed, Harriet looked upon the displeasure of her aunt as her greatest misfortune. But all were not like her aunt: to others she often behaved ill. Her aunt suffered. Harriet was heart-broken, and firmly resolved to do so no more—which resolution she kept, till a temptation too strong to be overcome came in her way. Fortunately this occurred more rarely every day, and Mrs Medcalf looked forward with sanguine hope to the reward of her benevolence.

About this time William Mansfield came to pass his college vacations with his guardian, before setting out on a three years' tour on the continent. He knew Mrs Medcalf had the disagreeable Miss Aylmer staying with her, who was known in all the neighbourhood as a mischievous vixen, and whose reputation had been more than usually severely handled, as she had no one to defend her. It was, therefore, with no pleasurable feelings that he looked forward to having his tête-à-tête conversations with his second mother, whom he loved most affectionately, disturbed by her presence. When he did see her, he was very much surprised to see so tall and striking a looking girl; and could scarcely believe that one who seemed so likely to grow up into a lovely and elegant woman, could really be so odious as she had been described. But, alas! these first favourable impressions soon wore off. Harriet was very apt to take antipathies, and she instantly disliked and felt affronted at the supercilious and slim collegian, who seemed to wish to keep her at such a distance, and to look with contempt on all she did and said. She was, besides, very shy, and *consequently* awkward, never being accustomed to see

angers. She was at one moment silly and bashful, another rudely familiar; and she was not at the ghtest pains to conceal that she looked upon his room better than his company, to use her own more expres-e than elegant phrase. As for William, he was dis-pointed to see his solitary interviews with Mrs Medcalf ruded on; and, we are afraid, looked upon Harriet as ile better than a disagreeable interloper.

It was with these sentiments they parted, and Mrs dcalf felt William's disappointment as not the least her trials, for he had been accustomed to look upon her se as his undivided home. She was sorry also to see o persons, who were likely often to meet under her of, and whom she felt would soon be equally dear to r, shew so little mutual good-will.

The morning after he left, while Harriet and her aunt re sitting at work together, Harriet opened the conver-ion by observing: 'I am glad William Mansfield is ne; he is a very disagreeable, proud, conceited man. ronder, aunt, you are so very fond of him.'

'Even granting that all you say of my poor William correct, which I should be deeply grieved to believe,' swered her aunt smiling, 'I should perhaps still love n. You know I love you, and many people say you very disagreeable, proud, and conceited; but I do not nk so,' she continued more gravely, observing the our mounting to Harriet's temples, while the tears fused her eyes—'I should be sorry to do so. As for illiam Mansfield, he is a most amiable, benevolent, and eral-minded young man; and let me tell you, Harriet, lid not think you shewed either delicacy of feeling gratitude to me, in gratifying your own prejudiced inions, instead of remembering all I had told you of his rth. You behaved to him with great rudeness and kindness, which I did not think you would have done wards one whom you know I look upon as a dear and loved son; nor do you shew generosity in speaking of him to me when I am overwhelmed with sorrow his departure.' Mrs Medcalf looked so seriously

'You don't know me, I see, Miss Aylmer,' he s
After a moment's reflection, the truth flashed upon h
that tall manly figure was that of the slim, pale colleg
she had seen three years ago—it was William Mansfi
With a vivid blush, she placed her hand in his. 'Is t
all the welcome you give your affectionate cousin and
friend?' said he, as he kissed her blushing che
'remember what a long time I have been absent, a
how delighted I am to see you all again.' Mrs Medc
was sent for: she could not sufficiently admire his ma
appearance and intelligent conversation; and they se
rated that night mutually pleased and happy. Harr
admired the liberal and enlightened sentiments expres
by William, his benevolence, and gentle manners. W
liam thought Harriet the loveliest girl he had ever se
and when he fell asleep, visions of her open brow a
laughing eye were mingled with the kind smile and lov
kiss of her aunt. As for Mrs Medcalf, she loved th
both, and thought within herself, ''Twere a pity so pre
a pair should ever be parted.'

The intimacy of the *cousins* every day became great
William, for worlds, would not give up the relationsl
it afforded him so many opportunities of shewing k
and friendship which pass current among relations. C
day, some months after his return, as they were walk
out together, Harriet was conversing upon a theme
never tired of—her beloved aunt. Gradually she be
to relate the adventures of her early youth; William
never heard them before: he listened earnestly,
could not sufficiently admire the truthful ingenuous
with which she related her youthful follies. 'Wh
should I now be,' said she, as she concluded her t
looking up with enthusiasm in his face, 'if my a
had not taken pity upon me?'

'Certainly not in my arms,' said the daring lo
clasping her to his breast with an insinuating sm
'Tell me, Harriet,' said he, in a voice which he me
to be irresistible, 'will you not make up for being
naughty a child by being a good girl, and promise to l

t, well-disposed youth liko myself for the rest
days!'
et broke away from him, but it was in vain to
spleasure: she did not feel it. She again gave
r hand, with the half-serious condition that he
behave better another time. Before they returned
she had promised to be his wife, if her aunt
red of their union. Mrs Medcalf *did* approve of
d before another month was passed, William was
d, because he had won Harriet for his wife; Harriet
pleased, because she was married to the man she
; Charles was pleased, because he now had Aylmer
e to himself, without fear of intrusion; Mr and Mrs
mer were pleased, because their daughter had married
an with L.5000 per annum; and the good aunt was
ased, because *evil had been changed into good.*

THE DULNESS OF HIGH LIFE.

THE following passages in the Memoirs of the Duchess of St Albans, contain a sad and home truth:—'Few persons have seen so much of the various aspects, I may say of the two extremes of life, as myself; and few persons, therefore, can be better judges of the difference between great poverty and great wealth; but, after all, this does not, by any means, constitute the chief and most important distinction between the high and low states. No—the signal, the striking contrast is not in the external circumstances, but in the totally opposite *minds* of the two classes as to their respective enjoyment of existence. The society in which I formerly moved was all cheerfulness, all high spirits—all fun, frolic, and vivacity; they cared for nothing, thought of nothing beyond the pleasures of the present hour, and to those they gave themselves up with the keenest relish. Lo

at the circles in which I now move; can a
more "*weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,*"
whole course of life? Why, one might as we
tread-mill as toiling in the stupid, monotonou
what they call pleasure, but which is, in fact,
less and heavy work. Pleasure, indeed! whe
ment, all hilarity, all indulgence of our natura
if they be of a joyous nature, are declared t
I hate that horrid word; it is a perfect scare
fashionable world; but it never frightens me
rather be deemed "unfashionable" occasio
moping and melancholy at all times. There
cordiality where there is so much exclusivenes
ness: no! all is coldness, reserve, and univ
even where this starchness of manner is una
by any very strict rigour in matters of condu
out for cheerful people when I can find them—
thing in my power to make them happy; an
it not for the merry and frequent laugh o
General Phipps, could you not swear that
parties were funeral-feasts? Look, now, at thos
dancers in the other room; they have been su
have been drinking as much champagne as
the band is capital; the men are young, an
are pretty; and yet did you ever see suc
movements—such solemn looks, as if they we
ging themselves through the most irksome
world? Oh! what a different thing was a c
in my younger days!'

:E CANADIAN LUMBERER.

rer, or shantyman, is a character quite pecu-
great timber districts of British America, and
avour to afford you a description of his pur-
England, he would be called a wood-cutter,
ıda he is a wood-cutter on a large scale. Let
a lumberer intends to bring down a raft
, he must first, during a favourable season of
elect a proper situation for entering on his

This was formerly to be found without
ulty, large tracts of the timber being situated
anks of the Ottawa; but the enormous quan-
ly exported has long ago completely exhausted
es, and it is now necessary to proceed up some
ller streams which fall into the Ottawa, in
ces several hundreds of miles, before timber
overed in sufficient abundance to warrant the
nt of a lodge in the wilderness, or, in the
f the country, a shanty.

he lumberer has selected a proper place or
roceeds, in the autumn, with twenty or thirty
noes, loaded with provisions, up the river to
t point of access to his future 'wild-wood home,'
ecessarily always near the river. His first
to select a proper spot upon which to erect his
ich is formed of rough logs, cut of a proper
l built upon each other, notching or checking
each other at the corners. The roof is gene-
d of basswood logs split in two, and hollowed
w of these troughs, as they are called, is first
y side with the hollow uppermost; another
then inverted over the edges of every two of
w, thus effectually excluding the water. The
stices between the logs, &c., are filled up with
n from the roots of trees. A large sort of

hearth is now made in the centre of the building, o which there is an aperture left in the roof, of five or feet square, which serves as a chimney to conduct off smoke; and as the fuel costs nothing except the expe of cutting, there is always a sufficient fire kept up prevent the cold from entering through this enorm 'lum.' The beds are formed of poles, and are ran over each other round three sides of the building, in same manner as the berths in a ship, and, with plenty blankets, these sons of the forest generally contrive pass the winter very comfortably. The first operat in the actual manufacture of the timber is to go throu the woods and cut down the trees, first sounding them see that they are not hollow—that is, they cut off a sm piece of the bark, and strike upon the wood with back of the axe; and by long practice, they can at o tell by the sound whether the tree be good or not. T next part of the business is to *line* the tree, by strik two lines upon the upper surface of the stick; and this is one of the most particular branches of the tra none but experienced hands are considered capable performing it. It must next be *scored*—that is, all wood outside of the lines is to be cut off, and the surf made sufficiently straight to admit of its being he which is the next operation; this is performed w large axes, called broad-axes, weighing from nine fourteen pounds. As the labour is very heavy, hew generally receive high wages—namely, from twenty thirty dollars per month, while scorers and teamst receive from ten to fifteen dollars. The stick is n to be turned down—that is, cut off as far up as it is for the purpose, and is then turned over upon one of sides already hewn, when it is again lined, scored, hewn upon the other two sides. Oak-timber is r *grubbed*. A piece of about a foot long, and one-third the thickness of the stick, is cut off two sides upon b ends of the stick, leaving a piece resembling a tenon f or five inches thick, and about a foot long, standing *from the centre* of the stick. A hole is now cut th

i with the axe sufficiently large to admit the hand;
i is for the purpose of putting a withe through in
ing. As soon as the first snow falls, and the ground
omes hard, oxen are sent into the woods to lay up
timber—that is, to draw it from the place where it
i made to the sides of the roads, where it is laid across
ther piece, one end of it standing up sufficiently high
dmit a sleigh being run underneath it. When the
w becomes sufficiently deep, which it generally does
at the middle or end of December, it is drawn by
es to the river or stream down which it is to be
ted. An immense number of horses are thus employed
ing the winter, some pieces of timber requiring four
ive spans or pairs of horses, and masts and spars
uently from fifteen to twenty spans. A great many
ple and horses are also employed during the summer
producing, and in winter in driving to the shanties
and provisions for the men and cattle thus employed.
neys of 200 or 300 miles are thus often undertaken
he hardy farmer, who, well covered up from the cold,
mounted upon his sleigh, loaded with the produce of
rm, will thus frequently perform, in an atmosphere
30 degrees below zero, journeys which would appal
of the worthy citizens of 'Auld Reekie,' and perhaps
them to make their wills before starting. It is
he case, that the worthy man does not know, upon
ncing his journey, where he may go before his
and as the prices generally advance in propor-
the distance travelled, he will usually proceed till
what he considers a remunerating price for his

on as the ice disappears in the spring, the
f pine (oak must be rafted at once, as it is
iently buoyant to float itself), is driven to the
the river, where it is rafted. This is done
llowing manner:—Two long round pieces of
lled floats, are fastened together parallel to
, by five or six cross-pieces, called traverses,
g, forming a parallelogram from 30 to 70

feet long, and 24 feet wide. Into this frame and under the traverses, the timber is now put care to place pieces of the same length in one cri the crib is filled, so as to be perfectly tight betw floats, a few pieces, called loading timber, are g drawn upon the top of the crib. This, however done with pine; oak, from its superior specific requiring to be fastened up at each end by withe traverses, and to have one or two pieces of pine crib to prevent it sinking. The cribs are aft fastened together into *bands* by small poles called poles, and these bands are again fastened t forming rafts; some of these cover an immense containing frequently from 500 to 1500, and so as many as 2000 pieces of timber. The many r the rivers cause the rafts to be taken separ bands, and these sometimes into cribs, for the pu conducting them more easily through difficult the navigation. A great improvement has been in the trade, by the erection of slides upon the principal falls on the route to Quebec. slides are merely shallow canals or aqueducts bu an inclined plane, down which the timber ru terrific velocity. Some of these slides are from 1500 feet in length. A more picturesque sig scarcely be conceived than the view afforded a summer evening upon some of our lakes, with these immense floating fields; the brig springing up in all directions, sometimes risi pyramids of flame; those at a distance gradually less and less, till they are diminished to the app of one of the twinkling orbs of night; the s forms flitting around the light; while ever an across the still waters, comes the happy sound laugh and the song, shewing that the Canadian r is not at least without his hours of pleasure if h have days of pain. It is quite impossible to m calculation of the number of men employed in thi *the number*, however, must be very great, some

ing several hundreds. It would be out of place enter into a comparative view of the merits and s of the trade as regards its being beneficial or to the country; upon this, as upon other subjects, rill always be a diversity of opinion: this much, r, I may say, that it has a uniform tendency to ıoralisation of those engaged in it. A long period aint is suddenly followed up by one of relaxation; :e few in the common ranks of life of sufficient tion to see, and still fewer of sufficient energy of er to resist, the temptation to licence and folly. nsequences may easily be understood, and are y evident to those acquainted with the business. 'e thus far given a correct view of this branch of ın industry; in various circumstances, it may ı some of its minor details, but this is the manner h I have seen it conducted, and in which three- of the timber exported from Quebec is prepared market.

.NGE TRAITS OF RECENT TIMES.

markable characteristic of our country is unques- r the boundless individual freedom, joined to the :e protection given to every personal right. Per- is only the strength and prevalence of this noble of our land, which makes any occasional excep- m it the more striking. However this may be, annot be any harm, but, on the contrary, much rom pointing out a few traits of comparatively times, in which we see the leading principle, as , not fully firmed or consolidated. The keeping ı traits in mind, may have the effect of more hly assuring the consolidation of the principle of redness of individual rights.

In the year 1807, 300 French prisoners were ke
small country-house at Greenlaw, in Mid-Lothian,
the care of a company of soldiers. As these me
sionally made attempts to escape, very strict regul
were enforced for their secure keeping: in part
there was a strict order that every light should be
guished, and that the prisoners should be perfectly
after nine o'clock at night. This was all very we
while such an order, and several of the like nature
issued formally for the regulation of the prison, a
order was also handed down from one set of gua
another, to the effect that, if lights were seen and
heard in the prisoners' apartments after nine, and
sentinel, on calling out to them to obey the rules,
himself disobeyed, then he was to *discharge his*
through the window. This order was in force
considerable time, until at length a Captain Row
the Stirlingshire militia, thought proper to mitigate
far as to require that, before such a step was take
officer on guard should be called to judge as
necessity. Soon after this regulation was made,
ten in the evening of the 7th of January of the
above mentioned, a noise was heard and lights obs
by the sentinel in one of the rooms on the ground
The sentinel reported the circumstance to the ser
and the sergeant to the officer in the guard-house, a
ensign, who immediately repaired to the spot, and
twice in at the window to order the enforcement
rules. No notice being taken of the order, the
commanded the sentinel to fire in at the window.
man obeyed—missed fire—and was commanded
He now fired, and the shot penetrated the body
prisoner, by name Charles Cottier, who appears to
been at the time quiet in his bed, and who died
wound next day.

The officer, who bore an excellent character, wa
jected to a full and careful trial, when Mr (the late
Jeffrey exerted his eloquence in his defence; but
found guilty of culpable homicide, and sentenced

months' imprisonment—the court being of opinion that, though he had an express order for what he did, the circumstances demanded the exercise of the discretionary power with which he was invested. The case is only alluded to here, on account of the recklessness shewn by such an order as to the life of men in the situation of prisoners of war, within the last forty-six years.

A singular attack upon individual liberty occurred in the West Highlands in 1805. A poor Baptist preacher, settled in a meeting-house there, and who had once been a herring-curer, was preaching one Sunday on the beach to a small congregation, when a neighbouring gentleman, attended by a proper force, seized him, and sent him to Greenock, to the care of the officer superintending the press-force of that place. Not only was he not allowed to take leave of his family, but an interdict to recover his person, and a writ of *habeas corpus*, were successively defeated by the speed with which he was hurried from Greenock to Ireland, and from Ireland to a vessel in the Downs. The justice had heard some exaggerated story of his calling in question the lawfulness of war in his sermons, and, thinking this 'seditious and immoral,' had bethought him of bringing the press into force as a means of ridding the country of him, but without taking care to ascertain his own title to interfere. In reality, the whole extent of the powers of a justice with regard to the press, was to give information of any suitable man in his neighbourhood, and protect the press-party in its proceedings. The preacher, after enduring every hardship and indignity proper to his situation for six weeks, was liberated upon a petition to the Lords of the Admiralty, who at the same time gave him a protection for the future. He raised an action before the Court of Session, against the gentleman who had so strangely interfered with his liberty, and gained the cause with 100 guineas damages, the lords, with one exception, taking strong views against the defendant, *whom they could* not admit to have acted in *good faith in the case*, in as far as he took an oblique *way of getting quit of* a man whom he supposed to be

dangerous, though they readily owned that his i
appeared to have been good.

So recently as 1790, the Lord Justice-clerk, or
criminal judge of Scotland, asserted and acte
right, which he considered as inherent in his
open any letters as they passed through the E
Post-office. On the 14th of April in that year,
man who had been fatally victor in a duel, f
justice, and was outlawed. A writer to the
Edinburgh, who had been his legal agent, rece
rents from his land-steward, conducting a laws
a salmon-fishing, and so forth, was surprised,
after, to receive his letters, five in number, thr
medium of the Justice-clerk, with the appea
having been opened and resealed, and bearin
exterior, in each instance, the words, 'Opened
sealed by me, Robert Macqueen.' The fact ma
difficult of belief; but, remote as the period
the present writer has actually *seen* severa
letters, bearing the above inscription. The g
immediately waited upon the judge, and rem
bitterly against an act so injurious to his feelin
his interests; but was informed that there was
authority for what had been done, and that Sir
Miller, the preceding judge, and others at an earli
had constantly followed the same practice. It
sisted in next day with regard to an equal n
letters. The victim of this procedure was on this
alarmed respecting his wife, then about to be con
the first time, fearing that her receiving any let
her relations which had been so treated, might g
dangerous shock; and on representing this to the
clerk, he obtained a promise from his lordship
letters addressed to the lady would be so treated—t
man, however, giving his *word of honour* in ret
should any such letters contain references to the
they should immediately be handed to the judg
agent took a protest against the proceedings of
master, and sent a memorial for the opinion

ounsel. Mr Scott, then Solicitor-general (afterwards ord Eldon), gave a characteristically cautious opinion, at, upon the whole, concluded that the act of the Justice-erk was without legal grounds. Mr Thomas Erskine nounced at once that the judge was liable, in terms of e Post-office Act of Queen Anne, in a penalty of L.20 for ery one of the letters opened. However, the complaints the agent never went further. Thereafter, when play-g at whist with the Justice-clerk in private society, he is accustomed to remind him of this debt; and when he is the loser, would tell his lordship that he would write the matter in his *post-office account*.

We shall not, of course, be supposed to draw these traits past times into notice from any feeling unfavourable the parties whose conduct was amiss. We thoroughly lieve that all of these parties acted with what they ceived to be good intentions; or, if not in any one tance, it may be hoped that time has brought better ews and better feelings. We only wish to illustrate at spirit of particular eras, under which individuals are ays more or less liable to act. The two first anecdotes ld to shew the moral effects of a state of war: let us d to them the not less remarkable fact, that, so lately the end of the reign of George II., a man taken up on e streets of Edinburgh for swearing (a vice indulged in every gentleman of that age), was next day shipped by e magistrates on board a tender in Leith Roads! It nnot be sufficiently impressed on the minds of the mbler class of people, how severely war always presses on them. They are generally the most easily induced look favourably on a proposal to have a war, and yet e those whose comfort is most invaded by the horrible ourge.

ADVENTURE OF THE SAMMONS.

In the year 1780, while the war was still vigorously prosecuted between Great Britain and her North American colonies, a number of remarkable and painful occurrences, arising out of this unhappy dispute, took place on the borders of Canada and the revolted districts. Among these events, the following, which is abridged by a writer in the *North American Review* from *Stone's Life of Brandt*, may convey to our readers an idea of the sufferings to which a people are exposed during a period of civil war :—

'Old Mr Sammons, with three sons and one or more daughters, lived upon the old Johnson estate, which had been sequestered. Sampson Sammons, the father, was a sturdy old Whig [American], and well known to the British commander, Sir John ——, whom he often talked with about the rebellion. His sons, Frederick, Jacob, and Thomas, the youngest eighteen at the time of which we write, were much of the same mind and body—young Sampsons, knotty and fearless. Sir John ——, knowing their characters, thought he would catch them alive, and take them to Canada; so he sent his Indians out of the way, and by good management captured the whole race early in the morning without a blow. The old man and his boys were at once bound, and marched off in the direction of Canada, though but a little way. That night, the youngest boy, by the aid of the wife of a British officer, managed to escape; and the next morning, the father, having procured an interview with the Tory chief, read him such a lecture upon the ingratitude of thus treating one who had formerly stood by him, and upon the iniquity of his conduct generally, that he, too, was set free, and a span of his horses returned to him. But Frederick and Jacob were less fortunate, and were taken *to the fortress of* Chamblee, just within Canada, between

hamplain and the St Lawrence. At that post there
bout seventy prisoners, and not a very strong
n; so that the first thing to which the young
ns made up their minds was an escape. Finding,
r, their fellow-captives indisposed to do anything
mselves, Jacob and Frederick determined to act
t the rest; and, accordingly, the first time they
ken out of the fort together, to assist in some
n service, they sprung from the ranks at a con-
signal, and "put," as the phrase is in the west.
ards, startled, and less fleet of foot, could not
them; and though Jacob fell and sprained his
he managed, under cover of the smoke produced
gunshots made at them, to hide himself in a
of bushes, which his pursuers did not think of
ng. It had been agreed previously between the
, that, in case of separation, they were to meet at
n spot at ten o'clock at night. Jacob, the lame
stook the hour, and having gone to the spot, and
ling his brother there, he left it, with the intention
ng as far from the fort as possible before daylight,
ident making time especially important to him.
ordingly pushed up the western bank of the Sorel
wards Lake Champlain, intending to swim it just
he lake, and then find his way along the eastern
Various events, however, occurred to prevent his
his; but, after running great risk, by putting him-
thin the power of a Tory, whose chief excellence
to have been the possession of a most kind and
wife, he was so lucky as to find a canoe, of which
charge, and in which he made good headway
home, until, in one of the narrow passes of
lain, the British fortifications, on both sides, forced
leave his vessel, and take to the woods again.
was without shoes, food, or gun, and had to find his
Albany, through an unknown wilderness, along
rmont shore. For four days he lived on birch-
Then he caught a few fish, and managed also
re a wild-duck. The fish and duck he ate raw.

Thus he laboured on during ten days. His f
while, had become so badly cut, and so intole
that he could scarcely crawl, and swarms of n
made every moment of rest a moment of miser
thus wretched and worn out, he was bitten upo
of the leg by a rattlesnake. And what did t
hero do then? Yield and die? Not he.
stroke of his jack-knife he laid his leg open,
a plenteous flow of blood, and with another
poisonous reptile: and then came a day or tw
experience as few meet with in this life. Samm
to a skeleton, with feet ragged from wear and
leg wounded, and not a soul within twenty miles
lay there under the log where he had been bitt
fire burning by him, which he had kindled by th
dry fungus, living on the rattlesnake which he
He ate the heart and fat first, and felt strengt
the repast. There he lay, under that log, for thr
patient and surgeon, sick man, hunter, cook, a
all in one. On the third day his snake was nea
to the bones, and he was too weak to fetch woo
the remainder. Jacob made up his mind t
could not be postponed; and, having already s
little division of labour was needed in such cas
mined to essay one more office, and with his k
ceeded to carve his epitaph on the log by his s
God was not far off from that brave man. He f
and strength from unknown sources flowed into
On the fourth day he rose refreshed, and hav
sandals of his hat and waistcoat, proceeded
on his way once more, taking with him as s
unconsumed portion of his snake. That night,
was comforted, being assured, by some means
to him, that he was near fellow-men. Rising
faith, he struggled on till the afternoon, when h
a house, and was safe. It was the 28th of J
Such were the fortunes of Jacob Sammons.

'His brother Frederick was less fortunate.
made many efforts, to no purpose, to find Ja

when he fell would not permit Frederick to stop and help him, and in seeking him had run many risks. At length he crossed the Sorel; killed an ox; made some jerked beef; and for seven days travelled along the eastern shore of the Champlain without ill-luck. But on the morning of the eighth day he awoke sick; a pleurisy was upon him—a fever in his veins—pain in every limb. It began to rain also, and there he lay, this other young hero, not far from his brother, who at that very moment, in that very neighbourhood, was nursing his rattlesnake bite—there he lay, knowing not that any one was near him, for three days, on the earth, in the summer rain, and his blood all on fire. For three days, we say, he lay thus helpless. On the fourth day he was better, and tried to eat a little of his beef, but it was spoiled. He managed, however, to crawl to a frog-pond near by, put aside the green coating of the pool, and drank. He caught frogs, too, and feasted, though not a Frenchman in any of his tastes probably. There he lay, for fourteen days and nights; and having resigned all hope of life, he put up his hat upon a pole, so that it might be seen from the lake. It was seen by an enemy; and he was found senseless and speechless, and carried—shame on the human creature that bore him!—back to his prison again. And not to his prison only, but to its darkest dungeon; and there, for fourteen months, in utter darkness, he lay in irons—in irons so heavy and so tight, that they ate into the flesh of his legs, so that the flesh came off to the bone! And for fifty-six years afterwards—for he was living in 1837, and may be living yet—the wounds then made did not heal. The British officer, whose heart enabled him, knowingly, to do this thing, was a captain in the 32d Regiment. May God have mercy upon his soul!

'But Frederick's adventures were not yet ended; for neither was his captivity over, nor his spirit broken. In November 1781, he, with others, was transferred to an island above Montreal, in the rapids of the St Lawrence. There, as a first step, he organised another plot for

escape, which failed, and, as a second step, jumped with a companion from the island into the rapids of the great river. Our hero and his comrade swam for four miles through those rapids, navigating among the sharp rocks and fearful shoals with their best skill. Landing on the north side of the St Lawrence, they fought a club-battle with a village full of Canadian Frenchmen; conquered; killed a calf; and seizing a canoe, tried to cross to the south side of the river. They were above the rapids of the Cedars, where no canoe can live long unguided, when their paddle broke in the mid-stream; and once more destruction seemed certain. A fallen tree, in the branches of which they caught, saved them, however; and, crossing the next day below the falls, they struck into the forest to seek the Hudson. For twelve days more they toiled on, living on roots, without shoes, without clothes, without hats, and reached Schenectady at last in a plight that made Christian men give them a wide berth.'

EDUCABILITY OF ANIMALS.

THIS is a subject on which, as far as we are aware, no attention has been bestowed in the way of scientific investigation. Yet such illustrations of it have been given, as would seem to point it out as a rich field for the philosophical naturalist. Regarding the endowments of animals as we generally do, it would be scarcely possible for us to believe some of the anecdotes which have been related on this point, if they were not, in general, authenticated in such a way as to preclude scepticism.

In the latter part of the last century, one Bisset, a native of Perth, by trade a shoemaker, having applied himself with great perseverance to the teaching of animals, *succeeded* in making a set of cats play in harmony

cimer, uniting their voices to the tones of the
t; and this singular orchestra was exhibited,
fect satisfaction of the public, for a succession
in the Haymarket theatre. He it was who
at 'learned pig,' of which our fathers used to
highly, the animal having been exhibited in
of the empire. At a somewhat earlier period,
easant-boy trained a dog to the pronunciation
The boy had observed in the dog's voice an
resemblance to certain sounds of the human
was thus prompted to endeavour to teach him
The animal was three years old at the begin-
instructions—a circumstance which must have
vourable to the object; yet, by dint of great
d perseverance, in three years the boy had
to articulate thirty words; it used to astonish
by calling for tea, coffee, chocolate, &c.; but
r to remark, that it required the words to be
d by its master beforehand, and it never ap-
become quite reconciled to the exhibitions
as forced to make. The learned Leibnitz re-
this wonderful animal to the French Academy,
hat he had seen the dog and heard it speak;
ere does not appear the slightest ground for
he fact, such as it was. All doubt on the
f possibility may, indeed, be considered as set
the exhibition, not many years ago, of the
dogs in London—animals which could play at
and chess, and even indicate when their adver-
le false moves. These creatures were visited
l with by thousands, and we never have heard
eption of any kind as to the reality of their
owers was detected.
aside such extraordinary examples as these,
ry training conferred on horses, dogs, and other
ed animals, seems to be sufficient to establish
l fact of animal educability. We have no more
lustrations of the principle, than in the uses
now made of certain of the canine tribe in

rural sports. The pointer, setter, springing-spaniel, and all that class of dogs, are understood to be descended from one stock—the Spanish spaniel—with a slight crossing from the fox-hound, for the sake of improving the speed. The original animal may be considered as a record of the original powers, to which everything else must be regarded as an addition made by human training. Now, the original animal is only gifted by nature with a fine scent for game, and a disposition to make a momentary pause on seeing it, for the purpose of springing upon it.* Man has converted this inclination to a temporary pause into a habit of making a full stop, and the animal, instead of gratifying his destructive tendency by flying upon the game, has been trained to be contented with witnessing a vicarious execution by the gun of his master.

It is a mistake to suppose that only the spaniel tribe is capable of serving sportsmen in the capacity of pointers and setters. There are other classes of dogs which perseverance would enable, to a certain extent, to act in the same way. Gervase Markham, who wrote on sports in the sixteenth century, speaks of having seen dogs of the bastard tumbler kind adapted to act as setters, though not so well as those of the spaniel kind. Mr Blaine is of opinion that this power can be cultivated in most dogs.† It has even been elicited in another and very different class of animals—the hog. Some years ago, Mr Toomer, gamekeeper to Sir Henry Mildmay, bethought him of teaching a pig to act as a pointer, having been struck by the scenting powers of the animal in its search for palatable roots under ground. He began by allowing a young female pig to accompany his pointers in their breaking-lessons to the field. Within a fortnight, to his own surprise, she was able to hunt and point partridges and rabbits. There being an abundance of these creatures near the keeper's lodge, her education advanced rapidly

* *Thoughts and Recollections, by One of the Last Century.* London: Murray. 1825.

† *Encyclopædia of Rural Sports*, 792.

quent exercise, and in a few weeks she was able to
e game as well as the best pointer. *Slut*, as this
rdinary animal was called, was considered to have
acute scent than any pointer in the charge of the
; and it was a kennel of the highest character.
unted her principally on moors and heaths; and
n happened, that when left behind, she would
of her own accord and join the pointers. 'She
en stood a jack-snipe when all the pointers had
it: she would back the dogs when they pointed,
dogs refused to back her until spoke to—Toomer's
ing all trained to make a general halt when the
as given, whether any dog pointed or not, so that
been frequently standing in the midst of a field
ters. In consequence of the dogs not being much
d to hunt when she was with them—for they
d their sterns, and shewed symptoms of jealousy—
l not very often accompany them, except for the
r. Her pace was mostly a trot; she was seldom
to gallop, except when called to go out shooting;
uld then come home off the forest at full stretch,
as much elated as a dog at being shewn the gun.
ways expressed great pleasure when game, either
r living, was placed before her. She has fre-
y stood a single partridge at forty yards' distance,
se in a direct line to the bird; after standing
considerable time, she would drop like a setter,
eeping her nose in an exact line, and would
ie in that position until the game moved; if it
ing, she would come up to the place, and draw
after it; and when the bird dropped, she would
t as before.'*

e facts, together with what common observation
ts to us in domesticated parrots, black-birds, ravens,
s, monkeys, &c., place the educability of animals
basis, in our opinion, not to be shaken. But the
onderful thing, and the most convincing part of

* *Daniel's Rural Sports.*

the proof, remains, in the fact of the transmis *acquired qualities* by animals to progeny. Th which education has conferred upon the pointer in his puppy, which may be seen earnestly star swallows and pigeons in a farmyard, before he h once seen such a thing done by his seniors, or r the least instruction. Here only the object is am act itself is perfect. As may be readily suppo puppy of a race of English pointers can be traine whole business of the field in one-tenth of th which the most experienced breaker would re effect any improvement upon the simple instinc *pause* in an original Spanish spaniel. On the su the hereditary transmission of acquired qual animals, we have some curious information fr venerable naturalist, Mr T. A. Knight.

In a communication to the Royal Society, in 1 Knight remarked the disposition of bees to s cavities in trees, where such existed, as places to to, and surmised, that their taking up with th offered them is a result of domestication, which l inherent in those which have for several gen been under the care of man. To support this cited several other instances of domesticated inheriting the acquired habits of their parents. animals,' he says, 'this is observable; but in th exists to a wonderful extent; and the offspring to inherit not only the passions and propensi even the resentments of the family from which it I ascertained that a terrier, whose parents had the habit of fighting with polecats, will instant every mark of anger when he first perceives the that animal, though the animal itself be wholly co from his sight. A young spaniel brought up v terriers shewed no marks of emotion at the scen polecat, but it pursued a woodcock the first tim one, with clamour and exultation; and a young which I am certain had never seen a partridg *trembling* with anxiety, its eyes fixed, and its

igid, when conducted into the midst of a covey of those
irds. Yet each of these dogs are mere varieties of the
me species, and to that species none of these habits
re given by nature. The peculiarities of character
n therefore be traced to no other source than the
quired habits of the parents, which are inherited by the
fspring, and become what I call *instinctive hereditary
ropensities.*'

It appears from another communication made by Mr
night to the same society in 1837, that he had then
en pursuing investigations on this subject for nearly
nty years. He proceeds in that communication to give
general account of his investigations. 'At the period,'
e says, 'at which my experiments commenced, well-bred
nd well-taught springing-spaniels were abundant, and I
adily obtained possession of as many as I wanted. I
id at first no other object than that of obtaining dogs
f great excellence; but within a very short time, some
cts came under my observation, which very strongly
rrested my attention. In several instances, young and
holly inexperienced dogs appeared very nearly as
xpert in finding woodcocks as their experienced parents.
he woods in which I was accustomed to shoot did not
ontain pheasants, nor much game of any other kind,
nd I therefore resolved never to shoot at anything except
oodcocks, conceiving that by so doing the hereditary
ropensities above mentioned would become more obvious
nd decided in the young and untaught animals; and I
ad the satisfaction, in more than one instance, to see
ome of these find as many woodcocks, and give tongue
o correctly, as the best of my older dogs.

'Woodcocks are driven in frosty weather, as is well
nown, to seek their food in springs and rills of unfrozen
ater, and I found that my old dogs knew about as well
s I did the degree of frost which would drive the wood-
ocks to such places; and this knowledge proved very
roublesome to me, for I could not sufficiently restrain
hem. I therefore left the old experienced dogs at home,
nd took only the wholly inexperienced young dogs; but

to my astonishment, some of these, in several in
confined themselves as closely to the unfrozen
as their parents would have done. When I first o
this, I suspected that woodcocks might have bee
the unfrozen ground during the preceding night
could not discover—as I think I should have d
this been the case—any traces of their having bee
and as I could not do so, I was led to conclude t
young dogs were guided by feelings and prop
similar to those of their parents.

'The subjects of my observation in these cas
all the offspring of well-instructed parents, of five
years old or more; and I thought it not improba
instinctive hereditary propensities might be stro
these than in the offspring of very young and
rienced parents. Experience proved this opinio
well founded, and led me to believe that these prop
might be made to cease to exist, and others to be
and that the same breed of dogs which displa
strongly a hereditary disposition to hunt after woo
might be made ultimately to display a similar pro
to hunt after truffles; and it may, I think, be rea
doubted, whether any dog having the habits and
sities of the springing-spaniel would ever hav
known, if the art of shooting birds on the wing h
been acquired.

'I possessed one young spaniel, of which th
parent, apparently a well-bred springing-spani
been taught to do a great number of extraor
tricks, and of which the female parent was a w
springing-spaniel; the puppy had been taught, be
came into my possession, a part of the accomplis
of its male parent. In one instance I had walk
with my gun and a servant, without any dog; and
seen a woodcock, I sent for the dog above men
which the servant brought to me. A month afte
I sent my servant for it again, under similar
stances, when it acted as if it had inferred that th
by which the servant had come from me would

left my servant within twenty yards of my
was with me in a very few minutes, though
e which it had to run exceeded a mile. I
iis experiment at different times, and after
e intervals, and uniformly with the same
› dog always coming to me without the
could mention several other instances, nearly
, of the sagacity of this animal, which I
› have derived its extraordinary powers in
›e from the highly-cultivated intellect of its
t.'

›t states, that in sixty years he had observed
:k tribe become much more shy and wild than
was—the result, he conceives, of 'increased
fear of man.' This is certainly a result in
with the difference observed between birds in
›eopled and unpeopled countries—the former
from the youngest period of life, while the
ame and unsuspicious at all periods, until they
quainted with the destructive propensities of

ht adds a few more cases, which he describes
ample of a vast number equally remarkable.
ly afford room for one, relating to a young
variety called retrievers. He obtained a
iis breed, a month old, from a distant county,
be descended of a very well-bred family. 'I
l,' he says, 'up the side of the river which
ay house, in search of wild-ducks, when the
nentioned followed me unobserved, and con-
wishes, for it was too young for service, not
quite ten months old. It had not received
astruction than that of being taught to bring
body off a pond, and I do not think that it
one this more than three or four times. It
y quietly behind my gamekeeper upon the
e of the river, and it looked on with apparent
whilst I killed a couple of mallards and a
ut it leaped into the river on the gamekeeper

and made them very different from what the early times. It cannot escape remark, that principle of civilisation acquires strength from basis thus widened. We become the more co the improvability of our own species, when we even the lower animals are capable of being through a succession of generations, by the presence of a meliorating agency.

THE FORTUNES OF A GERMAN

FRITZ KÖRNER was the son of a tailor at Brun his father, who was tolerably well to do in proposed bringing Fritz up to his own busi when the boy was about eight years old, Kör first wife was dead, took it into his head to marr and from the time the second Mrs Körner was the head of the establishment, poor Fritz's co at an end. She hated him; and as she soon p little Körner of her own, she was jealous of hin tunities were not wanting to shew her spite, a the father wished to protect him, he could not he saw that the child's life would be rendered and his disposition be spoiled by injustice an and by the contests and dissensions of which subject and the witness, he resolved to send home, and let him learn his trade elsewhere. pened to have a distant relation in the same li ness at Bremen; and to this person he com child, with an injunction to treat him well, a good tailor of him. But Fritz had no aptitude ship; nor, indeed, to speak the truth, did he *have an aptitude* for anything—at least, for an *was useful,* or likely to be advantageous to hi *that he* was altogether stupid, but that,

indolence, or from not having found his vocation, his energies never seemed awakened; and he made no progress in his business and very little in his learning. The man with whom he was placed was a violent and unreflecting person, who, without seeking to ascertain the cause of the boy's deficiencies, had recourse to the scourge; and when he found flogging did nothing towards the development of Fritz's genius, he tried starving; and that not answering any better, he pronounced him a hopeless and incorrigible little blackguard, and reduced him to the capacity of errand-boy—an office much more to Fritz's fancy, and one, indeed, with which he would have been well contented could it have lasted; but he knew too well that this declension was only a preliminary to his final dismissal, and that, in short, the only thing his master waited for, was to find some one travelling to Brunswick, on whom he could rely to conduct him safely to his father. All he wanted, he said, was to get rid of him, and wash his hands of the responsibility.

Affairs were in this position, when one day Fritz was sent to the other end of the city to fetch some cloth, which, being immediately wanted, he was urged to bring with all the speed he could. He performed half his errand without delay; but on his way back, he happened to fall in with a troop of cuirassiers, whose brilliant attire, fine horses, and martial air, not to mention the attraction of the music by which they were accompanied, were all too much for Fritz's discretion; and, forgetful of the charge he had received, and the expectant tailors at home, he fell into the rear of the soldiers, and followed them in a direction just opposite to the one he should have taken. But, alas! at the corner of a street, when he least thought of it, who should he run against but his master! Fritz, whose eyes and ears were wholly engrossed by the brilliant cortège before him, was not at first aware that he had run foul of his enemy, till a sharp tug at one of his ears awakened his mind to the fact; but no sooner had he raised his eyes to the face of his dreaded master, than, seized with terror, he broke

away, almost leaving his ear behind him, and ta his heels, ran blindly forward, without con whither he was going, till he reached the qua here his career was impeded. Some vessels w putting to sea, and there was such a concourse of and such a barricade of carts and wagons, that t was almost blocked up. Concluding that his ma upon his heels, and that, if he slackened his p should inevitably be overtaken, Fritz looked al an expedient, and saw none but to leap into the vessel, and conceal himself till he thought his had passed—what he was to do afterwards rema future consideration. In he leaped, therefore, several other persons, whom, had he paused to t might, from the similarity of their movement supposed to be also eluding the pursuit of a f tailor. But Fritz thought not of them, he thoug of himself; and down he dived into the first hole and concealed himself behind a barrel. When lain there for about half an hour, he heard a great over his head, which led him to believe that his had discovered his retreat, and was insisting on h hunted up—a suspicion in which he was confir frequently distinguishing, amidst the din, a vo ever and anon cried 'Fritz!' He therefore only closer; and whenever any one approached the his concealment, he scarcely ventured to breathe should be discovered. Presently, however, ther new feature in the dilemma—the vessel began t and Fritz to suspect that, if he stayed where he should be in for a voyage. This was more than reckoned upon, and he was just preparing to when his courage was quelled by the sound of Fritz!' which appeared to issue from the mouths a-dozen people at once; so he slunk back in l and suffered himself to be carried to sea. The m the vessel, together with the darkness which sur him, and his previous fatigue and agitation, p *sent him to sleep*; and thus for some hours he lay c

his troubles. But at length an inward monitor him—not his conscience, but his appetite: he himself ravenous, but how to set about satisfying ger he could not tell. He listened; he heard the nd the spars straining, the water splashing against s of the vessel, and a heavy foot pacing the deck s head; but no voice calling 'Fritz.' He began his master had given up the search, and quitted el; so, urged by his stomach, he resolved to creep l see if he could lay his hands on something eat- He found it more difficult to get out of his hole had done to get into it; however, he contrived the deck, where he discovered it was night. as a person pacing it from end to end, another helm, and two or three more in different direc- ut their eyes being all directed seawards, Fritz difficulty in eluding their observation; so he on to where he saw a light glimmering from a elow, where he found the means of allaying his after which he threw himself into an empty nd fell asleep.

z! Fritz!'

s I am, sir,' cried Fritz, starting from his pillow, aping clean out of the berth into the middle of r, on hearing himself called, before he had time lect where he was.

s I am, sir!' echoed a man who was passing the the moment, and popped in his head to see from he announcement proceeded. 'And pray who are r you *are* here?'

rubbed his eyes, and stared about him with such dered air, that he looked very much as if he did w who he was himself.

s are you?' said the man, seizing the boy by the nd what brought you here?'

me aboard myself, sir,' replied Fritz.

at!' said the man; 'I suppose, if the truth own, you are some young thief escaped from

'I'm not a thief, sir,' answered Fritz; 'I only ra away from my master, who was going to beat me;' an on being further interrogated, he related his histor whereupon the man to whom he was speaking, wh happened to be the steward, took him to the captain and communicated the whole affair.

'We can't get rid of the young rogue now,' said th captain; 'so we must fain take him with us to the Wes Indies; but we'll keep a close eye upon him, and when we return, we'll bring him back to his master. In the meantime, make him work out his passage.'

So Fritz was sent before the mast, and made to swab the decks, help his namesake the steward, and put his hand to everything; in short, he had no sinecure. Still, bad as it was, he liked it better than squatting on a shop-board, and stitching all day; and he would have been tolerably contented, had it not been for the apprehension of being restored to his master. However, like many anticipated evils, his fears on this score were never realised. The period in question was a season of war; and when they had been about a week at sea, Fritz was called out of his berth one morning to help to clear the decks for a fight—they were chased by an Englishman. A sharp battle ensued; and for two hours Fritz heard the balls whistling round his head, as he ran about the deck at the command of the gunner, at whose orders, on that occasion, he was placed; at the end of which period, the *Jungfrau* struck her colours to the *Chanticleer*, and Fritz presently found himself transferred to the deck of the English ship. Here he was only looked upon as one of the crew of the prize, and consequently attracted no notice whatever amongst his captors; whilst the captain, and such of the crew of the *Jungfrau* as survived, were too much occupied with their own misfortune to trouble themselves about him. When the ship reached Hull, to which port she was destined, either from being overlooked, or from being thought of too little importance to detain, Fritz was suffered to step ashore and walk away *whithersoever* he pleased. He strolled into the town,

'some time was amused enough in looking about
ut when he grew hungry and tired, and recollected
had not a farthing in his pocket to purchase food
ing, and that, moreover, he could not speak a
of English, the forlornness and desolation of his
a struck him with dismay, and sitting down on
› of a door, he began sobbing and crying in a
that attracted the eyes of the passengers, some
n inquired what he was crying for. But Fritz,
hat he could not make himself understood, only
n with redoubled vigour, and made them no
As night approached, his case grew worse, and
from his step to look about for some sort of
As he wandered through the streets, a party of
passed on horseback, one of whom happened to
› whip. Fritz stepped forward, picked it up, and
it to him. A good turn is never lost; the poor
·ved boy was thanked, and kindly spoken to by
icer, Colonel Webster, who, finding from his
e that he was a German, and a seemingly forlorn
·, ordered his servant to conduct him to the
s; and 'Kempster,' said he, 'shall find out his
for us.'
ɔster, who was the master of the band, being a
, had little difficulty in extracting the whole of
adventures; and feeling a natural interest in his
mpatriot, he offered to teach him music, and, with
Webster's permission, attach him to the band.
as willingly granted; Fritz was committed to
› of Kempster, and soon appeared on parade in a
iform, with a triangle in his hand. This was his
trument, but he was soon qualified to handle more
ones; for though he could not learn tailoring, he
music fast enough—so fast, that a few years after-
when his friend Kempster died, he was raised to
ity of master of the band. It might have been
d that Fritz had now reached his ultimatum; he
so himself, and, perfectly contented with his lot,
ooked beyond it. But Fortune, who seemed to

have taken him into her own peculiar charge, had not done with him yet.

In the course of service, the regiment to which Fritz was attached was sent to Gibraltar, and there it fell to his lot one day to relieve two ladies from the attack of a ferocious dog. One was the wife, and the other the daughter of a rich Spanish merchant; and Fritz, who was now a handsome young fellow, could not help fancying that, whilst the old lady expressed her gratitude for the service with great volubility, the eyes of the younger expressed hers in a much more eloquent and emphatic language: in short, gratitude made her feel an affection for our hero, who, however, was too modest and too deeply aware of the inferiority of his condition to aver an attachment in return.

Matters had stood thus for some time, when the English forces having attacked and taken Minorca, one of the German regiments that had garrisoned that island volunteered into the British service, and was removed to Gibraltar, but, to the great inconvenience of all parties there was scarcely a man in it that could speak a word of English. In this dilemma, the services of Fritz were put in requisition; and he was found so useful as an interpreter, that it was thought advisable to give him a commission, and attach him to the German regiment. Here, then, was our hero a commissioned officer in his majesty's service, and entitled to take his place in the society his mistress frequented, on an equal footing. He had thus the advantage of speaking to her frequently, and it was not long before they had avowed to each other their mutual passion; but, alas! she was rich, and Fritz had nothing but his pay, and the father would not hear of the alliance. In this dilemma, they might perhaps have proposed an elopement, but Fritz loved his regiment almost as much as his mistress, and could not think of deserting his duty; and before they could make up their minds as to what line of conduct they should pursue, a couple of transports sailed into the harbour bringing out a regiment which was ordered to relieve

em, whilst they were summoned immediately to England. ere was no time for plots or arrangements, and the ers were separated.

But his old friend, the Lady Fortune, having brought tz thus far, was determined to stick by him still. ubtless for the purpose of smoothing the way to Fritz's rriage with the fair Spaniard, she contrived, through instrumentality of Napoleon, to render the Duke of nswick's situation so unpleasant, that he found it isable to abandon his dominions, and take refuge in land. Being a stanch ally, the duke was immediately ointed to the command of a British regiment, and in ing about for an aid-de-camp, who should he fix upon Fritz! A field-officer, and the aid-de-camp of the te of Brunswick, was not a son-in-law to be despised; upon a renewal of the young man's proposal, a urable answer was returned; and soon after, the ', accompanied by her friends, arrived in England, gave her hand to the happy Fritz. It might have 1 reasonably supposed that Fortune, by this time, l of shewing one side of her face, would have inclined ive Fritz a peep at the other; but no such thing. course of events having decreed that the great stion was to be decided on the plains of Belgium, z accompanied the Duke of Brunswick thither; and n that gallant potentate fell on the field of Waterloo, z found himself in command of his regiment—a ation in which he acquitted himself so honourably, ; on the restoration of the legitimate rulers of Bruns- k, he was appointed the commander-in-chief of their es—a post which he continued to occupy for many rs, with infinite credit to himself and advantage to sovereign.

his little tale, with few variations, is the history of a o who is still alive, or who was so not long since.

THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

How strange a dream it seems to me,
To me now gray and old,
To ponder over hours, since which
Full fifty years have rolled!
But busy memory opens yet
Her thickly-crowded page,
Whose characters I still can trace
Undimmed by toil or age.

More vivid far those pictures be
Than scenes more new and nigh,
For youth's warm records, they are stamped
With memory's deepest die.
Again I see that far-off land,
And hear the city's din,
And her, the gentle, fair-haired girl,
Again, in thought, I win!

Our heritage was youth and love,
And hope with fairy wand,
(Ah! princes oft would change for these
Their sceptre, gold, and land.)
But time, which beauty makes or mars,
Hath silvered her fair hair
And dimmed her eye, yet still I read
Affection's language there!

Where then primeval forests stood,
The yellow corn now bends,
And with the nearer hum of bees,
Yon mill's harsh music blends!

Our grandchild's children prattle round,
While I muse o'er our lot,
Beneath the shadow of the tree
I planted on this spot!

The giant hills, which only heard
The wild bird's lonely shriek,
Now echo back, on every side,
The language Britons speak!
There's something glorious in such thoughts,
Which banishes regret,
Howe'er it chance that memory now
Forbids me to forget!

And here these aged limbs shall rest
When death's rude grasp shall come;
The founder of a vigorous race
Needs no mausoleum!
'Twill soothe that hour to know I leave
A happy, prosperous band;
My blessing rest upon the soil
That is *their Fatherland!*

NECDOTES RESPECTING A TRAIT OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

ERE are few traits more strongly marked in the every- American character, than that of distrust or suspicion, ich particularly displays itself where parties happen be interested in pecuniary matters. It is observable in merest trifles; and even children are instructed to be their guard, lest they should suffer themselves to be ped or imposed upon. It is a melancholy reflection, that, ong a people of intelligence, it should be considered cessary to imbue the infant mind with a generally

entertained suspicion of the whole human famil
nations have considered it better for the int
virtue and happiness, that the tender and su
mind should not thus early be taught to thi
mankind, though at the risk of occasional loss fi
of due caution. I shall here advert to one
instances of juvenile distrust which have occurr
my own observation, in the course of a pre
residence in America. One day I had called at t
of an intimate acquaintance, to ascertain if I c
cute any little commissions for the family in
city to which I intended setting out in a da
After the parents—for there was a family of cl
had explained to me how far they would avail th
of my kind offer, a little boy, of not more than se
of age, expressed a wish that I would purchase
a small cane fishing-rod. I then inquired of the
it was *his* desire that I should do so?

'O yes!' replied the indulgent parent, 'if he v
but,' continued he, addressing the child, 'if
is to procure for you the fishing-rod, you had bet
your mamma, and ask her for a dollar of you
which, probably, will be about the price of your

After a moment's reflection, the little fellow
his father steadily in the face, said: 'Why, I gu
it would be better not to give Mr —— the dolla
returns with the fishing-rod, for you know he m
come back; or he may break it before I get i
may lay out the money in something for himself.

The parent listened and smiled, but neither
his too cautious son nor attempted to enforce
previously expressed opinion.

On one occasion, I was on a short tour thr
country in company with Judge T——, an elderl
man, who had been settled many years in that
and whom, in the absence of a fitter person, the
of the state had appointed to the situation of associ
with a small salary. On our road the judge info
that there was a farmer he wished to see for a few

on some business of no great importance, who resided, he believed, somewhere near the spot where we then were. By and by we came to a farmhouse where two or three children were playing by the roadside, among a parcel of chips and pieces of timber split up for fuel. The eldest, a boy apparently eight or nine years of age, was asked by the judge 'if Mr R—— lived there?'

The young republican did not make an immediate reply, but looking first at the one and then at the other children, addressing my companion, said: 'I guess you is the man as came after father a few days back.' While this was being delivered, a little sister sneaked slyly off towards the house, as if to give warning to the inmates.

Notwithstanding the boy's unsatisfactory answer to the judge's question, we took it for granted that we had hit upon Mr R——'s abode; so he again addressed the boy, saying: 'Is your father at home, my child?'

After a little consideration, the cautious urchin said: 'Last night father was a-saying that he guessed he was going to mill to-day; did you notice, as you came along, whether or no the mill was a-grinding?'

Without holding any further communication with this young scion of 'freedom and independence,' the judge rode up to the door of the dwelling, and hallooing pretty loudly, the farmer's good dame made her appearance, when he inquired if her husband was at home. After a moment's stare at him, she exclaimed, addressing the little girl we had noticed sneak off to the house: 'Why, now, my gracious! Parthene, child, where be ye?—why, this man's no more like Sheriff Bates than you be; run—tell your father that it aren't the sheriff, anyhow;' and away diddled the little girl into some corner, where the farmer had secreted himself, on the false alarm being given that Sheriff Bates was approaching; for it seemed that a second visit from the sheriff of the county was hourly expected, in consequence of the non-payment of the costs incurred in a foolish lawsuit.

It ceases to be a matter of wonder, that children

educated, as it were, to be cautious and dis
should grow up with those feelings strengthen
matured with their riper years. In the ordinary
of life, a due caution and circumspection are alwa
mendable; but these may be exercised, for the m
in a fair and honourable manner, and without ne
offending the feelings of the relative parties. In
it does not seem to be considered essential to atte
little amiable disguise where you have a doubt th
not correct; and yet business is commonly do
roundabout way, because it either is not in the
of the people, or, at all events, no part of their ed
to go directly into any transaction at issue at
have been a witness to very many instances
peculiarity, some of which applied individually to
others to persons with whom I was intimately acq

On one occasion, a friend of mine commissione
call upon the agent of one of the largest landho
that part of America, to receive for him the sum
dollars; the said agent having previously been
that he was to pay that sum to my friend or hi
My friend addressed a note to this individual, of
was the bearer, requesting that he would pay
sum to me—at the same time stating that I was hi
—as it would save him the trouble of riding over
I was then almost a stranger in that part of the
and had never been in the village where th
resided, neither had I ever seen him. When I c
his office, I found him disengaged; so I presen
friend's note without any circumlocution. He pe
and then inquired, if I had left my friend, Mr W—
well, and if I had seen him lately. To the latter
the inquiry I remarked, that the date of the not
probably be a satisfactory explanation, as it was,
written that morning. 'I calculate,' said he, 'that
a stranger in those parts; have you long been acq
with Mr W——?' I observed, that I was quite a
at Chinango, but that I had known Mr W—— int
for some years. Having hemmed once or twice,

floor as often, he carefully perused the note a
ne, when he said: 'Why, a thousand dollars is
large sum; I feel somewhat curious to know
W—— can want with so much cash just now.'
it was out of my power to inform him; all I
the matter was, that, knowing I was about to
ango, my friend had requested me to receive the
him; and if he, the agent, did not feel satisfied,
d to comply with the order I had brought him,
sh him a good-morning. Looking again at the
h lay beside him, he said: 'Now, I declare, that
- is a quick hand with a pen; this is regularly
ly's writing but his own; you've often seen him
ter, I calculate?' At last, getting a little out of
ith my interlocutor, I told him that I had other
o attend to, and could not spend the whole
n listening to observations that I considered
lled for; that if he chose to hand the money
as prepared to receive it; but if not, he was of
liberty to do as he pleased. 'Why,' said he, 'a
dollars, I guess, require a little looking up; so,
m to be in considerable of a hurry, I presume
as well call again in an hour or two.' Suspect-
ny taking back the money with me might be a
ce to my friend, I judged it better to comply
erms of the cautious agent; so at the appointed
led at his office, and again found the gentleman
l. He again scrutinised my person rather
n I approved of; and was about commencing
tioning me respecting my friend and my own
nd connection with that part of the country,
t him short by telling him, that I could not see
questions had to do with the business I had
ut; and that, if he did not feel disposed to
once with the note I had delivered to him in
ng, I should instantly take my departure. 'I
d he, 'mister, you ben't a Yankee, you get so
le sharp in talking over business matters a little,
onsider no more than altogether regular. To

be sure I have looked up the money; but if so b
object to receive it for Mr W——, you know I
help it; if you will wait a little I will just write
say so.'

'I will not wait another minute,' replied I, 'no
bearer of any communication to that effect. If yo
to hand the money to me, I will take it; if not,
you will return my friend's note, which I cons
order for its payment.'

Having once more examined the order, he pu
a drawer from beneath his plain, unpolished pi
and deliberately counted out the one thousand
handed them to me, and 'guessed I should find
right.'

Since this little affair occurred, I have often
intercourse with persons of a similar class to the
and anxious agent above alluded to, got sadly
and out of humour at their suspicious and rou
way of doing business; and though it may not
peculiarly amiable to make a boast of it, I ha
found that a promptness and decision, and a litt
asperity, have greatly accelerated the settling m
business, cutting short their own ordinary plan of d
and guessing, and calculating and scheming, t
many of them are so much addicted.

I will mention but one more instance of this
degree of caution and mistrust to which I was su
It took place at Geneva, in the western part of t
of New York, during an excursion I made into tha
the country, for the purpose of purchasing 1200
sheep. One of the city banks had, previous to m
out, remitted me 8000 dollars, all in five-dollar bill
from a new plate, and none of which had previou
in circulation. In my own neighbourhood I had n
tunity of getting them exchanged for such notes a
would be more acceptable to the farmers in the d
proposed visiting; but knowing there were two
banks in that vicinity, I presumed that I should ex
no difficulty in getting my city bank-notes exch

h belonging to another state—at any of the banks nterior of the country. Having, after two or three avelling, reached Geneva, I called at the banking ion of that place, made its officers acquainted with hes, and then exhibited my bundle of handsome ık-notes. They evidently were a curiosity, for the f the parties I saw upon the premises assembled ot my money. They were pronounced 'very notes'—'no doubt they were perfectly genuine'—one of them remembered to have seen notes of e pattern. After consulting some time amongst ves respecting what was to be done, I was at iven to understand, 'that it would not be conve- r them to exchange my money;' which meant, I hat they considered my bundle of bank-notes s. Without pressing the matter upon them I returned to the tavern where I had left my ut had not been there many minutes before I ed two of my bank acquaintances in earnest con- n with the landlord; and from their side glances towards me, not to be misunderstood, I felt that I was the subject of their deliberations. I ds learned that the bank people had, as I d, considered my bundle of notes forged ones, ; they had applied to the landlord of the tavern, a magistrate—a very common case with tavern- in the interior of the country in America—to with him what was best to be done in the case. dlord had recommended the postponement of any eps until the following morning, and perhaps he tle interested in so doing, as I had made known on my arrival, that it was my intention to remain t; whereupon my horse had been unsaddled, and e safely deposited in the bar—in his possession; he 'guessed *he* was all right.' During the evening, d into one of the principal stores; and mention- the store-keeper my having in my possession mount of city bank-notes, which I wished to e for *western notes*, he unhesitatingly informed

me, that it would be a great accommodation make such an exchange, as he was about to the Atlantic cities in a day or two, where he he should have to allow a discount on his cou of two or three per cent. The exchange was in effected between us; the news was soon circu the stranger's bills were not spurious; the ba the landlord put the best face on 'the mistake' able; and I left that delightfully situated littl Geneva on the following morning, to pursue n and transact my business, instead of being to durance vile as an impostor and a vender bank-notes.

[To the above anecdotes we would append th that the excessive cautiousness, or rather distrus the Americans, must necessarily be a consequei unusual prevalence in that country of a desire and cheat; for men, in ordinary circumstance disposed to be very cautious, and the state of i is one productive of pain and inconvenience to s The utility of *confidence* in business transactions kind of intercourse is of immense importance valence of a contrary feeling tends to obstruct extinguish business, to an extent which few are This is, indeed, one of the cases in which moral tell directly and powerfully on the substantial life, and serve to shew how the adoption of a able means of bettering those conditions is as duty of a government as the immediate protect and property. The distrustfulness of the Ameri be nearly as fatal to commercial relations bet and man, as prohibitory duties are to the sam between state and state.]

EARLY DAYS OF NAPOLEON.

ıangs over the boyish days of Napoleon Bona-
ıystery somewhat similar to that which rests on
ing years of Shakspeare. In the case of the
› are totally at a loss to comprehend by what
f training that wonderful mind was developed,
ıce was derived that boundless knowledge of
ature, and of the phenomena of the universe,
s writings display. With the like feelings of
ty do we muse upon the early life of Napoleon,
g in what manner that prodigious amount of
ce was accumulated which gave him such a
after-days over his fellow-men, and rendered
r for one instant at a loss, amid the most varied
g circumstances in which man could be called
ct. Bonaparte appeared to burst at once upon
l with the experience of fifty lives concentrated
ıng mind, ready to take up at will the parts of
:uler, legislator, or diplomatist, and to cope with
hose who had grown gray in studying the duties
e or other of these difficult characters. These
ınces throw a peculiar interest over the youth of
. Fortunately, during the period of the Consulate,
lirections for the preservation of various letters
rs connected with his early history, and from a
these, published some years ago in France,* we
:eed to draw several particulars.

the Corsican patriot, seems to have been a
instrument in moulding the character of the
ıpoleon. Genoa had assumed the right of selling
›o France, in the time of Louis XV., and that
sent an army to take possession of it. The
› resisted, under the guidance of Paoli. Charles
› was a warm partisan of that chief; and, in the

* In the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

campaign of 1769, which gave France the ascendancy, was personally in the field with his wife Letitia, who, at that very time, in the midst of peril and alarm, gave birth to Napoleon. During the childhood of the latter, Paoli was constantly in the mouths of those around him, and he grew up with a deep admiration of the character of the exiled general then living in England. When the French Revolution broke out, Paoli was recalled, and Napoleon became his close personal friend. The old general had penetration enough to discern the remarkable character of the youth. 'You are one of Plutarch's men,' he used to say to him—a compliment of no slight kind. It has been often asserted, that Napoleon never acted under the impulse of feeling, but was always guided by motives of self-interest and cold calculation. Not so was it when Paoli, having incurred the suspicion of the French Convention for his denunciations of the execution of Louis XVI., was summoned to appear and answer for himself in Paris. Napoleon, who had then received a commission in the French service in Corsica, had the generous boldness to write to the Convention in his old friend's defence. 'One of your decrees,' says the letter, 'has deeply afflicted the citizens of Ajaccio; it is that which orders an old man of seventy, loaded with infirmities, to drag himself to your bar, charged, through misunderstanding, as corrupt and ambitious. Representatives! when the French were governed by a corrupt court, and placed credence neither in virtue nor patriotism, then might it have been said, perhaps, that Paoli was ambitious. It is by despots alone that Paoli should now be deemed ambitious; at Paris, in the midst of French liberty, he ought to be regarded as the patriarch of freedom, the precursor of your republic; so will posterity think, and so do the people now believe. We owe to him all, even the happiness of being a portion of the French republic. He ever enjoys our confidence. Repeal your decree, and render us happy.' Napoleon's bold appeal was not listened to, and Paoli was compelled to *look for safety* to England.

Another person who exercised much influence over Napoleon in his youth, was Father Dupuy, sub-principal of the school of Brienne. As became common in the case of Corsican families of respectability, after the island was incorporated with France, Napoleon was sent to the college of Autun at the age of nine, and afterwards to the school of Brienne. Bourrienne mentions, in his memoirs of Bonaparte, that the Emperor never could spell properly; but he does not tell the reason. The fact was, that Napoleon could not speak a word of French when he came to the school first mentioned. He picked up the tongue through his intercourse with others, but never was taught it grammatically. He was engaged in learning the classics, when he ought to have been set to the French language by his teachers. His excessively careless penmanship in later days was supposed to be wilfully affected, in order to hide his faulty orthography. Dupuy, who formed a strong attachment to Napoleon, and was shewn the essays from his pen, did all he could to correct the style and spelling; but the evil was not thoroughly removable. One of the early essays of Napoleon was a history of Corsica, which was composed in the form of Letters, addressed to the Abbé Raynal. Lucien Bonaparte mentions this work in his memoirs. 'It was written,' he says, 'in the vacation of 1790, at Ajaccio, and two copies were made of it by myself. One was sent to the Abbé Raynal, who found the composition so remarkable that he shewed it to Mirabeau. The latter, on returning it, said to Raynal, that this little history seemed to him to indicate a genius of the first order. Napoleon was delighted with these praises.' The work was represented by Lucien as lost, but in reality it is still in existence, having formed part of a bundle of early writings lodged by Napoleon in the hands of Cardinal Fesch. It is written with great vigour, and an uncompromising boldness of speech. Every page proves, moreover, that the author had been indefatigable in his researches into authorities, and even unpublished documents. Napoleon's mode of reading books was

peculiar, and well calculated to fix on his mem
ever fell under his eye. His custom was to
the pen in his hand, and to mark passages
approved or disapproved; and frequently, wh
especially struck with anything, he made it t
of a distinct critical disquisition. In this mann
go over all the most grave and learned wor
stores of literature. Herodotus, Strabo, Plut
all the other historians both of Greece and R
annals of England, and all the most importan
countries in the world; natural history, g
medicine, and physics—all of these branches o
his papers shew him to have studied attentiv
above all, his favourite authors were Filangie
Necker, Smith, and other writers on political
legislation, and the moral sciences generally.
years—namely, from 1786 to 1793, while a stu
lieutenant of artillery, now in one place an
another—such was the training to which h
shew him to have subjected himself. Men have
that the soldier of Italy should have started
seemed, a legislator by intuition—*intuition!* su
word under which men too frequently shelter
apathy and deficiencies. *Years of patient stu*
other lads were fooling away their time, woul
in this instance, have been a more correct for
pression. Napoleon's ability as a soldier was
puzzling; but comprehensiveness and promp
thought, produced by the same preparatory
united with a sound physical development, fo
true explanation of the phenomenon. What i
however, Bonaparte sometimes left his grave s
the slightest of all varieties of literary compos
wrote *novels*. One of these was an English
entitled *The Earl of Essex*, being founded on
of Queen Elizabeth's unfortunate favourite.
tale was composed by him on a Corsican subjec
also wrote some Oriental apologues, bearing cc
the politics of the passing day. The idea of

lded such mighty elements in after-days, devoting story-writing, is startling enough. It has the parent incongruity as the idea of his being glad w a few shillings from Bourrienne in the days of snantship.

annot well give a specimen of the stories of a, but in place of these, our space permits of our one of the most remarkable of all his papers. a document in which he discusses the propriety 'e. Many features of his future character seem originated in youth in his isolated position. From of nine to seventeen, he was absent from home. t alone, and formed those habits of self-depend- ich at once constituted a great quality in him, ted him, in a measure, from human sympathies. -book was the sole confidant of his secrets in his Whatever struck him forcibly, even a simple tion with a lady, was committed to paper, and question this plan led him ever to reason coolly ction. The following are his thoughts on the of self-destruction:—'Ever alone in the midst of eturn to dream with myself, and to give myself the vivacity of my melancholy. To what point r directed? To the side of death. Yet in the of my days, I may hope to live a long time. I n absent seven years from my country. What shall I not taste in revisiting, in four months, tives and compatriots! Filled with the tender s which the remembrance of my youthful s inspires, may I not conclude that my happiness complete? And what madness, then, urges me or my destruction? Doubtless, I may say, What o do in this world? Since I must die, is it not o end my life at once? If I had passed through ars, I should respect the prejudices of my con- ries, and wait patiently till nature had completed se; but since I begin to experience misfortunes, thing gives me pleasure, why should I go on ; unprosperous days? How far have men

wandered from nature! How cowardly, base, and servile are they! What spectacle shall I behold in my native country? My compatriots, loaded with chains, tremblingly kiss the hand which crushes them. They are no more those brave Corsicans, whom a hero animated with his virtues; no more are they enemies of tyranny, luxury, sycophancy. Proud, and full of a noble consciousness of worth, a Corsican once lived happy. If he had employed the day on public affairs, his evenings passed away in the sweet society of a loving and beloved spouse; reason and enthusiasm effaced all the fatigues of the day; tender and natural affection rendered his nights comparable to those of the gods. But these happy times have disappeared with liberty, like passing dreams! Frenchmen, not content with having reft from us all that we cherished, ye have also corrupted our manners! The existing spectacle of my country, and my powerlessness to effect a change, form a new reason for quitting a scene, where I am compelled by duty to praise men whom virtue commands me to hate. When I arrive at my home, what aspect shall I assume, what language shall I hold? His country lost, a good citizen ought to die. Had I but one man to destroy, in order to deliver my countrymen, I should turn to the task in one instant, and avenge my country and its violated laws by plunging my steel into the tyrant's bosom. Life is a burden to me, because I enjoy no pleasure, and because all is pain to me; it is a burden, because the men with whom I live, and probably shall always live, have manners as widely different from mine as the moon's light differs from that of the sun. I cannot follow the sole mode of life which could make it endurable, and a disgust for all is the consequence.'

This passage affords a remarkable proof of the high-reaching sentiments which, even at the age of seventeen, characterised Napoleon. The death which he meditates is the death of Cato, not of Chatterton. It is not the pressure of penury which disgusts the extraordinary *boy with life, but* the slavery of his country and the

degradation of his species. There is ample evidence existing among his early papers to prove, that he was in his youth a genuine and ardent lover of republican liberty, and that he disliked the French, fixing his whole thoughts on Corsica. As his mind became matured, however, he saw that Corsica was too insignificant in extent, and possessed resources too limited, to permit it to flourish independently amid states so much superior to it in power; and he turned to France, as affording full scope for the development of those great problems in social government which occupied so much of his youthful attention.

Among the thirty-eight bundles of papers consigned by Napoleon to Cardinal Fesch, one curious paper deserves to be briefly referred to. It is a *Dialogue on Love*, which proves how early his opinions had been formed on this as on other points. He never was remarkable for *sentiment*, and, at the commencement of his dialogue, he speaks in this condemnatory manner of the feeling of affection between the sexes:—'I believe it to be hurtful to society, and to the individual happiness of men; I believe, at least, that it does more harm than good, and that a benefit would be conferred by that protecting power which should extinguish it, and deliver men from its influence.' Notwithstanding this denunciation, he was beyond question devotedly attached in his life to at least one woman—Josephine. His letters to her from Italy carry passion even to extravagance.

The writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, from whom we derive these notices of Napoleon's early days, concludes by observing, that 'everything proves him to have exemplified, like other men of genius, that law of humanity which ordains that nothing great can be accomplished without great efforts. In spite of his superior talents, he had studied long and carefully those subjects in which he afterwards shewed himself a master. During many years, he never ceased to read and reflect on the most profound existing works. If he displayed ideas so correct on legislation, finance, and social organisation, these ideas did not spring spontaneously from his brain.

On the throne, he only reaped the fruits of the long labours of the poor lieutenant of artillery. He formed his character by the means suited for the development of superior men—by toil, solitude, meditation, and endurance. The Revolution offered to him a vast and brilliant field; but without that revolution, he would still have been distinguished, for characters like his seize on fortune, and make it serve them. Let it be no more said that chance elevated Napoleon. When, after seven years of retirement, he appeared for the first time on the stage of the world, he contained already all the germs of his future greatness. Nothing was fortuitous in his case. He struggled to rise, and left no occasion unused to make himself known. He himself, therefore, must no more be permitted to ascribe his elevation to fatality.'

To these truths nothing can be added. Never was it more fully shewn than in the case of Napoleon—that *industry is the better part of genius.*

TERRIBLE INCIDENT AT THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

On the 19th of July 1853, an event took place at the Falls of Niagara which caused great excitement in the neighbourhood. Three men had got into a small boat, which was speedily swamped; and being thus immersed in the water, which rushed with great force, they were hurried down the rapids. Two of the men were at once carried over the Falls, and perished. The other, named Avery, struck by chance on a stump in the river, midway between the Falls and Goat Island bridge, and there he agonisingly clung for security. The catastrophe drew a crowd to the brink of the rapids, and the utmost sympathy was manifested in the fate of the poor fellow.

A newspaper, published at Buffalo, near the Falls, gives

ving account of this terrible adventure :—Up to
k last evening, the public were kept in a state
ment by dispatches received at intervals from
, bringing information of the situation of poor
ich report fluctuating between hope and fear—
ressing confidence in his eventual safety, and
ost despairing of his rescue. A large number
is left this city by the trains for the scene of
nt, and swelled the thousands already gathered
s spot. We have been furnished with an account
roceedings since one o'clock yesterday, by an
ss; but we are under obligation to the operators
sock's Canada line for the earliest intelligence
sult. Our informant tells us, that the man was
; of the rapids where the rocks rise nearly to
ce of the water. A log of wood, apparently
ightly between the rocks, and crossed by another,
er out of the water, was his resting-place. Here
ned, half clinging to and half perching upon the
ı which he would occasionally slip down and
little on the rocks, which were only a short
under water. A few feet in advance was a
. of about four or five feet, and here and on each
im the waters rushed wildly on at a speed of
rty miles an hour. A raft was constructed,
f crossed timbers, strongly fastened in a square
ogshead being placed in the centre. The raft
ngly secured with ropes on each side, and was
own to the rocks upon which Avery was sta-
As it approached the spot where he stood, the
fast in the rocks, and the raft became immov-
.very then appeared to muster strength and
and, descending from the log, walked over the
the place where the rope had caught, and
long and hard to disengage it from the rocks.
me time he succeeded, and then, with renewed
nspired by the hope of rescue, he pulled man-
the rope, until he succeeded in bringing the
ı the current towards his fearful resting-place.

Avery now got on to the raft, making hi
thereto by means of ropes, which had been pl
for that purpose; and those on the land c
drawing it towards the shore. It had approac
thirty feet of one of the small islands toward
course was directed, when suddenly it became
in the midst of the rapids, the ropes having ag
in the rocks. All endeavours to move it wer
be in vain, and much fear was entertained tha
upon the ropes might break them, and oc
poor fellow's destruction. Various suggestions
volunteered, and several attempts were mad
him. One man went out in a boat as far as h
venture, and asked him if he would fasten a r
his body, and trust to being drawn in by that.
fellow, however, shook his head despondingly,
he felt that he had not strength enough re
make himself secure to a rope. At length a b
ready—a life-boat, which had arrived from Bu
was launched. Seeing the preparations, Aver
his fastenings, with the intention of being read
into the boat. Borne on by the rushing w
amid the breathless suspense of the spectator
approached the raft. A thrill ran through th
the boat lived in the angry waves—it struck t
shout of joy rang forth from the shore, for it w
that he was saved—when suddenly the hop
been raised was again destroyed; a moment's
followed the collision, and in the next the
seen in the midst of the waters, separated fro
support, and struggling for life. For a minute
poor fellow, striking out boldly, swam towards
and the cry echoed from shore to shore that he
be saved. But soon the fact became certa
receded from the shore—his strength was evi
ing. Gradually he was borne back into the fi
of the current, slowly at first, then more rapidl
and more swiftly he approached the brink o
precipice—the waters had him at last their

and madly they whirled him on to death, as enraged at his persevering efforts to escape their

ıkening feeling came over the spectators when, just brink of the precipice, the doomed man sprang a the waters, clear from the surface, raising himself as a statue, his arms flung wildly aloft, and, piercing shriek that rang loudly above the g roar of the cataract, fell back again into the g waves, and was hurled over the brow of the fatal ce.

have no heart for comment upon this melancholy ful event. The fate of poor Avery will add another nany fearful local incidents already related by the at the Falls; and for years his critical situation, d struggles, his fearful death, will be the theme y a harrowing tale. And visitors to the mighty t will seek the scene of the terrible catastrophe shuddering curiosity; and the timid and imagina- ll fancy, in the dusk of the evening, that they still ıove the waters' roar the shriek that preceded the unge.

TRAVELS OF BURCKHARDT.

ıEWIS BURCKHARDT, one of the most enterprising lefatigable of modern travellers, was a Swiss by ɔeing descended from a respectable family long hed at Kirchgarten, near Lausanne. His father ɔn tried and persecuted by the French republic, ıarge of assisting the Austrians during the wars ıent on the Revolution, and was thus obliged to from his native district to Basle, where he entered ı corps in the service of England. John Lewis, ıs born about the year 1785, received his early ɔn at Basle, and was afterwards placed at the

university of Leipsic. From childhood, he wa
to the British nation, and, on completing his s
course, resolved to visit England. The
Blumenbach, to whom he had recommended l
his talents, application, and good conduct, gave l
to Sir Joseph Banks and other men of em
London. Already had young Burckhardt devot
in thought to the arduous occupation of an e
traveller, and, on his arrival in England, th
Association received and accepted his offer of
into the interior of Africa. The plan of the
being settled, Burckhardt diligently set about
sary preparations for his enterprise. It had bee
that he should make the perilous attempt to
Mussulman in the course of his journey; and a
he suffered his beard to grow, accustomed him
dress and manners of the East, and made
proficient in the Arabic tongue.

In the beginning of 1809, he left England, and
soon after in Aleppo, in the character of a M
assuming the name of Ibrahim Ben Abdallah.
he spent here, perfecting himself in the Eastern
and acquiring a thorough acquaintance with t
and the religion and laws of Islamism. Witl
of patience almost unparalleled, he then ma
exploratory tours in Syria and on the Nile, al
preparatory to his great African project. Fro
journals which he kept of these expeditions,
he transmitted to England, a work, entitled
Syria, was compiled and published in his ab
the early part of 1812, he went to Damascus, s
proceeded to the Arabian deserts, east and so
Dead Sea, where he made a variety of interest
vations, which were given to the world in due
his journals. A pilgrimage to Mecca, moreove
formed by him as a Mohammedan in 1813 and
he twice made an incursion into the interior
His privations and sufferings on these jour
very severe; yet in 1815, he undertook a j

ıai, through the deserts of Arabia, where hard-
ı still more serious kind fell in his way. At
April 1817, the caravan and escort, with which
ed to penetrate into the African interior, were
the route. But Burckhardt had already tasked
tution too hard. When on the eve of starting
ıd Cairo for his great enterprise, he was seized
lness which terminated his life.

coveries upon which the reputation of Burck-
ı traveller will chiefly depend, are those made
ı his tour through Arabia. He was the first
who gave a minute and accurate account of the
ɜs to Mecca and Medina, and also the first who
; the site of the city of Petra, the capital of
ldom, so remarkable for its rock sculptures.
r, the journeys of Burckhardt are so deeply
g, and evince such an amount of patience
l and suffering on the part of the traveller,
elieve some excerpts from his diaries will prove
ə to every reader of the present work.

o volumes drawn up from Burckhardt's notes,
Travels in Arabia, are chiefly devoted to an
f Palestine and the holy cities of the Moham-
isited by the traveller in the character of a true
There was great boldness shewn in the attempt
ı such a character, because, had he been detected,
ould not have been worth an hour's purchase.
the adventurous Swiss joined a party of pilgrims,
ıe spring of 1814, crossed the Red Sea to Djidda,
rt of Mecca, the principal of the two holy cities.
, Sheik Ibrahim, as Burckhardt called himself,
ı ill, and ran short of money. His condition
leplorable; but at length Mehemet Ali, the
Egypt, who was then in Arabia, heard of his
es, and sent for him to the camp at Tayf. At
i's head-quarters, the traveller received a loan
, which induced him to set out by himself for
ing determined to see that city at all risks. The
Mecca and Medina are situated in the Arabian

province of Hedjaz, on the eastern coast of the Red Sea, and nearly under the tropic of Cancer. Arriving at Mecca, Mr Burckhardt found nearly 70,000 pilgrims there assembled. He saw this immense multitude assume the white uniform appointed for the occasion, and undergo the stated number of ceremonial ablutions; he joined them in walking round the Kaaba, or holy-stone, seven times, each circuit being accompanied by a kiss; and, in short, under his ostensible character of a Mohammedan, the Christian traveller gained an insight into all the mysteries hitherto confined to the breasts of true believers.

With a small caravan of hadjis, or pilgrims, Mr Burckhardt proceeded from Mecca to Medina. The last of these cities is held as scarcely inferior to the first in sanctity, containing, as it does, the tomb of the Prophet Mohammed. This, the 'precious jewel of Medina,' is contained in a large mosque, 165 paces in length and 130 in breadth. It is surrounded on all sides by covered colonnades, composed of from three to ten rows of pillars, one before another. These pillars are painted with flowers and arabesques in a gaudy style. The interior walls of the central building, enclosed by these pillars, is partly cased with white marble, having inscriptions upon it in gilt letters, which produce a fine effect. The floor is paved with marble, white and mosaic mixed. 'Near the south-east corner,' says Mr Burckhardt, 'stands the famous tomb, so detached from the walls of the mosque as to leave between it and the south wall a space of about twenty-five feet, and fifteen between it and the east wall. The enclosure, which defends the tomb from the too near approach of visitors, forms an irregular square of about twenty paces, in the midst of the colonnade, several of its pillars being included within it; it is an iron railing, painted green, about two-thirds the height of the columns, filling up the intervals between them, so as to leave their upper part projecting above it, and entirely open. The railing is of good workmanship, in imitation of filigree, and is interwoven with

:ed inscriptions of yellow bronze, supposed by
to be of gold, and of so close a texture that no
be gained into the interior, except by several
lows, about six inches square, which are placed
t sides of the railing, about five feet above the
On the south side of the railing, where are the
pal of these windows, before which the visitors
ɜn praying, the railing is thinly plated over
ır, and the often-repeated inscription of "La
.llah al hak al Mobyn"—"There is no God but
vident truth," is carried in silver letters across
; all round these windows. This enclosure is
r four gates, three of which are constantly kept
one only is opened, every morning and evening,
he eunuchs, whose office it is to clean the floor
the lamps. What appears of the interior is a
rried round, which takes up almost the whole
ing between it and the railing an open walk, of
ɜs only in breadth.

ling to the historian of Medina, the curtain covers
building of black stones, supported by two
the interior of which are the tombs of Moham-
ıis two earliest friends and immediate successors,
:er and Omar. As far as I could learn here,
bs are also covered with precious stuffs, and in
of catafalques, like that of Ibrahim in the great
' Mecca.'

European tradition of Mohammed's coffin being
.in the air, is unknown in the Hedjaz. Formerly,
quantities of treasure, in the shape of golden
d precious stones, are said to have been accumu-
ıd the prophet's tomb, but little of this has
ıe rapacity of invaders and unscrupulous Arab
'etween the curtain of the prophet's tomb and
ling railing, glass lamps are hung up, which are
ing all night. Over the enclosure, or Hedjra,
a lofty dome, rising far above the other domes
y, and ornamented with a large globe and a
both said to be of pure gold. Next to the

Hedjra, the most sacred place of the mosque, is a place called El Rodha, or the Garden, pointed out by Mohammed in the words: 'Between my tomb and my pulpit is a garden of the gardens of Paradise.' Excepting as regards the flowers painted upon the columns of the Rodha, there is no other trace of a garden about it. 'The entrance to the Rodha, near Bab-es-Salam, has a splendid appearance; the gaudy colours displayed on every side, the glazed columns, fine carpets, rich pavement, the gilt inscriptions on the wall to the south, and the glittering railing of the Hedjra in the background, dazzle the sight at first; but, after a short pause, it becomes evident that this is a display of tinsel decoration, and not of real riches. When we recollect that this spot is one of the holiest of the Mohammedan world, and celebrated for its splendour, magnificence, and costly ornaments, and that it is decorated with the united pious donations of all the devotees of that religion, we are still more forcibly struck with its paltry appearance. It will bear no comparison with the shrine of the most insignificant saint in any Catholic church in Europe, and may serve as a convincing proof, that in pious gifts the Mohammedan have at no period equalled the Catholic devotees; without noticing many other circumstances, which help to strengthen the belief that whatever may be their superstition and fanaticism, Mohammedans are never inclined to make as many pecuniary sacrifices for their religious establishments, as Catholic and even Protestant Christians do for theirs.

'The ceremonies on visiting the mosque are the following:—At first the pilgrim, before he enters the town, is to purify himself by a total ablution, and, if possible, to perfume his body with sweet odours. When he arrives in sight of the dome, he is to utter some pious ejaculations. When he intends to visit the temple, the cicerone, or, as he is here called, mezowar, leads him into the gate called Bab-es-Salam, passing his right foot first over the threshold, which is the general custom in all mosques, and particularly insisted upon here. While reciting some prayers *he steps* forward into the Rodha, where he performs a

hort prayer, with four prostrations, as a salutation to the osque, during which he is enjoined to recite the two ort chapters—109th and 112th—of the Koran. He then asses through one of the small doors of the Rodha, and alks slowly towards the railing of the Hedjra, before the estern window of which, on its south side, he takes his and; with arms half raised, he addresses his invocations Mohammed, in the words: "Salam aleyka ya Moham-ed, Salam ya Rasoul illah," &c., recapitulating about enty of the different surnames or honourable titles of lohammed, and prefixing to each of them "Salem aleyk." le next invokes his intercession in heaven, and distinctly entions the names of all those of his relations and iends whom he is desirous to include in his prayers; is for this reason, that an inhabitant of Medina never ceives a letter from abroad, without being entreated at e end of it to mention the writer's name at the tomb of e prophet. If the pilgrim is delegated on the pilgrim-ge for another, he is bound here to mention the name of is principal. In this prayer an expression is used, as at ll the places visited for their sanctity about the town, but hich appeared to me little calculated to inspire the isitor with humane or charitable feelings; among other rvours supplicated in prayer to the Deity, the following equest is made:—"Destroy our enemies, and may the rments of hell-fire be their lot."

'After these prayers are said, the visitor is desired to main a few minutes with his head pressed close against e window, in silent adoration; he then steps back, and erforms a prayer of four prostrations, under the neigh-ouring colonnade, opposite the railing; after which he ap-roaches the second window, on the same side, said to face e tomb of Abou Beker, and goes through prayers similar those said at the former window—called *Shobak-'en-'eby*—which are recited in honour of Abou Beker. Step-ing back a second time to the colonnade, he again performs short prayer, and then advances to the third window n this side of the railing, which is opposite that part of e curtain behind which the tomb of Omar is said to lie;

similar prayers are said here. When this ceremony is finished, the visitor walks round the south-east corner of the Hedjra, and presents himself before the tomb of Setna Fatme, where, after four prostrations, a prayer is addressed to *Fatme-e'-Zohera*, or the bright blooming Fatme, as she is called. He then returns to the Rodha, where a prayer is said as a salutation to the Deity on leaving the mosque, which completes this ceremony, the performance of which occupies at most twenty minutes.

'On every spot where prayers are to be said, people sit with handkerchiefs spread out to receive the gifts of the visitors, which appear to be considered less as alms than as a sort of toll; at least a well-dressed visitor would find it difficult to make his way without paying these taxes. Before the window of Setna Fatme sits a party of women—Fatme being herself a female saint—who likewise receive gifts in their handkerchiefs. In the Rodha stand the eunuchs, or the guardians of the temple, waiting till the visitor has finished his last prayer of salutation, to wish him joy on having successfully completed the *zyara* or visit, and to receive their fees; and the great gate of Bab-es-Salam is constantly crowded with poor, who closely beset the visitor on his leaving the mosque; the porter also expects his complement, as a matter of right. The whole visit cost me about fifteen piastres, and I gave ten piastres to my cicerone; but I might perhaps have got through for half that sum.

'The ceremonies may be repeated as often as the visitor wishes; but few perform them all, except on arriving at Medina, and when on the point of departing. It is a general practice, however, to go every day, at least once, to the window opposite Mohammed's tomb, and recite there a short prayer: many persons do it whenever they enter the mosque. It is also a rule never to sit down in the mosque, for any of the usual daily prayers, without having previously addressed an invocation to the prophet, with uplifted hands, and the face turned towards his tomb. A similar practice is prevalent in many other mosques in the East, which contain the

ab of a saint. The Moslem divines affirm, that prayers ited in the mosque of Medina are peculiarly acceptable the Deity, and invite the faithful to perform this rimage, by telling them that one prayer said in sight the Hedjra is as efficacious as a thousand said in any er mosque except that of Mecca.'

The town of Medina is described as tolerably well lt, but having no other source of wealth than the rimages, and containing no object of especial interest i the great mosque. In this respect, moreover, it does i enjoy advantages equal to those of Mecca. Immense mbers of pilgrims certainly visit Medina yearly; but i visit is rather regarded as a meritorious action in as a duty incumbent on the faithful. Yet he who ites forty prayers at the tomb of Mohammed will be livered, says the creed of Islamism, from all torments ter death.

The civilised world owes much to Mr Burckhardt for e information which he gave, and was the first to give, i this curious subject.

CHILDREN OF THE WILDS.

HE fact of children being occasionally reared apart om all human society, is one calculated to attract the tention of the philosopher, as well as to excite an terest in the common mind. It might at first appear arly impossible that a child accidentally lost in a forest uld sustain itself and grow to maturity; yet there are veral authenticated instances to assure us of the ntrary. While this is in itself the solution of a curious oblem, we have others to consider in the degree in hich the ordinary human faculties are liable to be veloped in such circumstances, and the effect which the ng dormancy of the most of them is calculated to have

in obstructing all future efforts to educate and hu
With the view of throwing as much light as pos
all these questions, we have brought together a
the most perspicuously recorded instances of forest
children.

The story of the Wild Girl of Champagne is deta
a trustworthy French writer, M. de la Condamine
evening, in September 1731, the people of the vil
Songi were alarmed by the entrance into the stre
girl, seemingly nine or ten years old, covered wi
and skins, and having a face and hands black as t
a negro. She had also a gourd-leaf on her head, a
armed with a short baton. So strange was her
that those who observed her took to their heels, s
in-doors exclaiming: 'The devil! the devil!' Bol
drawn in all quarters, and one man thought to
safety by letting loose a large bull-dog. Th
savage flinched not as the animal advanced in
but throwing herself backwards on one limb, and g
her club with both hands, she discharged a blow
head of the dog, as it came nigh her, with such fo
celerity as to kill it on the spot. Elated with her
she jumped several times on the carcass; after wh
tried in vain to enter a house, and then ran back
wood, where she mounted a tree, and fell asleep.
it was supposed, had led her to the village.

The Viscount d'Epinoy, then in the countr
quickly told of this apparition, and a search bein
early next morning, the little wanderer was obser
the top of a lofty tree. Supposing that she was
they brought a pitcher of water, and set it bel
tree. The wild girl, after cautiously looking all
came down and drank; but being startled, she rea
the tree before she could be approached. In the
startling her less, a woman and child were then d
to offer food to her, and entice her down. This pl
successful, and the savage was caught. She str
violently, but was carried to the house of M. d'E
In the kitchen, fowls were being dressed at the m

and she instantly flew on one of them, tore it to pieces, and ate it. An unskinned rabbit was placed before her, which, with amazing rapidity and voracity, she also skinned and devoured.

It was soon found that if the little savage possessed any speech whatever, it was merely a word or two in some foreign or instinctive tongue. The usual sound uttered by her was a wild scream, not articulated, but formed entirely in the throat. If any one approached to touch her, she grew wild, and shrieked violently. She had blue eyes, and, strange to say, it was speedily discovered that her skin was really white, or nearly so, a black paint having been apparently laid on her face and hands. It was noticed that her thumbs were very large, and this was afterwards explained by her, as arising from her habit of springing like a squirrel from tree to tree, by resting upon them. Being placed by M. d'Epinoy under the care of a shepherd, she at first gave much trouble by scraping holes in her place of confinement, and flying to the tops of trees or the house roof, where she was as much at home as on the level ground. She could run with immense speed, and, some time after she was taken, frequently shewed her powers by catching rabbits and hares at the request of her patrons. Her food had been raw flesh, fish, roots, fruits, branches, and leaves; and she never chewed her meat, but swallowed it whole. It was found extremely difficult to wean her stomach from the taste for raw food. When first taken, she was allowed by M. d'Epinoy to cater for herself about his ponds and ditches. She swam like a duck, and was extremely dexterous in diving for and catching fish, which she brought ashore in her teeth, and then gutted and ate. Frogs were a peculiar dainty to her. One day, when presented to a dinner-company at M. d'Epinoy's, she looked around at the table, and seeing none of her own good things, she suddenly ran out to the nearest ditch, where she speedily gathered an apronful of frogs. These she brought into the dining-room, and, before the guests knew her drift, she had spread her collection over the whole of their plates.

It may be guessed what consternation was cause leap-frog game which then took place.

When she had learned to express her ideas in she informed her friends that she had had a com girl somewhat older than herself, and black, or black. They had quarrelled about a chaplet, dre some one. The elder girl struck the younger on arm, and the younger one returned the blow by stroke of the baton on the brow, which felled the the ground, and 'made her red'—that is, drev Sorry for her companion afterwards, the youn the skin of a frog, and spread it over the wound parted, however, each taking separate directions. this happened, the pair had crossed a river, whi have been the Marne, three leagues from Songi. been their custom to sleep all day in trees, wh could do with perfect safety. The elder girl allude sought for, but was never found. A rumour we black girl had been found dead not many leagu the spot where the other was taken; but as it ere the latter could tell the story, the affair coul unravelled at that distance of time.

Le Blanc, as the little savage was named, had a recollection of being twice at sea, and of latterly with her companion from a ship by swimming. F statement it was conjectured that Le Blanc, at le from the coast of Labrador, and had been kidnap carried to the West Indies. Failing to sell her by of colouring her as a negro, the kidnapper seems brought her to some coast near to France. T recollections of Le Blanc, which had reference canoes and seals, and partly to sugar-canes, con conjecture. How long the wanderers had Europe it is impossible to say, but it is evident Blanc had been long familiar to solitary as well a habits. The attempts made to accustom her t food nearly cost her her life, and her acquired could not be overcome. At the hospital of Chal subsequently in a convent, where she spent muc

after-life, she was civilised, however, in every respect. The Duke of Orleans, and many great people, were kind to her. She was of course an object of great curiosity to all. The period of her death is unknown to us, but in 1765 she was still living in Paris. Some peculiarities marked her through her whole life, and particularly a certain rolling motion of the eyes, acquired when she wandered in the woods, and had to guard against surprise. She knew then no fear, however, and hesitated not to front the wolf or wild-cat. Besides the bludgeon mentioned, which she said she brought from *her own country*, she had for defence a stick pointed with iron, which she brought, she said, from the *hot country*.

The connection she had had with society in early life may be supposed to have in some measure cultivated the intellect of this extraordinary creature. Not so with another noted savage called Peter the Wild Boy. 'He was found in the year 1725, in a wood near Hameln, about twenty-five miles from Hanover, walking on his hands and feet, climbing trees like a squirrel, and feeding on grass and moss; and in the month of November was conveyed to Hanover by the superintendent of the House of Correction at Zell. At this time he was supposed to be about thirteen years old, and could not speak. This singular creature was presented to King George I., then at Hanover, while at dinner. The king caused him to taste of all the dishes at the table; and in order to bring him by degrees to relish human diet, he directed that he should have such provisions as he seemed best to like, and such instruction as might best fit him for human society.

'Soon after this, the boy made his escape into the same wood, where he concealed himself among the branches of a tree, which was sawed down to recover him. He was brought over to England at the beginning of 1726, and exhibited to the king and many of the nobility. In this country he was distinguished by the appellation of Peter the Wild Boy, which he ever afterwards retained.

'He appeared to have scarcely any ideas, was uneasy at

being obliged to wear clothes, and could not l
to lie on a bed, but sat and slept in a corner of
whence it was conjectured that he used to slee
for security against wild beasts. He was comm
care of Dr Arbuthnot, at whose house he eith
was to have been, baptised; but notwithstand
doctor's pains, he never could bring the wild y
use of speech, or the pronunciation of words.
effort of this kind was found to be in vain, he
with a farmer at a small distance from to
pension was allowed him by the king, which h
till his death.' Lord Monboddo, whose rese
him to interest himself in Peter, visited him at
stead in 1782, when the Wild Boy had become
of above seventy. The poor creature looked
for a savage,' his lordship says, but could only
a word or two. In youth he was peculiarly s
nimble, but an illness weakened him. He had
eat and dress like others, but in many respects
out of the pale of humanity. 'He retains so m
natural instinct, that he has a forefeeling of ba
growling and howling, and shewing great disor
it comes on. If he hears any music, he wil
hands, and throw his head about in a wild frant
He has a very quick sense of music, and
repeat a tune after once hearing. When he h
tune which is difficult, he continues humming
time, and is not easy till he is master of it.

'Till the spring of 1782, which was soon after
he always appeared remarkably animated by th
of the spring, singing all day, and if it was clea
night. He is much pleased at the sight of
and stars; he will sometimes stand out in the
the sun, with his face turned up towards it in
attitude; and he likes to be out in a starry ni
cold. He is extremely good-tempered, excepti
and gloomy weather, for he is very sensible of t
of the atmosphere. He is not easily provoked;
made angry by any person, he would run

aking a strange noise, with his teeth fixed in the back f his hand.

'Of the people who are about him, he is particularly ttached to his master. He will often go out into the eld with him and his men, and seems pleased to be mployed in anything in which he can assist them; but e must always have some person to direct his actions, s may be judged from the following circumstance:— eter was one day engaged with his master in filling a ung-cart. His master had occasion to go into the house, nd left Peter to finish the work, which he soon accomlished; but as Peter must be employed, he saw no reason hy he should not be as usefully engaged in emptying ie cart as he had before been in filling it. On his aster's return, he found the cart nearly emptied gain, and learned a lesson by it which he never after-ards neglected.' Peter died in 1785, at the farm in ertfordshire.

Another authentic case of a boy surviving alone in the oods is that of Victor, the savage of Aveyron. 'Towards ie end of the year 1798, a child, apparently about eleven twelve years of age—who had several times before been en in the woods of Caune, in France, seeking acorns id roots, on which he subsisted—was caught by three ortsmen, who seized him at the moment he was climbing tree to avoid them.

'How this unfortunate child was at first abandoned to a ate of nature could not be discovered. One circumance affords room to conjecture that at the time when is took place an attempt had been made on his life. On ie forepart of his neck was a scar of considerable extent, hich appeared to have proceeded from a wound made by me sharp instrument. Some persons, more disposed an accustomed to acts of cruelty, had doubtless atempted the life of the child, who being left for dead in ie woods, owed to the timely assistance of nature the re of his wound. Besides this, he had, on various parts f his body, twenty-three scars, some of which appeared o have come from the bites of animals, and others from

scratches and excoriations, affording incontestable e
of the long and total abandonment of the unfi
youth. From the testimony of the country-peo
lived near the woods in which he was found, l
have passed in absolute solitude seven years ou
twelve, which was supposed to be his age when c
the woods of Caune.

When he was first brought into society, he l
acorns, potatoes, and raw chestnuts, eating husks
In spite of the utmost vigilance, he was frequen
escaping, and at first shewed great unwillingness t
bed. His eyes were without steadiness and exp
wandering from one object to another, without eve
on any. The organ of hearing was equally inser
the loudest noises and the most harmonious mus
of voice was still more imperfect, for he could ut
a guttural and monotonous sound. He seemed to
indifferent to the smell of the most delicious pe
and the most fetid exhalations; and his sense of
was limited to those mechanical functions occasi
the dread of objects that might be in his way.'

After many escapes, he was finally placed un
care of M. Itard, at Paris. It was found that he
his senses and faculties, but that they were alr
curably dormant. His acquired freedom of will r
him impatient under instruction. 'His paroxysms
became more frequent and more violent, but his
was directed less against persons than things. V
this humour he would gnaw not only his bed-clot
even the mantle-piece; throw the fire-irons, the
and the hot coals about the room; and conclude th
by falling into convulsions, with symptoms res
those of epilepsy.' The further history of this poo
not stated.

Judging from these three instances, we are as
the almost irreparable evil of a total want of earl
tion. Here it must be remarked, that no child r
society is uneducated, as speech and a thousan
gifts are acquired from even the most unenli

ents and neighbours. But in the case of the child red solitarily in the wild, there is no external power draw forth the faculties or to confer accomplishments, cepting the necessity of gathering or seizing food, and viding for shelter and protection against dangerous mals. A mind thus allowed to remain nearly dormant d savage till the age of maturity, appears, from the es we know of, to become almost unfit for subsequent ture.

A BULL-FIGHT AT MADRID.

the year 1822, while resident in Madrid, I had frequent portunities of seeing those savage exhibitions, the bull-hts, of which the Spaniards, notwithstanding their rtial regeneration, still continue to be passionately fond. r their own sake, such spectacles are not worthy of scription, but they serve as records of national manners, be contrasted with something better in our own country, I I will venture to depict one of the exhibitions at ich I chose to be present.

The place of the spectacle was at the amphitheatre, ated beyond the Puerta del Sol, one of the outlets m the city. The edifice is formed of wood, of a cular form, having no roof, and seated quite round, cept at the place where the bulls are kept: these seats somewhat like pews, those for the people of the hest rank being nearest the top of the building. The ce in which the bulls are kept is a cellar under ound, whence the ascent to the arena is by a dark sage, with two doors—one at the end of the passage, d the other opening on the arena; and these doors, at e entrance of the bull, are opened by men in such a nner as completely to cover their persons.

Several days before the exhibition takes place, the lls are confined in the cellar; and during the interval,

are occasionally soundly whipped, in order that th be rendered still more ferocious than they migh wise be. Bulls for this purpose, at Madrid, g come from the wilds between La Sierra More Black Mountain) and La Mancha.

On the day spoken of, the king, the court, grandees, and their ladies, were present, so that favourable opportunity was afforded me of seein ever Madrid boasted of beauty, rank, and fashio especially as my seat was in the very highest ro first *paleos* (boxes) were adorned by some of th somest dark-eyed ladies that could be seen in Spai rich *basquinas*, and mantillas—a particular dr Spanish ladies—being worn with infinite grac immense deal of ceremony takes place before t business of the day commences. Exactly opposit door by which the bull enters, the box of the placed, and of course the highest is allotted purpose. Should the king be absent, the hig authority, whether civil or military, takes his Civil officers are appointed to give orders to those charge of the bulls. The principal magistrate, a by two *alguazils* (inferior officers of justice), ascertained that everything is ready, comes for front of the box occupied by the authorities, and, formal salutation, requests leave to proceed wi entertainment. This being accorded him, he goe the ring, and gives the signal: immediately the tw ing-doors fly open, and a bull rushes furiously i arena; but, upon seeing the assembled multit makes a pause, and looks around, as if seekin object on which to spend his rage. The *picadors*, in the ancient Spanish dress, are stationed on hor lance in hand, at the part of the ring which fa bull's entrance. On this occasion an Asturian dam acting as a *picadora*, the only difference between the others consisting in this, that in place of stopp bull with the lance, she used large darts, which sh *at him* with great dexterity.

occasion of which I am speaking, the first bull
ıed into the arena glared with savage bewilder-
roared prodigiously. The Asturian was the
sent herself before him, and adroitly fixing one
rts in his shoulder, galloped round, the bull
›wards her. Rapidly returning to the charge,
planted another piece of iron in his neck; but,
leavouring to treat him to a similar enlivener
ird time, the bull plunged his horns into the
r horse, and tossed horse and woman to a great
'hey fell as if dead; and while the bull was
ing, amid the applause of the multitude, to put
what he had so well commenced, the *banderil-*
ng men on foot, dressed in red cloaks, and
h darts of wood, shod with iron at the one end,
; a squib at the other, which takes fire on being
ı their red cloaks, came to distract his attention,
he woman an opportunity to escape.
al shout of '*Bueno! Bueno! viva el toro!*' (Bravo!
ng live the bull!) was thundered in the amphi-
ıile the woman and the horse were being removed
rena. The woman had her right leg broken.
t attacking party being thus off the field, the
lor advanced towards the enraged animal; the
ıg forward at him, but he was arrested by
; however, he returned to the charge before
›ould face about, and fixing his horns between the
ghs, tossed him in the air, and overthrew the
stantly the banderilleros again appeared, and
man were removed.
picador offered battle to the bull, which rushing
as stopped by a lance firmly planted in the
; in vain did the bull try to overcome his
by pressing upon him, while the steel was in
every effort only served to fix the lance the
l at last he disentangled himself by drawing
h, in the estimation of the Spaniards, is a very
hing. They manifested their disapprobation by
and forthwith, to excite the unfortunate animal,

the banderilleros threw their darts at him. The poor bull was quite mad; the same picador again stopped the beast; he was very weak from loss of blood, and therefore offered little resistance to the attack. Unable to combat, the time for the *matadors* to despatch him soon came. The first matador (literally, murderer), holding in his left hand the *moleta* (muller), and in his right the sword, drew near him; and the very instant when the animal rushed towards him, he made his allonge, the sword being directed to the heart; the creature staggered, but was not dead. The turn of the second matador now came, and this official soon gave a blow by which the animal fell lifeless to the ground. The moment the poor creature fell at the feet of the second matador, trumpets were heard, and four mules entered to drag the carcass from the arena.

I might describe the various combats which took place with the different bulls; but as, with very little difference, one narration may serve for all, I shall confine myself to relating a ludicrous circumstance that happened in the fight with the fifth animal brought into the arena. This toro was very successful in disabling the several opponents he had to encounter. The three first picadors were all more or less injured; and of their horses, one had his legs broken, and the two others were ripped up by the enraged brute. At such excess of good-fortune on the part of the bull, the applause of the Spaniards was boundless. A French drummer, sitting on the lowest bench, and who was tipsy at the time, annoyed at so many being forced to retire before the bull, leaped the barrier separating the arena from the spectators, and went staggering to set the bull at defiance. Mingled roars of laughter, and cries of 'Long live the drummer!' struck upon the ear. Meantime the man advanced as well as he could, putting himself in a fencing attitude, apparently forgetful, however, that his sabre was hanging by his side.

The bull rushed towards him, and while the drummer appeared desirous of boxing his ears, he was forced, from the effects of the liquor he had taken, to measure the *length of his* back on the ground. The scene now became

amusing in the extreme. Stretched on the sand lay the luckless drummer, moving his feet to whatever direction the bull made the attack, and making a multitude of ejaculations each time that his enemy came to an unpleasant propinquity; though the danger was more apparent than real, as, owing to his antagonist not being able to bring his horns sufficiently low to do him serious injury, he was scarcely touched. The animal, after trying to toss the recumbent drummer, contented himself with simply smelling at him; and then, seeing that nothing could be done, retreated several steps, being obliged to do so by the flashing of the red cloaks of the banderilleros, who came to succour the inebriated combatant. The drummer was quickly removed, almost unhurt, though his antagonist was not so fortunate, for, after having received several lances, he was despatched by the unerring dagger of the matador.

What must appear to the spectator the cruelest part of this exciting spectacle, is the manner in which the poor horses are treated. Their eyes bandaged, they are subjected to the unsparing control of their riders; they are forced, even when wounded, to continue to minister to the gratification of an anxious and sanguinary crowd. No relaxation is afforded them; and till nature, entirely exhausted, refuses them strength to remain any longer standing, they are obliged to bear their part in this brutal entertainment.

No man can reflect on the character induced by the continued indulgence in these *amusements*, without attributing to their influence a considerable part of the disregard for human life always manifested by the Spaniards. The circumstance of frequently beholding the blood of the noblest animals shed without remorse, for no useful end, at last must lead to an entire contempt for the shedding of human blood. The surprise, therefore, that one at first feels on hearing of the atrocities perpetrated during the late civil war in Spain, by the several factions, must disappear when one of the principal causes is assigned.

THE FUNERAL OF LOUGH ERNE.

THERE is not in Ireland scenery much more beautiful than that which borders Lough Erne. Part of it is highly cultivated, adorned with views of seats, the grounds of which, richly planted, run shelving down to the lake, on whose waters the long arms of the lime and drooping-willow, at the season I write of, lay sweeping in their summer luxuriance; other parts are wild and mountainous, barren and bare. We had gone out in the morning from the neighbouring house, where I was a visitor, to enjoy a view of this scenery from the water; but after an hour's sail, the wind rose, the sky became cloudy, and we landed. I soon separated from my party, and indulged my solitary fancies by striking into a wilder and more secluded path.

The storm was gathering fast, but the sky was not dark, except when masses of cloud, passing rapidly along, cast deep shadows over the scenery, which brightened again under that red and stormy sky. These clouds were congregating thickly to windward; yet, notwithstanding, I seated myself on a piece of detached rock, upon the lofty bank, which afforded me two views of striking contrast. On the right, looking up the lake, you saw the cultivated grounds I have mentioned, where deep woods, tinged with autumn's varying shades, opened to give outlets to glimpses of sloping lawns and pastures dotted with flocks; the stately mansion, the white peaceful-looking dwelling, the distant uprising spire—these lay on one side. On the other, the hills ascended to mountains, bleak, frowning, and distinct; the sides of the lake were bare, and, instead of being bounded by a similar precipitous and thickly wooded bank, presented a level shore of shelly sand, on which stood a fine dilapidated fortress, one of the strongholds of the Irish at the *time when both* natives and royalists fell before the

devastating Cromwell. A little further from the shore, where the ground rose rather abruptly, there lay a ruin of another description, equally common in Ireland—an old church or chapel, with its ivied tower; and around it, hanging, as it were, on the sloping hill, the ancient burial-ground, the resort of devotion and affection, where the rude enclosure of osier-work, or the wooden cross, marked the site of the narrow dwelling, or the curiously cut paper-garland waved at its head, speaking in strong simplicity of the depth of the love which fills an Irish heart, even in company with feelings which are apt to seem the most inconsistent with it.

My attention was attracted by a peculiar sound, which at first I thought was a forerunner of the approaching storm. I rose and listened; again it fell, distinct, mournful, and prolonged, upon my ear, and I distinguished that strange wild dirge denominated the Irish Cry. It came onward, floating on the whistling breeze, and winding among the declivities and down the sides of the wild and lofty hills.

The Irish custom of expostulating with the dead for having left this world is, I believe, well known; and as I listened, my slight knowledge of the language, and early familiarity with that singular death-wail, enabled me to make out several expressions of this nature, mingled with epithets of peculiar and touching endearment. The following lines of irregular verse were composed then. I called them—

WORDS TO THE IRISH CRY.

Oh! joy of our hearts, why left ye us mourning,
To sleep 'neath the turf, and to dwell in the grave?
Why did ye go without hope of returning
To hear our glad welcome?—oh! why did ye die?
Why did you die, and thy house filled with plenty,
And the wife of thy youth and thy children all there?
Why did you go where their love had not sent ye?
Avourneen, avourneen!—oh! why did ye die?

Light of our eyes, the glad sunshine is glowing,
But cold is the gloom of the dark narrow house;

Sweet is the breath of the summer wind blowing—
Acushla, acushla!—oh! why did ye die?
The house of thy dwelling is still as the grave,
The wail of thy children floats wild on the air,
The dog waits thy coming, the boat rides the wave—
Why did ye leave us?—oh! why did ye die?

O'er thy cold narrow house shall the wail of her sorr
Rise wide on the gale from the wife thou hast left;
And the eyes of thy children shall wait for the morrc
To see thee returning—oh! why did ye die?
Why did ye die, when the world had not grieved thee
And each cherished blessing of life was thine own—
When no joy had forsaken, no friend had deceived th
Gramachree, gramachree!—why did ye die?

The funeral procession was for some time in m
but I was rather surprised to find it halt imm
beneath me. A rude coffin, covered with bla
laid upon the sands, and the party attending it se
into groups, and fell into conversation. It was
to see a party with such a spectacle of morta
before them, bearing all the appearances of indi
discussing the affairs of this life, jesting, if an
arose, but not even feigning concern for the ev
called them together. Yet this was not, like ma
funerals, a scene of reckless and indecent mirth.
was an air of anxiety, if not uneasiness, in mos
countenances, not excepting that of a beautiful g
appeared to follow the movements and watch th
of the men, as their heads turned often in
directions, with a gaze of expectation or a glance
I found they were waiting here the arrival of th
who was to perform the service before the b
carried for interment across the lake; and that t
feared the advance of another party, who would
the design of burying the deceased in the old
ground. The case was this: the man who lay
the coffin had been a member of one of the facti
disgrace Ireland. The party to which he belon
caused the deaths of two young men of the oppo
tion. Revenge was as usual sworn, and this unf
man, though guiltless of the actual offence, was

faction, so severely beaten at a fair, that he died
equence. His own party, looking on him as a sort
tyr, resolved to give him the benefit of a grave
old church-yard; these ancient places being, in
imation of the people, doubly hallowed ground.
sign, however, as its accomplishment would be a
f respect to the fallen man, it was feared the
faction would oppose; and as its power was much
and its members were likely to come prepared,
ety of the persons who undertook this funeral
ise was considered very questionable. These
tances were mostly known to me before; for I
l enough from the words I heard beneath me to
n, that this was the funeral of a man whose death
lamented over a day or two before.
persons of the group especially engaged my notice.
a man above middle age, whose mild and pensive
countenance seemed to me to indicate a soft and
tious turn of mind; perhaps, however, my skill
iognomy was aided by some actual knowledge of
racter. The other was the young girl before
to. My attention was first drawn to her by this
ying these simple words: 'Aileen, astore, here's
or you.'
it yourself, father,' she replied, throwing herself
sand as she spoke, with a laugh that spoke that
ent of heart which is a continual feast to its
r.
er saw a finer picture of a country-girl than this
She was in the first bloom and blush of youth:
e the unusual equipment of a bonnet, which is
mmon in the north than in other parts of Ireland;
previously been much blown about by the wind,
back entirely as she threw herself on her lowly
ad while with one hand she endeavoured to push
e loosened hair that blew over a face to which
mon emblem of lilies and roses would be more
le than to that of many high-born dames, and
e other drew on the unusual covering, a look of

vexation gave a comical turn to her laughing features, as she cried: 'Ah, then, weary on you for a bonnet; it's always for leaving me you are!'

To gaze on that healthy-looking girl, free from all visitings of pain and grief, or even thought, no one could have helped prognosticating that length of days, and these spent in joyousness, would be her lot. But who sees the end from the beginning?

The approach of the priest was announced: the wind was now boisterous; and finding myself somewhat inconveniently placed, and thinking it might not be decent to walk by while his reverence was engaged in his sacred office, I prepared to leave my hiding-place. Before I emerged into the sight of the company below me, my foot struck against a piece of rock, which, being thrown off a rather precarious balance, rolled down on the shore with some noise.

What a cry followed its descent! 'Mother! mother! mother!' Aileen screamed in accents of fear or agony, and throwing herself on her father, circled him in her arms. The cause of that cry was this: poor Aileen feared not for herself; but that strange presentiment of coming events, which sometimes so unaccountably overhangs the mind, had much disturbed her mother's, which was by no means a weak one; and when she found that her timid and really superstitious husband felt bound by a sense of honour to brave the danger which she somehow fancied threatened him on that day, she, being herself detained by illness, sent her young daughter to defend him from it or deter him from seeking it. It is common in Ireland for women to flock to every scene of anticipated riot or danger, either to be the preventers or the instigators of evil. The fall of the stone was mistaken for the advance of the hostile faction, and Aileen's cry and action arose from her desire to fulfil her mother's behests. Poor woman! she had adventured the whole of her treasures with a view to save a part.

My appearance quickly dissipated their fears. 'Why *then*, Aileen, agra,' said the father, disengaging himself;

t yourself that's the poor foolish creature? The
f a cat isn't in you, alanna.'
n sorry I alarmed you,' I said, looking at Aileen,
eeply blushing, again pulled on her bennet, and
my pardon.
no,' I answered, 'I ought to ask yours.'
goodness keep us from that—that you should go
sk pardon, ma'am! But it wasn't for myself I
ard; only my poor mother, ma'am, she laid it on
ring father home safe to her.'
ll,' I said, 'if there is any danger around you
u cannot of yourselves avoid, I hope you will
e protection of Him who can deliver from all

people all bowed their heads reverently; and
pressions of 'True for you, ma'am,' and 'Sure
, that's all that's in it,' and such like, they opened
or me to pass on to a more retired and sheltered

e the funeral-service was over, the apprehensions
people had greatly changed their object. There
appearance of the hostile faction; but the lowering
the boisterous wind, and stormy lake, led them to
at a passage over it might be attended with some
well as unpleasantness. The water was already
d heavily rolling; and the wind still increasing in
, most of the persons assembled asserted that it
be wiser to put off the interment of the corpse
e next day, and deposit it till then in a secure
n; but the nearest relatives of the deceased were
ntly opposed to a plan that would allow time for
on on the part of their enemies. Among the
st opposers of the further prosecution of the
was poor Aileen: she implored her father to
om it, and used all her rustic eloquence to pre-
the persons who wished to carry it into effect.
Moran, a man easily persuaded, and always
l to yield to his only and loving child, took her
nd was turning away with her to go home, when

one of the brothers of the deceased, placing hir his path, thus addressed, or rather, in the Irisl interrogated him: 'Then, Patrick Moran, is this y You that was ever ready to help the right side? have you the heart of a man in you at all at all? reverence standing by to look at you; and is burning shame to think you'd be after turnir back on us in this way?—and he that died in th and all.'

'I tell you,' said Moran, 'it's not for mys afeard; if it wasn't for this young creature, it's a l such lakes I'd be after crossing to do him any Will you go home to your mother without me, aroon? My blessing be with you, and do— avourneen—you see, now, Bryan, how it's with n the father.

'Bah! and you to be ruled by the word of colleen! But haven't you any faith at all, man there Father M'Mahon standing beside us, and d know that if he was to lay his hand to it, he could across the lake like a sea-gull, if it was rolling as the ocean itself, let alone that bit of a swell?'

'I'm not for denying that,' said Moran; 'th ness keep us from all such thoughts! No mistru power came over me; but, you see, he hasn't dor

The hint was taken, the priest was spoken merits and necessity of the case were urged, a vailed: some ceremonies were performed, ar prayers muttered, and it was then declared as cross the stormy lake in that frail but charmed ance as to walk on dry and level earth. Mora were at once allayed; he stepped in perfect secu the blessed boat, which had been for some time its only freight—the coffin and the dead; but th said that no mischief could happen to them now got the blessing, he yet added an entreaty to Aile back with those who, it had been previously a should only attend the procession to the water *Aileen replied* by stepping into the boat, and

'ell, then, father, the blessing will hold good for me well, I suppose; and whether or no, I'll never face ther till you are with me.'

The drawing-room of the house where I was staying s cheerful and bright; but, without, the tall trees bent, l seemed to groan in the howling wind. A gentleman, o had been out on a visit to the stables, came in, and d to me that great apprehensions were felt for the ety of the boat, the adventures of which I had been sting at dinner. One of the servants, who had walked onsiderable distance, had seen it leaving the opposite e at a time which allowed scarcely any hope but that nust have arrived unless some accident had occurred. e wind was boisterous, but no rain fell; the moon, ggling with clouds that drifted across her, emitted a t, pallid light: we secured ourselves as well as we ld, and, with the help of the gentlemen's arms, reached lake.

Its shores were not solitary: the moonlight was suffint to give a view of the anxious faces that looked over waters; a stillness like that of coming death prevailed; even a surmise was heard; awful suspense held ry heart and tongue. It was not possible to see many ds over the lake; the wind, which blew in strong, ul gusts, curled up high and foaming waves, that ke with a hollow roar, and lay still until another st upraised them.

The only hope was, that the boat, unable to maintain irect course, might be beating down the stream; the ion was quickly caught, and the bystanders turned ir wailings into prayer. Some of them flew for the est who had blessed the boat, and, hurrying him down, ought him again to exert his power. With marks of siderable agitation, he read the prayers for allaying rms; he then cast holy-water on the troubled lake, d motioned the sign of the cross against the stormy r: and the one, just then, blew one of its loudest sts, and the other, lifting a crested wave, dashed it at feet.

The gentlemen who accompanied us d
means of succouring the distressed, if, indee
still needed. They had fires lighted in the sa
places, and listened, as they stood in their wi
light, to hear if any answers came to the
which for some time the shores re-echoed. N
sound came over the dark waters; one o
flashes of lightning glanced over the ang
shewed further the surface of the lake, but sh
upon it. A loud peal of thunder was the
heavy fall of rain; and, heart-sick, we retur
expedition.

The next morning all was known. The su
the wind, allayed by the rain, had sunk alm
the waters of the beautiful lake were still dis
swollen, but calm; and there was the boat
upwards, upon them! Aileen and her fath
all its other passengers, low, low beneath th
were many sharers in their fate; but—ala
nature!—the heart pauses the longest ove
the young, the lovely, and the loved.

END OF VOL. XXIII.

CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

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CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

THUROT, THE NAVAL PARTISAN.

Francois Thurot, an adventurer of the Paul Jones class, whose career presents some remarkable points of interest, was born in the year 1727, at Nuits, in Burgundy. According to the best accounts, his paternal grandfather was an Irishman of the name of Farrell, a captain in the Irish army of James II., and one of the exiles who followed that monarch's fallen fortunes. While attached to the establishment of James at St Germains, Captain Farrell gained the affections of Mademoiselle Thurot, niece to a member of the Parliament of Paris, and wedded her, to the great indignation of her relatives. The latter discountenanced the pair in every way; and it was only on the decease of both that their son was adopted by his mother's friends, and received their family name of Thurot. In the course of his mature years, this individual was three times married, and his second wife brought him the son whose history we are about to relate. She died in giving the child birth; and while he was being carried to the font, the mother was receiving the last offices of humanity in the adjoining place of sepulture. An incident

of some importance to the boy at a future period, was the consequence of this somewhat striking circumstance. It was customary at that time for ladies of rank to go to the churches about Christmas, and offer themselves as sponsors for any of the children that might be brought there for baptism, with the charitable view of doing some good to them in their after-lives. One Madame Tallard offered in this way to be sponsor for young Thurot; and being led to inquire into the cause of his father's obvious and unusual grief, she was so much moved by what she heard as to make the boy a handsome present, and to promise to do something for him in succeeding years. The promise, it will be found, was not forgotten.

The English memoir-writers say that all these things took place at Boulogne, but the French Biographical Dictionary informs us, that the Thurot family were at this time resident in Burgundy, and that Francois was sent by his father to the Jesuit school of Dijon, in order to learn the art of surgery. We are also told, by the same authority, that the boy shewed an unconquerable passion for adventure, and military or rather naval affairs, and that he ran off, when about fifteen years old, to the seaport of Dunkirk. Either at the latter place, or at Boulogne, he appears to have become acquainted with one Farrell, an Irishman, who followed the profession of a smuggler. The name of Farrell led to an acquaintance between this man and young Thurot, in consequence of which the latter was induced to make a voyage to Ireland, being told that the O'Farrells were still a flourishing house in Connaught, and that he might there get into the way of advancing his fortunes.

After voyaging as far as the Isle of Man with his Irish cousin, the high-spirited lad took some offence at his conductor, and chose to stay on the island behind the vessel. 'The world was now before him where to choose;' and his first thought was to enter on board of any vessel that came in the way. But none *touched at* the time at the island, and Thurot was glad to

his bread by becoming servant to a gentleman Anglesey, of the same disreputable profession Mr Farrell.

Anglesey smuggler was indeed old in the trade nning goods;' and, taking a fancy for the hand- active French youth, employed him in various issions betwixt Man and the Anglesey coasts. Thurot learned the English tongue, and acquired strong taste for naval adventure which charac- him through life, as well as that skill and expe- in contraband trading no less characteristic of er-years. Growing wearied of his position, Thurot an opportunity afforded to him of visiting Dublin, bly having some curiosity about his Irish relations. furnished, at his arrival, with only eleven shillings, n fell, as may be imagined, into a state of distress, und himself obliged to enter the family of Lord , in the capacity of valet. The handsome French- however, excited some unpleasant suspicions in that , and was forced to shift into that of another noble- who dwelt in a country situation by the sea-side.

a time Thurot was here occupied in rural sports; ntering into them with his usual energy, acquired celebrity for activity, skill, and utility as a caterer usement to his master and friends. But numerous lers frequented that portion of the coast, and, ng, our hero involved himself deeply with these , among whom his dexterity and experience ly raised him to be a leader. His generosity in uting teas, brandies, and stuffs of value among his s and favourites, at length betrayed him, and his ling associates were watched by the revenue-officers. l laden boats were taken; but Thurot, who had on board of one, contrived to escape with it, and his way to Scotland. His share of the saved cargo ted to L.150; and with this sum he made a figure hort time in Edinburgh. Ultimately, a gentleman nch extraction met with him, and was induced to or get for him the mastership of the sloop *Annie*,

with which Thurot went to London on an honest co
cial trip. But the sloop was accidentally burned
Thames, and its late master was again left without
employment. For the next four years—betwixt 17
1752—Thurot passed frequently betwixt Lond
France, having devoted himself to his old emplo
of smuggling. In 1752, he went to reside at Bo
and continued in the same line.

By his daring, skill, and success, as well as
extraordinary generosity and humaneness of ch
which he displayed, he had now made himse
king of the smugglers. His boats ran an im
quantity of goods between the French and
coasts, usually succeeding in carrying out and in
L.20,000 worth annually. English and French re
coasters might sometimes seize a cargo; but in v
they attempt to capture or check Thurot in his
tions. The French writers also say that he was a b
most successful privateer. At length the French g
ment ordered the president of the province to take
persons suspected of smuggling at Boulogne, and
had the ill-luck to be one of the first seized. H
carried to Dunkirk, and evidence was gathered
him sufficient to convict him capitally; but no
sponsorship of Madame Tallard proved his safe
The president just mentioned was the son of tha
and he was induced so to exert himself, that the
her godson Thurot was spared.

This seeming check in the roving career of Thur
in reality, the means of advancing him to honou
rank far above his wildest hopes; and he had
shewn a spirit of ambition that soared above his or
employments. The President Tallard had represen
is probable, the possibility of his being made a
useful man to his country. He was sent for to
and being examined respecting the smuggling tra
gave such proofs of his skill, experience, and dar
naval matters, that the government resolved to e
him in the event of a renewal of the war with En

he war did break out in 1755, immediately afterwards, nd Thurot received the command of a sloop of war. ut this was an instrument too petty for his views, and e asked and obtained leave to join the privateers of unkirk. It was at this time that, by his brilliant xploits, the subject of our memoir made his name truly rrible to the merchants of Britain. He took many hips, and deeply injured their commerce in the Channel. ttracted by his increasing celebrity as a naval partisan, ie French court again sent for him in 1757, and he was ominated to the command of the frigate *Friponne*. In his he continued so to distinguish himself, that Marshal elleisle got him appointed to the command of a little uadron of two frigates and two corvettes, and he was nt to the northern seas, to intercept a large convoy of ritish merchantmen from Archangel. Thurot had now eans somewhat commensurate with his abilities and mprehensive views. After taking nearly ten mer- antmen, and cruising a long time, he fell in with four glish vessels of war, two of them larger than his rn, and an obstinate engagement ensued, in which urot was the victor. He subsequently took to Christian- nd, in Norway, not fewer than fourteen captured ships. e issued thence again, approached the Scottish coasts, d took one brig of eighteen guns, with a number of ge merchantmen, and returned to the port of Dunkirk, er a restless and brilliant course of two years. The itish were deemed so completely masters of the seas, d it was so unusual for French captains to meet them anything like terms of equality, much less of superi- ity, that Thurot, at this time (1758) but a man of thirty ars of age, was received almost with triumphal honours the French court, and became the lion of the hour. eing every other seaman baffled by the enemy, the vernment turned to Thurot as to an anchor of hope, d sought his advice on the conduct of their naval airs. Like Paul Jones in later days, he was impressed a knowledge of the unfortified state of the coasts and wns of Britain; and, like him also, he boldly counselled

a descent on the island. The advice was taken. Intending to act on several points at once, the government gave Thurot five frigates, of 168 guns in all, with a complement of 700 sailors, and 1270 soldiers, to attack the Irish coasts. The British ships, with the aid of winds and weather, ultimately defeated the other parts of the scheme, but the indefatigable Thurot vindicated his repute to a certain extent in the fulfilment of his own task. No longer a contraband trader or unauthorised privateer, but an honoured servant of his country, he sailed from Dunkirk in October 1759, and got safe to Ostend. But in attempting to pass around the north of Britain, the Channel being avoided as filled with British ships, the French frigates were met by a terrible storm, and one of them was so much injured as to require being sent home. At length the squadron reached the Derry coast, but ere they could land, were again driven to sea, and another ship was permanently separated from the number. Thurot's men had now begun to suffer greatly from fatigue and want of provisions, and the other captains entreated him to return to France; but he was unsubdued in spirit, and firmly refused. In order to procure refreshments, he anchored, on the 16th of February, off Islay, and, being able to enforce his will, obtained supplies, for which, however, to his honour, he paid punctually, and even most liberally. The state of his men, after only four months of the sea, may be guessed from the fact, that on getting ashore, they ate grass with avidity. Here, too, Thurot heard of the failure of the rest of the invading squadron; but still he persisted in his course, and, with his scanty stores, moved for Carrickfergus, determined at least to wipe so far away by one retaliative descent, the memory of some of the many similar insults inflicted by Britain on France. On the 21st, he anchored in Carrickfergus Bay, and, about three in the afternoon, landed his soldiery, now reduced to about 600 men, along with 200 or 300 sailors. Carrickfergus was then surrounded by an old and ruinous wall, and its castle by one equally old and ruinous. The place was *garrisoned* with four companies of men, but they were

poorly furnished with ammunition. Therefore, though the commandant, Captain Jennings, made a defence, Thurot soon forced the gates, and entered the town. He then marched along the streets, keeping up a fire with the garrison, which was retreating to the castle. Here an incident took place which shews the humane character of the assailing party. A little child, in thoughtless play, ran between the combatants, when a French officer started forward, and, taking up the child tenderly, carried it to the next door, which chanced to be the paternal one. Unfortunately, the gallant man exposed himself too much, and was shot. Thurot continued to press on the castle after the garrison had entered, and quickly compelled them to capitulate.

Master of the town, he now demanded supplies of stores, which the magistrates most imprudently hesitated to comply with. In consequence, the town was plundered, Thurot telling them that the fault was their own. After taking what he could, the French commander, satisfied with what he had done to sustain his character, resolved immediately to quit the coast. But the career of the brave adventurer was drawing near its close.

The news of his descent had spread; and ere he could leave Carrickfergus Bay, three British frigates, under Captain Elliott, had arrived to encounter him. Nothing daunted, however, Thurot prepared for action; nor could the issue of the contest have been, with any certainty, pronounced beforehand. The vessels were equal in numbers on both sides; and though the French crews were more numerous, they and their ships were in a very worn-out condition, while the British seamen were unspent by toil, and their vessels a little heavier in metal than the others. The engagement commenced with great spirit on both sides. Thurot maintained his character for seamanship and courage, and fought without flinching or retrograding one inch. The well-manned guns of the British covered his decks with dead bodies; a shot struck his own ship under water, and the sea rose high in the hold; yet still Thurot

struggled for a chance of victory. Its sun smiled not then upon him. He was not destined, however, to become the captive of a mortal enemy; he fell dead amid his companions on the deck; and, after a contest of an hour and a half in all, the French ships became the prize of the British.

Thus perished, in the prime of manhood, a man of whom his national enemies had learned to think with esteem and respect. 'The public,' says the *Annual Register* for 1760, the year following the event above related, 'lamented the death of the brave Thurot, who, even while he commanded a privateer, fought less for plunder than honour; whose behaviour was on all occasions full of humanity and generosity; and whose undaunted courage raised him to rank and merited distinction. His death secured the glory he always sought.'

Our readers will see a striking resemblance betwixt the career of Thurot and that of Paul Jones, as well as between the characters of the two men. They exhibited skill, courage, and humanity in no ordinary degree; and both evidently possessed those characteristics which go to the composition of the Nelsons and the Napiers. Large opportunities, however, for proving their endowments were not granted to either — for our country we may perhaps say happily so, since they were her enemies.

MAY-DAY.

A SOUND of laughing villages comes over the imagination at the very name of May-day. This, in times when festivals were real observances of the people, was one of the most signally and cheerfully kept, although it has not the least trace of Christianity about it, but may be said to be pagan all over. The celebration of May-day must *have been* prompted by nature herself: the time of the

oung flower and leaf, and of all the promise which ugust fulfils, could not but impress the minds of the mplest people, and dispose them to joyful demonstra-ons in word and act. The sun, as the immediate author f the glories of the season, was now worshipped by the eltic nations under the name of Baal; hence the festival f *Beltein*, still faintly observed in Ireland and the ighlands of Scotland. Even in Ayrshire, they kindled al's fire in the evening of May-day, till about the year 90. The Romans held games called Floralia, at which ere was great display of flowers, and where women nced, if we are to believe Juvenal, only too enthusias-ally. The May-day jollities of modern Europe seem be directly descended from the Floralia.

In England, we have to go back a couple of hundred ars for the complete May-day; since then, it has gra-ally declined, and now it is almost extinct. When it s fully observed, the business of the day began with e day itself—that is to say, at midnight. We have the thority of Shakspeare, that with the populace of Eng-nd it was impossible to sleep on May morning. Imme-iately after twelve had struck, they were all astir, wish-g each other a merry May, as they still, at the same me on the 1st of January, wish each other a happy new ar. They then went forth, with music and the blowing horns, to some neighbouring wood, where they em-oyed themselves in breaking down and gathering anches. These they brought back at an early hour, d planted over their doors, so that by daylight the iole village looked quite a bower. The citizens of ndon went a-Maying in this fashion, notwithstanding eir comparative distance from woods. They went arshalled in parishes, or in unions of two or three rishes; their mayor and aldermen went also; and we ad of Henry VIII. and Queen Catherine riding from eenwich to Shooter's Hill, attended by lords and ladies, join in the sport. In some places, the Mayers brought me a garland suspended from a pole, round which they nced. In others—and this was a more general custom

—there was an established May-pole for the village which it was their business to dress up with flowers and flags, and dance around throughout all the latter part of the day. A May-pole was as tall as the mast of a sloop of fifty tons, painted with spiral stripes of black and white, and properly fixed in a frame to keep it erect. Here lads and lasses danced in a joyful ring for hours to the sounds of the viol; and masquers personating Robin Hood, Little John, Maid Marian, and others of the celebrated Sherwood company of outlaws, as well as morris dancers, performed their still more merry pranks. May-poles, as tending to encourage levity of deportment, were condemned by the Puritans in Elizabeth's time; James I. supported them in his Book of Sports; they were altogether suppressed during the time of the Commonwealth, but got up again at the Restoration. No change of manners has done that which ordinances of parliament could not do. This object, so interwoven with our national poetical literature, is all but rooted out of the land. Washington Irving speaks of having seen *one* in the earlier days of his acquaintance with England —probably thirty-six years ago. 'I shall never,' he says, 'forget the delight I felt on first seeing a May-pole. It was on the banks of the Dee, close by the picturesque old bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester. I had already been carried back into former days by the antiquities of that venerable place, the examination of which is equal to turning over the pages of a black-letter volume, or gazing on the pictures in Froissart. The May-pole on the margin of that poetic stream completed the illusion. My fancy adorned it with wreaths of flowers, and peopled the green bank with all the dancing revelry of May-day. The mere sight of this May-pole gave a glow to my feelings, and spread a charm over the country for the rest of the day; and as I traversed a part of the fair plains of Cheshire, and the beautiful borders of Wales, and looked from among swelling hills down a long green valley, *through* which "the Deva wound its wizard stream," my

imagination turned all into a perfect Arcadia. I value every custom that tends to infuse poetical feeling into the common people, and to sweeten and soften the rudeness of rustic manners, without destroying their simplicity. Indeed, it is to the decline of this happy simplicity that the decline of this custom may be traced; and the rural dance on the green, and the homely May-day pageant, have gradually disappeared, in proportion as the peasantry have become expensive and artificial in their pleasures, and too knowing for simple enjoyment. Some attempts, indeed, have been made of late years, by men of both taste and learning, to rally back the popular feeling to these standards of primitive simplicity; but the time has gone by—the feeling has become chilled by habits of gain and traffic—the country apes the manners and amusements of the town, and little is heard of May-day at present, except from the lamentations of authors, who sigh after it from among the brick-walls of the city.'

It is not unworthy of notice, that the late Dr Parr was 'a patron of May-day sports. Opposite his parsonage house at Hatton, near Warwick, on the other side of the road, stood the parish May-pole, which on the annual festival was dressed with garlands, surrounded by a numerous band of villagers. The doctor was "first of the throng," and danced with his parishioners the gayest of the gay. He kept the large crown of the May-pole in a closet of his house, from which it was produced every May-day, with fresh flowers and streamers, preparatory to its elevation, and to the doctor's own appearance in the ring. He always spoke of this festivity as one wherein he joined with peculiar delight to himself and advantage to his neighbours.'*

A certain superstitious feeling attached to May-day. The dew of that morning was considered as a cosmetic of the highest efficacy, and women, especially young women, who are never unwilling to improve in this

* Hone's *Everyday Book.*

respect, used to go abroad before sunrise to gather *it*. To this day, there is a resort of the fair sex every May-morning to Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh, for the purpose of washing their faces with the dew. Mr Pepys, in his curious diary written in the time of Charles II, gravely tells us of his wife gone to Woolwich for a little air, and to gather May-dew, 'which Mrs Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world [Rowland's Kalydor not being then invented] to wash her face with.' Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, speaks of a sprig of hawthorn gathered on May-day, and hung in the entry to a house, as a presumed preservative against all malign influences. We find another quaint superstition as to May-day in Gay's *Shepherd's Week*:—

> 'Last May-day fair, I searched to find a snail
> That might my secret lover's name reveal.
> Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
> For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
> I seized the vermin; home I quickly sped,
> And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread:
> Slow crawled the snail, and if I right can spell,
> In the soft ashes marked a curious L.
> Oh! may this wondrous omen lucky prove,
> For L is found in Lubberkin and Love.'

There was also a practice of making fools on May-day, similar to what obtains on the first of the preceding month. The deluded were called *May-goslings*. It was held unlucky to marry in May—a notion which, we learn from Ovid, existed among the Romans.

A gentleman residing at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, communicated to Mr Hone a curious account of the way in which May-day is observed at that place. The Mayers there express their judgment of the estimableness of the characters of their neighbours by fixing branches upon their doors before morning; those who are unpopular find themselves marked with nettle or some other vile weed instead. 'Throughout the day, parties of these Mayers are seen dancing and frolicking in various parts of the town. The group that I saw to-day, which remained in Bancroft for more than an hour, was composed *as follows*:—First came two men with their faces blacked,

iem with a birch-broom in his hand, and a large
hump on his back; the other dressed as a
ill in rags and tatters, with a large straw-bonnet
carrying a ladle: these are called "Mad Moll
husband." Next came two men, one most fan-
dressed with ribbons, and a great variety of
loured silk handkerchiefs tied round his arms
shoulders to the wrists, and down his thighs and
:he ankles; he carried a drawn sword in his
aning upon his arm was a youth dressed as a
, in white muslin, and profusely bedecked from
ie with gay ribbons; these, I understood, were
ie "Lord and Lady" of the company. After
lowed six or seven couples more, attired much
ime style as the lord and lady, only the men
hout swords. When this group received a satis-
:ontribution at any house, the music struck up
iolin, clarionet, and fife, accompanied by the long
id they began the merry dance, and very well
ced, I assure you; the men-*women* looked and
so much like *real* women, that I stood in great
to which sex they belonged to, till Mrs J——
ne that women were not permitted to mingle in
orts. While the dancers were merrily footing
incipal amusement to the populace was caused
rimaces and clownish tricks of Mad Moll and
and. When the circle of spectators became so
id as to interrupt the dancers, then Mad Moll's
went to work with his broom, and swept the
t all round the circle into the faces of the crowd;
in any pretended affronts were offered (and
ire offered) to his wife, he pursued the offenders,
hand; if he could not overtake them, whether
e males or females, he flung his broom at them.
ghts and pursuits caused an abundance of merri-
The Hitchin Mayers have a song much in the
a Christmas carol, which Mr Hone has also

* Hone's *Everyday Book*.

'Remember us, poor Mayers all,
And thus do we begin
To lead our lives in righteousness,
Or else we die in sin.

We have been rambling all this night,
And almost all this day;
And now, returned back again,
We have brought you a branch of May.

A branch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands;
It is but a sprout,
But it's well budded out
By the work of our Lord's hands.

The hedges and trees they are so green,
As green as any leek;
Our heavenly Father he watered them
With his heavenly dew so sweet.

The heavenly gates are open wide,
Our paths are beaten plain,
And if a man be not too far gone,
He may return again.

The life of man is but a span,
It flourishes like a flower;
We are here to-day and gone to-morrow,
And we are dead in an hour.

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light,
A little before it is day;
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May!'

In London, as has been said, May-day was once as much observed as it was in any rural district. There were several May-poles throughout the city, particularly one near the bottom of Catherine Street, in the Strand, which, rather oddly, became in its latter days a support for a large telescope at Wanstead, in Essex, the property of the Royal Society. The milkmaids were amongst the last conspicuous celebrators of the day. They used to dress themselves in holiday guise on this morning, and come in bands with fiddles, whereto they danced, attended by a strange-looking pyramidal pile, covered with pewter plates, ribbons, and streamers, either borne by a man *upon his head*, or by two men upon a handbarrow: this

lled their *garland*. The young chimney-sweepers ade this a peculiar festival, coming forth into the in fantastic dresses, and making all sorts of un- noises with their shovels and brushes. The bene- Mrs Montagu, one of the first of the class of y ladies in England, gave these home slaves an dinner on this day, in order, we presume, to aid in reconciling them to existence. In London, ıy still remains the great festival of the sweeps, ıch finery and many vagaries are exhibited on the n.

Robin Hood games and morris-dances, by which y was distinguished till the Reformation, appear, ıany scattered notices of them, to have been enter- nts full of interest to the common people. Robin ın alternatively styled in at least one document as ıg of May, while Maid Marian seems to have been ı the Queen. The various scattered particulars ing these festivities, which make but dry reading nselves, have been wrought up to some advantage Strutt in his *Queen Hoo Hall*, where he describes ıy as celebrated by the servants and dependents English baron of the fifteenth century. (We ı a little in the matter of costume.) 'In the front ɔavilion, a large square was staked out, and fenced ɔes, to prevent the crowd from pressing upon the ıers, and interrupting the diversion; there were ·o bars at the bottom of the enclosure, through the actors might pass and repass, as occasion d. Six young men first entered the square, clothed ins of leather, with axes upon their shoulders like en, and their heads bound with large garlands of ves, intertwined with sprigs of hawthorn. Then d six young maidens of the village, dressed in rtles, with garlands of primroses on their heads, a fine sleek cow, decorated with ribbons of colours interspersed with flowers; and the horns animal were tipped with gold. These were suc- by six foresters equipped in green tunics, with

hoods and hosen of the same colour; each of them carried a bugle-horn attached to a baldrick of silk, which he sounded as he passed the barrier. After them came Peter Lanaret, the baron's chief-falconer, who personified *Robin Hood;* he was attired in a bright grass-green tunic, fringed with gold; his hood and his hosen were party-coloured, blue and white; he had a large garland of rosebuds on his head, a bow bent in his hand, a sheaf of arrows at his girdle, and a bugle-horn depending from a baldrick of light blue tarantine, embroidered with silver; he had also a sword and a dagger, the hilts of both being richly embossed with gold. Fabian, a page, as *Little John*, walked at his right hand; and Cecil Cellerman, the butler, as *Will Stukely*, at his left. These, with ten others of the jolly outlaw's attendants who followed, were habited in green garments, bearing their bows bent in their hands, and their arrows in their girdles. Then came two maidens, in orange-coloured kirtles with white courtpies, strewing flowers, followed immediately by the *Maid Marian*, elegantly habited in a watchet-coloured tunic reaching to the ground. She was supported by two bridemaidens, in sky-coloured rochets girt with crimson girdles. After them came four other females, in green courtpies, and garlands of violets and cowslips. Then Sampson, the smith, as *Friar Tuck*, carrying a huge quarter-staff on his shoulder; and Morris, the mole-taker, who represented *Much*, the miller's son, having a long pole with an inflated bladder attached to one end. And after them the *May-pole*, drawn by eight fine oxen, decorated with scarfs, ribbons, and flowers of divers colours, and the tips of their horns were embellished with gold. The rear was closed by the hobby-horse and the dragon. When the May-pole was drawn into the square, the foresters sounded their horns, and the populace expressed their pleasure by shouting incessantly until it reached the place assigned for its elevation. During the time the ground was preparing for its reception, the barriers of the bottom of the enclosure were opened for the villagers to approach and adorn it;

with ribbons, garlands, and flowers, as their inclination prompted them. The pole being sufficiently onerated with finery, the square was cleared from such as had no part to perform in the pageant, and then it was elevated amidst the reiterated acclamations of the spectators. The *woodmen* and the *milkmaidens* danced around it according to the rustic fashion; the measure was played by Peretto Cheveritte, the baron's chief-minstrel, on the *bagpipes*, accompanied with the pipe and tabor, performed by one of his associates. When the dance was finished, Gregory, the jester, who undertook to play the *hobby-horse*, came forward with his appropriate equipment, and frisking up and down the square without restriction, imitated the galloping, curvetting, ambling, trotting, and other paces of a horse, to the infinite satisfaction of the lower classes of the spectators. He was followed by Peter Parker, the baron's ranger, who personated a *dragon*, hissing, yelling, and shaking his wings with wonderful ingenuity; and to complete the mirth, Morris, in the character of Much, having small bells attached to his knees and elbows, capered here and there between the two monsters in the form of a dance; and as often as he came near to the sides of the enclosure, he cast slyly a handful of meal into the faces of the gaping rustics, or rapped them about their heads with the bladder tied at the end of his pole. In the meantime, Sampson, representing Friar Tuck, walked with much gravity around the square, and occasionally let fall his heavy staff upon the toes of such of the crowd as he thought were approaching more forward than they ought to do; and if the sufferers cried out from the sense of pain, he addressed them in a solemn tone of voice, advising them to count their beads, say a paternoster or two, and to beware of purgatory. These vagaries were highly palatable to the populace, who announced their delight by repeated plaudits and loud bursts of laughter; for this reason they were continued for a considerable length of time; but Gregory, beginning at last to falter in his paces, ordered the dragon to fall back. The well-nurtured

beast, being out of breath, readily obeyed; and their two companions followed their example, which concluded this part of the pastime. Then the archers set up a target at the lower part of the green, and made trial of their skill in a regular succession. Robin Hood and Will Stukely excelled their comrades, and both of them lodged an arrow in the centre circle of gold, so near to each other that the difference could not readily be decided, which occasioned them to shoot again, when Robin struck the gold a second time, and Stukely's arrow was affixed upon the edge of it. Robin was therefore adjudged the conqueror; and the prize of honour, a garland of laurel embellished with variegated ribbons, was put upon his head; and to Stukely was given a garland of ivy, because he was the second-best performer in that contest. The pageant was finished with the archery, and the procession began to move away to make room for the villagers, who afterwards assembled in the square, and amused themselves by dancing round the May-pole in promiscuous companies, according to the ancient custom.'

VINCENT DE PAUL.

THE name of Vincent de Paul is almost unknown to the general public of Britain. The case is very different, however, as respects France, the land of his nativity. There he holds the same rank which the Howards hold in our own country; and, like these individuals, he deserves to be known wherever benevolence is honoured and genius admired.

Vincent de Paul was born at Ranquines, a hamlet in the department of the Landes, on the 24th of April 1576. His parents were not wealthy, and in boyhood he *was intrusted* with the humble office of tending their *sheep. At* the age of twelve, he was placed under the

cordeliers of Acqs, in order to receive his education. He made rapid progress in his studies; and, at sixteen, had qualified himself for becoming tutor to a respectable family, in which he acquired sufficient means to recompense his parents for their past outlay, and complete his course of training for the priesthood. In 1596 he received the tonsure; and, for the next seven years, supported himself by teaching, preferring to continue the while his theological studies rather than accept a curacy, for which he conceived himself not fully qualified. A considerable sum was left to him in 1605, soon after which event, while sailing with a friend to Narbonne, he was taken prisoner by a Turkish corsair, and carried to Tunis. There he was sold as a slave, and for two years endured the hardest fortunes, under successive masters. At length he fell into the hands of a Savoyard renegade, one of whose wives was of Greek extraction. This woman used to visit the fields where Vincent de Paul followed his laborious occupations, and one day she asked him to sing a hymn to that God who seemed to be so much in his thoughts. With tears flowing from his eyes, he sang to her the song of the expatriated children of Israel, commemorative of the time when they hung their harps upon the willows by Babel's streams. The Greek woman was herself far from home, and the mournful melody went to her heart. She had great influence with her husband; and the issue of her representations was, that he not only gave the French captives their liberty, but accompanied them in their flight to Avignon, where he was publicly restored to the bosom of the Christian church.

Soon after his return on this occasion, Vincent de Paul accompanied the vice-legate to Rome, and gained so much on the esteem of the pope, and other high ecclesiastical dignitaries, that he was sent by them on a mission to Henry IV. in the year 1609. His subsequent nomination to the office of almoner to the French queen, Marguerite of Valois, exposed him to such temptations, that he soon resigned the office, and sought repose of conscience in

retirement. After holding a rural curacy for some
Vincent was appointed tutor to the three sons
Count de Joigny, absentee-governor of the convict-
at Marseille; but pressed again by a tender cons
he left for a time that household, to undertal
spiritual charge of Chatillon-les-Dombes, in Bresse
place, notorious for the vicious habits of its popu
became, under the eye of its zealous pastor, the ab
happiness and virtue. The poor and infirm were a
the peculiar charge of Vincent de Paul; and it wa
that he established, for their benefit, his first Fell
of Charity (*Confrérie de Charité*)—an institution
became the model of numerous others subseq
formed in France. Vincent returned to the fan
De Joigny in 1617, at the pressing entreaties
countess, who had felt his loss deeply. He now e
earnestly on the formation of missions for the re
instruction of rural places where it was greatly re
But a much more striking task to which Vincent d
devoted himself, was one connected with the
convicts. He visited the prisons where they were
considerable time confined before being sent on
the ships at Marseille. He then saw, to use h
words, 'unfortunate beings shut up in dark and
dungeons, devoured by vermin, attenuated by wa
misery, and entirely neglected both in body and
This state of things excited in him the profo
emotions of pity and sorrow, and he resolved
should exist no longer. Receiving leave from the
de Joigny, he commenced by purchasing, in the
Saint Honoré, a building large enough to receive
convicts of Paris condemned to the galleys. H
made an appeal to the charity of his friends, in o
enable him to perfect that establishment for the re
of the convicts. The result was, that, by indefa
personal exertions, he restored comfort to these u
persons, and converted them from reckless and bla
ing maniacs into peaceful and resigned penitents
men marvelled at the change effected by the unw

solitary individual, and the king was so much
' the spectacle, that he appointed Vincent de
619, almoner-general of the convict-galleys of
ı which office it was in his power to extend
e range of his benefactions. He was also in-
th the government of the first convent of the
at Paris.

r 1622 was remarkable for one of the noblest
h Christian charity ever prompted a human
perform. Vincent de Paul had quitted his
Paris in order to satisfy himself, with his own
the condition and mode of management of
cts in the galleys at Marseille. To prevent
exhibitions, he went without warning, and

In passing from rank to rank of the convicts,
o one poor young man, who appeared far more
nd despairing than the others. Vincent inquired
ıse. He had been condemned to three years of
's for smuggling, and the cause of his deep
as the miserable condition to which his wife
ron must have been reduced by his absence.
o the soul by the tears of the convict, Vincent
solution which few men could have taken. In
; the sufferings of the condemned, he ever im-
ɔon them the necessity that existed for bowing
's ; and he would not, even in this case, teach
te lesson by applying for a reprieve, but gave
ı victim in his own person, and sustained their
With consent of the superintendent, the young
freed, and Vincent took his place. For eight
ıe endured all the hardships of the galleys,
laily with a chain around his leg, which left a
never effaced during his life. Nor was this
ostentation. So different was the case, that,
e fact was proved on his posthumous canonisa-
probation was rendered difficult by his never
en known to talk of it during his life, even to
ntimate friends.

3, Vincent de Paul established, at Macon, two

Fellowships of Charity, one for men and the other f
women. The principle of these institutions was, to g
alms and relief daily to certain poor persons inscribed
the list after inquiry; to give a lodging to poor travelli
persons for one night, and to send them on their w
next morning with a small sum of money. Such w
the institutions, resembling our Houses of Refuge, wh
Vincent de Paul was the means of originating
spreading throughout France. For these institut
alone his country owes him a deep debt of gratit
To understand fully the difficulties which he had to o
come, the temper of the age in which he lived mus
borne in mind. 'When I established the charit
Macon,' says he, 'every one mocked me. I was poi
at with the finger on the streets. No person beli
that I could ever attain my end; and yet, when
thing was successfully done, many wept for joy,
all combined to pay me so much honour, that I
constrained to leave the town in secrecy to avoid
applauses.'

Continuing closely occupied with the formatio
charities and missions, Vincent de Paul, in 1625, ca
out the latter object by the establishment of a
religious community in the college of the Bons En
at Paris, for the purpose of instructing rural distr
and training young men to the ministry. The
object of the founder was to take away from the ch
the scandal resting on the ignorance and licence of
clergy. This institution, called the Congregation of
Mission, became a noble one, and its influence was
not only over France, and in all parts of the w
where they had formed settlements, but over all Cat
countries. Its great utility was acknowledged by
popes, and by Louis XIV., who assigned to it a
income.

The establishment of the order of the Daughte
Charity, so famous in France for their attention to
indigent and the sick, was the next great work of
indefatigable man, whose touching appeals moved

the most insensible to contribute to the ends of charity and benevolence. He also established the order—at first a distinct one—of Female Visitants to the Hospitals for Disease. In the war of the Fronde, several thousand Lorrains, who had been induced to enter France, were left by their employers to perish, and would have perished had not Vincent stirred up a general spirit of charity in their behalf, and got them sent back, clothed and fed, to their own country. The calamities of the same war were fearful in many French provinces. Famine and pestilence ravaged the ranks of the soldiery, and the fields were covered with unburied bodies. Vincent raised 12,000,000 of francs, which he, with his coadjutors, carried to the relief of the sufferers, giving them food, attire, and medicine, and saving numberless lives from too probable destruction. De Paul went on his knees before Cardinal Richelieu, to entreat that minister would assent to peace. His petition was not without its effect.

During the regency of Anne of Austria, Vincent was named president of the Council of Conscience, and, in that position, brought his influence to bear on many new abuses. As one example, he procured the renewal of the ancient ordinances against duels; but the most famous of his actions was his permanently fixing the lot of foundlings in France. These unfortunate victims of error and wretchedness, for whom Vincent de Paul had already done some good, having had provision made for many of them, in various quarters, were about to be abandoned to their former misery for want of funds and sympathy. Vincent, who allowed no obstacles or toils to stop him in the cause of humanity, made exertions for the assembling of the women of Paris, of higher and lower rank; and, when they were met, addressed them in the most moving terms in behalf of the poor innocents, whom their unhappy or unnatural parents left to the mercy of chance and the pity of strangers. 'These unfortunate and guiltless children,' he cried, 'will live if you bestow on them your charitable cares; death is their

inevitable portion if you abandon them.' His language so moved his auditory, that an instant subscription of 40,000 livres took place; and erelong, an annual income of the same amount was insured for this benevolent end. The king granted a building for the reception of the foundlings, and their comfortable maintenance was placed beyond the effects of chance or change. In this instance, the effect of De Paul's efforts may be of a doubtful nature; but the excellence of his motives cannot be disputed.

Besides all these acts of benevolence, Vincent de Paul obtained numerous benefactions for existing charities in France, and otherwise improved their condition. His personal influence with courts and nobles became latterly very great; but his deeds of charity were effected chiefly by personal exertions, in which neither danger nor ridicule could make him pause. His manner was gentle and attractive, and his eloquence of that kind that alike touched the heart and convinced the judgment. In early days, indeed, the repulses which he encountered had made him harsh and rough in his address; but he detected the fault, and, by a strong effort, permanently cast it off. Vincent de Paul died at Paris in September 1660, at the age of eighty-five. He received the honours of canonisation, the highest of his church, in 1737, from Pope Clement XII.

The whole career of this estimable character affords a strong proof of what may be done by the indomitable will and untiring energies of one man.

THE SHAKSPEARE HOAX.

sions being often made to the Shakspeare or rather
id forgeries, while the generation familiar with them
arly passed away, it becomes in some measure neces-
for the sake of the general reader of the present
that an account of that extraordinary imposture
l be presented.

Samuel Ireland, who became deeply mixed up with
Shakspeare Forgeries,' was a person of excellent
e character, and of some eminence in the world of
, being the author of various antiquarian and topo-
cal works, published about the end of last century.
s particularly distinguished among his friends for
votion to the memory of Shakspeare. The slightest
of ancient writing, referring even indirectly to that
ame, was to Samuel Ireland a treasure of priceless
and an autograph of the bard himself was a thing
ng almost the reverence of idolatry. Unfortunately,
er, only two or three scraps of Shakspeare's
had descended to posterity, the signature of his
ing the most certainly authentic of these. In such
stances, the delight and triumph of Mr Ireland
e imagined when, in 1795, his own son, Samuel
m Henry Ireland, a lad of eighteen years of age,
ly announced his discovery of a deed bearing the
anual of William Shakspeare, but at the same time
that very deed in his father's hands. The father
lmost beside himself, in fact, with joy, and called
l him, on the instant, all the antiquaries and Shak-
an enthusiasts of London, in order to astonish them
his prize. The relic, which purported to be a
age-deed betwixt Shakspeare and one Michael
and his wife, was viewed with such rapturous and
ngrossing veneration, that only after the lapse of
l days did some individual grow calm enough to

inquire where the document had been found. Young Ireland, the discoverer, was at that time in the office of a conveyancer, but deeds of such antiquity were not likely, it was apparent, to have existed there. Accordingly, when referred to, the young man assigned a different source to the precious relic. He had become acquainted, he said, with a gentleman of ancient family, who had permitted a search to be made among his numerous family papers, and there, said the youth, had the deed been found. The gentleman had presented it to the fortunate discoverer; but being a very retiring and diffident person, and knowing the stir which would be made about the matter, he had bound the other solemnly to the concealment of the giver's name. This statement of young Ireland, in place of meeting with discredit, was most readily swallowed, and even threw a deeper interest over the affair; and the cry of all enthusiastic antiquaries was for more—more signatures—more deeds! The Honourable Mr Byng, Sir Frederick Eden, and a great number of other literary amateurs, unanimously declared that, where this one deed had been found, the identical mass of papers beyond doubt existed which had been long sought for in vain by the commentators on Shakspeare.

Young Ireland, urged on all hands to continue his researches, erelong gratified the expectations of the curious, by producing, one after another, 'Shakspeare's Profession of Faith,' a 'Letter to Lord Southampton,' a 'Letter to Anne *Hatherwaye*' (the poet's wife), 'Five Poetical Stanzas' to the same lady, a 'Letter to Queen Elizabeth,' and several notes of hand and other minor documents, all of them apparently either in Shakspeare's own handwriting or signed by him. These documents were laid before the first antiquaries and men of letters of the day, and were received by all, with the exception of a very few persons, without suspicion. Not even the production of a 'Deed of gift to *William Henry Ireland*,' described as the friend of the poet, and as having saved *his life on* the river Thames, brought any discredit on

nderful discoveries, though certainly the produc- ıch a deed, with such names, was a pretty sharp :he *swallow* of the antiquarian world. Among l men who saw and implicitly believed in the ity of the Shakspeare papers, Dr Samuel Parr nentioned in the first place. The doctor drew gned a certificate, stating that 'the undersigned ıcted the Shakspeare papers, and were convinced ıuthenticity.' The name of Parr was followed of Herbert Croft, the Earl of Lauderdale, Valpy, y others. James Boswell was among the sub- and 'previous to signing his name, he *fell upon* and, in a tone of enthusiasm, thanked Heaven ad lived to witness this discovery, and exclaimed ɔuld *now die in peace!*' Sir Isaac Heard, Garter Arms, Jonathan Hewlett, translator of the Old Records, and several of the principal English -men accustomed to minute examinations of locuments—were also among the vouchers for ɪuity of the Shakspeare papers. But perhaps remarkable name in the list was that of John ı, the historian and antiquary, whose experience e writings may be held to have exceeded that of · man of his day. It is needless to go further list, after mentioning such names as these. ıge truth respecting these papers must now be n the reader hear without wonder and amaze, papers under notice, asserted to be *two hundred* l, had been fabricated, in most instances, not *ırs* previous to their production before the eyes experienced and admiring antiquaries! And been fabricated, moreover, by a lad of eighteen, skilled beforehand in the art of copying ancient

ing to the confessions of young Ireland, which lished in 1805, his original motive for the exe- these forgeries was simply to give pleasure to r. He had long sought for an autograph of re to present to the latter, and being unable to

find one, at length bethought him, in an evil hour, of producing a spurious copy. He did so, and his father was rendered happy. In departing thus far from the straight path, the young man foresaw none of the consequences which followed. He conceived, he says, that his father would be pleased, and 'there an end.' But the inquiries made compelled him to fabricate a story regarding their source; and the demand for further Shakspearian relics led him on, according to the common law in morals, from lie to lie, and from the production of paper after paper, until he had coiled around himself a mesh of deceit which he might well tremble at the thought of unweaving. How could he venture to confess his forgeries, after having led such men as Joseph Warton and Samuel Parr to commit themselves by the most extravagant eulogies of the pseudo-Shakspearian compositions! 'We have many fine things,' said one of these individuals, 'in our church-service, and our Litany abounds in beauties; but *here*, sir, *here* is a man who has distanced us all.' This said of the hurried composition of a smart lad of eighteen! Parr afterwards tried to back out of the scrape into which he had fallen; but he was undeniably, and grossly, and egregiously deceived at the outset of the affair. Our faith in taste and criticism receives a sad shock from such circumstances as these.

Pushed and pushing onwards in his course, young Ireland at length announced the discovery not only of the manuscript originals of many of Shakspeare's plays, but also of a new and hitherto unknown one, with the title of *Vortigern and Rowena*. A new drama by Shakspeare! The literary world was wild with expectation. And all the while, according to his own account, the youth of eighteen, who had ventured upon this daring announcement, had not penned one line of the promised piece, and, indeed, had never written a verse in his life. The announcement of the play brought out an attack from Malone, one of the few who denounced the Ireland *papers as forgeries*, although it is to be feared that he

ıctuated more by a bitter jealousy of the invaders of rovince of collector of Shakspeariana than by any motive. He warned the public not to be imposed by the spurious play, as he was just about to prove hole affair a tissue of forgeries. The elder Ireland ded the authenticity of the papers in a pamphlet. play was written, and shewn to antiquaries, and, then, criticism continued completely at fault. The theatres were both eager for the play, and Drury was the successful competitor, Sheridan being then head. James Henry Pye, the poet-laureate, and ames Bland Burgess, contended for the honour of g a prologue to the piece, and the baronet carried y; while another literary amateur wrote an epilogue. 2d of April 1796 was the day appointed for the ıentation, and all London looked with eagerness to ent.

there was one man who knew Shakspeare too o be gulled like others around him, and that man ssential to the success of the pseudo-Shakspearian John Kemble did take upon him the part of Vorti- but he took it at the command of his superiors, and ot hesitate to call the whole a downright forgery. uthor, in a published edition of the play, ascribes m Kemble's contempt of his part the consequences followed the representation. A house, crowded cess, met to listen to the piece, and all, says the r, went on well, until John Kemble came to the

'And when this solemn mockery is o'er,'

he pronounced in so pointedly scornful a manner, m irrepressible clamour commenced in the house, ettled for ever the fate of Vortigern.

truth seems to be, that, whatever might be the with critics and antiquaries, the *public* were not in ase to be hoaxed. They knew the mettle of their ious and enduring favourite too well to be deceived, heir award decisively closed the Ireland imposture,

The eyes of the learned few were opened by the p common-sense of the illiterate many, and all men c out against the impudent forgery. Poor Samuel Irel suffered grievously in character; and it was to pro his father, the son says, that he came forward and m a full confession. The consequence of his misdeeds further says, was a life of voluntary yet painful e and the endurance of all manner of obloquy, for y in succession. The doom was certainly not altoge undeserved.

We have now had enough of this sad affair, wh certainly forms one of the most curious instances literary history, of critical judgment thoroughly at fa In this respect, it gives a lesson at once amusing instructive. But it is unnecessary to dwell on the mo of the affair, which is so obvious that it may be saf left to the reader's own reflections.

THE BABES IN THE WOODS.

[We copy the following from the *Nova Scotian*, a newspaper lished at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, where the incident allude appears to have caused a sensation creditable to the feelings of inhabitants.]

Most children who can read, have read the touch little nursery tale of *The Babes in the Woods*, thousands who cannot read have wept over it as be informed playmates, nurses, or grandmothers, poure into their infant ears, with various embellishments exaggerations, which, if all duly preserved, would fi book as large as *Robinson Crusoe*. The incident wh we have now to relate, shews that the main feature this tender legend have not been overdrawn, and are reality, true to nature.

The town of Dartmouth lies on the eastern side *Halifax harbour*, directly opposite to the city of

he township of Preston lies to the eastward of
h, and embraces scattered agricultural settle-
rough the principal of which the main road runs
ds from Dartmouth to Porter's Lake, Chezet-
ore, and all the harbours upon the south-eastern
. About half a mile from this road, at the dis-
some four miles and a half from the ferry, lived
agher, a native of Ireland, his wife, and a family
hildren. His house is prettily situated on an
idge, between two lakes, and overlooking the
d. His cleared fields were chiefly in front,
of his lot being covered by a thick growth of
id young trees, which had sprung up in the place
iginal forest, long since levelled by the axe or
y fire. Behind the lot, in a northerly direction,
le extent of timber and scrambling woodland,
anite and morass, the only houses in the neigh-
lying east or west, on ridges running parallel
on which Meagher lived, and which are separated
y the lakes that extend some distance in rear of
ng.

nday morning, the 10th day of April, Meagher,
and two of the children, being sick with the
the two eldest girls strolled into the woods to
r *lashong*, the gum of the black spruce-tree, or
es. Their names were Jane-Elizabeth and
, the first being six years and ten months old,
atter only five years. The day was fine, and the
g in the habit of roaming about the lot, were not
ll late in the day. A man-servant was sent in
them, and thought he heard their voices, but
without them, probably thinking there was no
asion for alarm, and that they would by and by
their own accord. Towards evening the family
eriously alarmed, and the sick father roused
o search for his children, and gave the alarm to
his nearest neighbours. The rest of the night
t in beating about the woods in rear of the
but to no purpose, nobody supposing that girls

so small could have strayed more than a mile or
the house. On Tuesday morning, tidings havi
Dartmouth, Halifax, and the neighbouring se
several hundreds of persons promptly repair
vicinity of Meagher's house, and dividing int
parties, commenced a formal and active exam
the woods. In the course of the day, the trac
feet were discovered in several places on patch
but were again lost; the spot at which the
crossed a rivulet which connects Lake Loon
Charles was also remarked. A coloured bo
Brown, whose dwelling lay about three miles to
west of Meagher's, also reported that he ha
noise as of children crying, the evening bef
cutting wood, but that, on advancing towards it, a
out, the sound ceased, and he returned home, t
was perhaps a bird or some wild animal.

The tracks, the coloured boy's report, and
quent discovery of a piece of one of the childre
stained with blood, at the distance of three n
their home, gave a wider range to the searc
benevolent, who began to muster in the neighbo
the place in which the piece of apron was pick
to deploy in all directions, embracing a circle
miles beyond and in rear of it. Monday night
and it was pretty evident the children survived
day night was colder; and about two inches
having fallen, the general conviction appeared t
worn out with fatigue and hunger, and having
clothing, they must have perished. Still, t
no relaxation of the exertions of the enterpr
benevolent. Fresh parties poured into the w
day; and many persons, overpowered by the s
their feelings, and gathering fresh energy
pursuit, devoted the entire week to the generou
of rescuing the dead bodies, if not the liv
innocents, from the wilderness. Wednesday,
Friday, and Saturday passed away, and no fur
was discovered of the babes in the woods; ev

; appeared was eagerly searched for some
very boat that crossed the harbour was met by
d inquiring faces; Dartmouth was the centre of
, and the Preston road was constantly occupied
es and pedestrians moving to and fro.
week closed, all hopes of finding the children
of course abandoned, and yet nobody thought
nuing the search. An air of mystery began to
it the affair. The accounts of the man-servant
coloured lad were eagerly canvassed. What
blood upon the scrap of the apron? Had there
? Had wild animals destroyed them? How
reds of persons have traversed the woods for
ithout finding them? All these were questions
ybody put to his neighbour, and which none
er.
ay morning, it was quite evident that the inte-
ther deepened than declined. A load seemed
on the mind, which was excessively painful.
had been confined all the week, unable to join
d work, determined to spend the Sabbath in
or the children, in imitation of Him who went
g good, and who gave examples of active
e even on the day set apart for rest and devo-
y others thought to throw off by locomotion,
of the localities, the load of doubt, and mystery,
ension, which oppressed them. From early
l eleven o'clock, groups might be seen entering
boat, with hunting-coats and strong buskins,
ound for the woods. The Preston road was
th the ardent and eager, of all ranks and all
ing onward with a zeal and determination
ny good cause.
led into Meagher's early in the forenoon. The
nd was in the woods. The bereaved mother,
ny must have been intense throughout the
e there was a chance of her little ones being
her alive, seemed to have settled into the
grief which generally follows the stroke of

death, and when hope has been entirely extinguished. One sick child rested on her lap. Friendly neighbours were sitting around, vainly essaying to comfort her who could 'not be comforted,' because her children 'were not.' All they could do was to shew, by kind looks and little household attentions, how anxious they were to prove that they felt her bereavement keenly. We plunged into the woods, and at once saw how easy it might be for children to lose themselves in the dense thickets and broken ground immediately in the rear of the house, and how exceedingly difficult it might be to find their bodies, had they crept for shelter into any of the fir or alder clumps, through hundreds of which they must have passed, or laid down beneath the spreading roots of any of the numerous windfalls which lay scattered on either hand. We wandered on and on, occasionally exchanging greetings or inquiries with parties crossing or recrossing our line of march. As we proceeded, clambering over windfalls, bruising our feet against granite rocks, or plunging into mud-holes, the sufferings of these poor babes were brought fearfully home to us, as they must have been to hundreds on that day. If we, who had slept soundly the night before—were well clad, and had had a comfortable breakfast, were weary with a few hours' tramp —if we chafed when we stumbled, when the green boughs dashed in our faces, or when we slumped through the half-frozen morass—what must have been the sufferings of these poor girls, so young, so helpless, with broken shoes, no coverings to their heads or hands, and no thicker garments to shield them from the blast, or keep out the frost and snow, than the ordinary dress with which they sat by the fire or strolled abroad in the sunshine! Our hearts sunk at the very idea of what must have been their sufferings. We were pushing on, peering about, and dwelling on every probability of the case, when, just as we struck a woodpath, we met a lad coming out, who told us that the children were found, and that they were to be left on the spot until parties could be gathered in, *that those who* had spent the forenoon in search, should

melancholy gratification of beholding them as
k into their final rest on the bleak mountain-side.
w moments after, we met others rushing from the
ith the painful, and yet satisfactory intelligence,
to spread it far and wide. We soon after hove
of Mount Major, a huge granite hill, about six
m Meagher's house, and caught a sight of a
persons standing upon its topmost ridge, firing
l waving a white flag as a signal of success. The
ly interest and keen excitement of the next
we shall never forget. As we pressed up the
dozens of our friends and acquaintance were
from different points—some, having satisfied
iosity, were returning, with sad faces, and not
ith tears in their eyes. As we mastered the
we saw a group gathered round in a circle,
lf-way down on the other side. This seemed to
int of attraction. New-comers were momentarily
into the ring, and others rushing out of it,
red by strong emotion. When we pressed into
, the two little girls were lying just as they were
st discovered by Mr Currie's dog. The father
l the bodies, to press them, cold and lifeless, to
m; but they had been again stretched on the
d their limbs disposed so as to shew the manner
death. A more piteous sight we never beheld.
abeth and Margaret Meagher were the children
arents, and they wore the common dress of their
l scanty enough it seemed for the perils they had
rough. The youngest child had evidently died
or her spirit had passed as gently as though the
he Angel of Death had seemed but the ordinary
f night overpowering the senses. Her little
sted upon that of her sister—her little hand was
n hers—her fair, almost white hair, unkemped
evelled, strewed the wild heath upon which they
e elder girl appeared to have suffered more.
were open, as though she had watched till the
features were pinched and anxious, as if years

of care and anguish had been crowded into those few days. If life is to be measured by what we bear, and do, and suffer, and not by moments and hours, that poor girl must have lived more in two days than some people do in twenty years.

We pity the man who could have stood over them for an instant without shedding a tear for their fate and for their sufferings. There were few who did. We looked round us as we broke from the circle: there were men of all ranks and ages; soldiers in fatigue-dress—the merchant, the mechanic, and the professional man, with the town garb variously disguised—the Preston, Lawrence Town, and Cole Harbour farmers, in their homespun suits—the Chezetcook Frenchman in his moccasons—the coloured man in his motley garb—and, apart from the rest, a group of Indians, sharing the common feelings and sentiments of our nature, but calm and unruffled amidst the general excitement of the scene.

The hill on which the children were found was the last place anybody would have thought of looking for them; and yet when upon it, the reason of their being there seemed sufficiently clear. A smooth platform of rock, clear of underbrush, and looking like a road, approaches the base of the hill, from the direction in which the children probably came. They doubtless ascended in order that they might ascertain where they were; and it is more than likely that when they saw nothing but forest, bog, and wild barren, stretching for miles around them, without a house or clearing in sight, their little hearts sunk within them, and they laid themselves down to refresh for further efforts, or, it may have been, in utter despair, to cling to each other's bosoms and die.

There was one thing which brightened the scene, sad as it was, and seemed to give pleasure even to those who were most affected by it—'in death they were not divided.' It was clear that there had been no desertion—no shrinking, on the part of the elder girl, from the *claims* of a being even more helpless than herself. If

he had drawn her sister into the forest, as a companion n the sports of childhood, she had continued by her in cenes of trial and adversity that might have appalled the tontest nature, and broken the bonds of the best-cemented riendship. Men, and women too, have been selfish in extremities, but this little girl clung to her sister with a onstancy and fidelity worthy of all praise. From the racks, it was evident that she had led her by the hand, changing sides occasionally as the little one's arm was weary. The bodies have been buried in a rural and quiet little grave-yard, about two miles from Dartmouth.

THE RIOTS OF 1780.

Our fathers, till the breaking out of the French Revolution, knew no more serious instances of popular violence than the riots which took place in London in 1780. The cause which led to these outrages was the passing of a bill to do away with some of the severer penal statutes against the Catholics of England. This act of the legislature roused the indignation of a large portion of the people, and produced much excitement; under the influence of which some riots took place in Edinburgh and Glasgow in 1779. A vastly ramified body, taking upon itself the name of the Protestant Association, undertook to petition for the repeal of the act; and at their head they placed Lord George Gordon, a young member of the House of Commons, who had distinguished himself by the part he took in the movement.

Lord George was a younger son of the deceased Duke of Gordon (a family recently Catholic), and was in his twenty-eighth year. He had served in the army, but retired from it in disgust; his mind seems to have been ever liable to enthusiasm and eccentricity. In parliament, he dissented from Tories and Whigs alike; so that a

saying arose, that 'there were three parties in the Hous —the Ministry, the Opposition, and Lord George Gordon In especial was this young nobleman zealous in denou cing all propositions for relieving the Roman Catholi from their burdens and disabilities. On this accou he acquired a degree of notoriety throughout the countr as almost any public man may do who adopts a hobl and adheres to it obstinately. In parliament, he w generally thought a well-meaning man, with a slig craze upon the subject of religion. In manners, he w modest and reserved, though warm at times in his orator It is stated that, on one occasion, he went and asked a audience of the king. His request being granted, h entered the royal closet, and deliberately bolted the door behind him. He then gravely addressed his majesty, and, warning him of what had pushed the Stuarts from the throne, asked him to order his ministers to support the Protestant petitions. The king said, that not he but parliament had passed the relief-bill; and Lord George could get no more out of him.

Things gradually assumed an alarming form. Deputation after deputation came from the country, and large aggregate meetings took place in London. An anti-Catholic petition was drawn up, which received what was then the unusual number of 120,000 signatures. Great influence was used by the friends of Lord George to wean him from his connection with a body to which his name added some respectability; but their exertions were in vain. At length the crisis arrived. An assembly was held in Coachmakers' Hall, for the purpose of considering the best way of presenting the great petition to the House of Commons. The chairman, Lord George Gordon, spoke warmly, and recommended that the association should meet in St George's Fields, at ten o'clock on the ensuing Friday, the 2d of June, when they might accompany him to the House, and give him the weight of their countenance while he presented their petition. He warned *them* to appear in numbers, as he would not present the *petition* unless 20,000 men were assembled. For the

sake of distinction, he told them to come with blue cockades. All this was agreed to.

The poor young man, vain, doubtless, of his position, little thought what an engine of mischief he was setting in action, and how vain his own power to check its operations. At ten o'clock, on the 2d of June, a vast multitude assembled at the appointed spot: it was said to have numbered from 40,000 to 60,000 persons. At eleven, the hero of the day appeared, and arranged the procession. It came clearly out on trial, that he did not wish the whole to advance to the House, but he wished a parade; and one party was ordered to cross London Bridge, another across Blackfriars, and a third was to follow himself across Westminster Bridge. Away, accordingly, they went, with banners flying and music playing. They reached the House with all due decorum; but when Lord George had entered, they fell into great disorder. Blocking up the avenues to both Houses, they engaged in bawling their favourite rallying cry of 'No Popery!' and soon began to notice the obnoxious members, peers, and commoners, as they passed. The archbishop of York was grossly abused; Lord Bathurst was hustled and kicked; Lord Mansfield had his carriage smashed; the Duke of Northumberland had his pocket picked; the bishop of Lichfield had his gown torn; the bishop of Lincoln had the wheels pulled from his carriage, and he only preserved his life by entering a house, and escaping by the leads; and Lords Townshend, Hillsborough, Stormont, and others, were roughly used, the queues being torn from some of their heads.

Meanwhile, Lord George Gordon, who saw not all that was going on without, left the body of the House every short while, and from the top of the gallery stairs, harangued the people, who had made their way into the lobby. His lordship told them that certain members, and particularly Mr Burke, were opposing the cause. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'Lord North calls you a mob.' This was the way, certainly, to make matters worse, and worse they accordingly became. The House was in a state of siege.

The entering members were maltreated, and attempts were made to force a way into the body of the senate, the sitting members of which remained in great alarm. Lord George, who, according to the evidence, seemed inflated with childish joy at this display of his influence on the masses, was warned, remonstrated with, and even seriously threatened, by his friends. General Grant, a near relative, said to him: 'For God's sake, Lord George, do not lead these poor people into danger;' and Colonel Gordon, another relative, loudly accosted him, in the hearing of the people, with the words: 'My Lord George, do you intend to bring your rascally adherents into the House of Commons? If you do, when the first man of them enters, I will plunge my sword, not into his, but into your body!' Lord George only smiled, as if in superior wisdom, and continued his addresses, remarking on the vain efforts made to dissuade him from his duty.

A party of the Horse-guards had been sent for, and arrived under Justice Addington. With great good sense, that gentleman prevented the apparently impending conflict, by assuring the people that he would send away the military, if they would promise to disperse quietly. By this means, he got many of the better-disposed to go home. The great petition being only supported by six members, Lord George was persuaded to enter a chariot and go away, as a means of dispersing the rest. The remaining rabble drew him to the city in triumph. Somewhat alarmed by this time at sight of the many-headed creature he had stirred up to fury, he begged earnestly that all would go home. But mischief was yet to come of this assemblage.

Order had been restored around the Houses of Parliament, but not elsewhere. The mob separated into divisions, and proceeded to vent their excitement on the Roman Catholic places of worship. The fine chapel in Duke Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and also that in Warwick Street, Golden Square, were attacked and stripped of their ornaments; the altars, pulpits, pews, *and benches*, were made fires of, and nothing was left

e bare walls. The military were called, but did rrive in time to prevent the evil, though several rs were captured. Here it may be remarked, once all, that great blame was subsequently attached both he civil and military powers for their inefficiency ing the whole riots. They did attack, and shoot, and ; but not with such concentration of their force as ht be expected to make a decided impression. The mayor was much blamed for want of energy, and, ed, the civil power was generally much at fault.

n Saturday, the destruction was slight; but on Sunday e of the remaining chapels, and the houses of the olics in and about Moorfields, were gutted, and fires made of the furniture. On Monday, a party royed the Catholic chapels in Virginia Lane, Wap- ; and a second party went to Nightingale Lane, Smithfield, where they destroyed chapels, and com- ed other outrages. The houses of Sir George Saville, mover of the relief-bill, and of two merchants, were reduced to bare walls.

ut on Tuesday, though proclamations and rewards e issued, though the city was laid under martial law, though the soldiery repeatedly used their arms in streets, the audacity of the rioters rose to a still ter height. Among the private houses utterly de- yed on this day, were those of Justice Hyde, Justice , and Sir John Fielding. Of many such atrocities ch succeeded, it is unnecessary to speak, the destruc- of private property being immense. Proceeding n less to more, the mob now attacked and gained an ance to Clerkenwell Prison, and speedily set the oners at liberty. Newgate underwent a worse fate. mob commanded the keeper to deliver up the con- d rioters. He firmly refused; on which they began to ak the windows, to batter the gates with pickaxes and ge-hammers, and to attempt to climb the walls. The ctive mischief, however, was done by combustibles, ch they threw into the keeper's house, till it was in es. These were soon communicated to the chapel,

and subsequently to the prison. During the
the conflagration, the rioters had made their
the cells, and, by means of their sledge-hamm
all the prisoners, amounting in number to
whom were four condemned to death. Thes
from Clerkenwell and Newgate were not li
pose the excited city. Many lives were
burning of Newgate.

The climax of the confusion was still to co
raged by the disgraceful supineness of the civi
they became so insolent as to send notice to t
King's Bench, the Fleet, New Bridewell, at
they would come and burn these buildings
they faithfully acted as they promised. Th
of fiendish outrage was exercised towards M
distiller, Holborn, whose store-houses and st
ing in value to nearly L.100,000, were co
otherwise destroyed. At the close of Wednes
presented a spectacle scarcely to be parall
the annals of war. Six-and-thirty fires were b
time in different quarters of the city. At
and in Holborn, the conflagrations were dres
description. And while the trembling citiz
from their loopholes at the sheets of fire a
smoke floating over the capital, they also hea
roaring of the authors of the mischief, alte
the ominous report of musketry, discharged
A few hours before, the king had held a priv
which the feebleness of the magistracy, and
destruction of the city, were taken into serio
tion. The Attorney-General, Wedderburn
Chancellor under the title of Lord Loug
course attended. The king asked Mr We
his official opinion, when the learned gentl
in the most precise terms, that such an assem
dators might be dispersed without waiting
reading the Riot Act. 'Is that your decla
law as Attorney-General?' asked the king.
answering directly in the affirmative, the

et it be so done.' The Attorney-General imme-
lrew up the order, which was afterwards gene-
nowledged to have come just in time to save the
rmed with this authority, the officers now pro-
o act vigorously for the suppression of the riot.
and ball, however, were less destructive to the
than their own indulged appetites. At the
es, in particular, of Mr Langdale, from whose
ion-rectified spirits ran for hours along the gutters,
lifted the liquid in pailfuls, and great numbers
ill they killed themselves on the spot, were
l to death, or perished in the flames.
g Wednesday, two attempts were made on the
ut a very strong guard baffled their efforts.
. the night that followed this awful day, men,
and children, ran up and down the streets intoxi-
laden with plunder. The Thursday saw some-
e a cessation of the work of mischief, the regular
d militia having poured into the city in such
, as to give ample means of defence. Confusion
ed, however, and the shops were everywhere shut.
ay, the metropolis became calm, and on that day
lon Riots may be said to have come to a close.
umber of persons who perished in these riots
t be accurately ascertained. According to the
returns, 210 persons died by shot or sword in
ts, and 75 in hospitals; 173 were wounded and
. How many died of injuries unseen, cannot be
d. Many more perished in the flames, or died
cesses of one kind or other. Justice came in
lose to demand her due. At the Old Bailey, 85
were tried for the riots, and of these 18 were
xecuted—one woman, a negro, being of the

By a special commission for Surrey county,
ners were tried, and 26 of them capitally con-
hough two or three received respites.
did Lord George Gordon all this while? 'Filled
sternation at the riots,' as his counsel on trial
, on the 7th of June, the terrible Wednesday,

sought an audience of the king, professing that i be of service in checking the riots. No doubt t young nobleman would have asked the king to p the intention of repealing the relief-bill, as if suc would have had the slightest effect. But the ki him first to go and prove his loyalty by check riots, if he could. Lord George did really go i city; but the president of the Protestant Associat now powerless, and does not seem even to have sp the mobs. One act he did which has been hastily up against him by a late novelist. A young man the door of his coach, and besought his lordship t paper drawn up for the purpose, which ran thus true friends to the Protestants, I hope, will be pa and do no injury to the property of any true Pr as I am well assured the proprietor of this hou stanch and worthy friend to the cause.' It h insinuated that Lord George Gordon wrote for many protection-papers like this, the language o certainly implies a knowledge and approval of th to attack those who were considered enemies. young man proved that it was written by hims that Lord George signed it hurriedly in com When shewn to the mob, it saved the man's hous

Lord George was arrested on the 9th of June, a veyed to the Tower under a strong guard. The ment thought it prudent to allow eight months t before trying him; and he was then absolved, j all appearance, of any foreknowledge or approva rioting. The after-life of this nobleman was ma vagaries which confirmed the probability of hi afflicted with a degree of insanity. In 1786, he embraced Judaism, and soon after was convict libel on the queen of France. He fled, to esc sentence, but was retaken in a few months, and c in Newgate, where he lived until fever cut sh career, on the 1st November 1793, at the age o two. He was much beloved by the prisoners, a *good reason*, being generous and humane. Two

l-servants, partly through enthusiasm, waited on him
up to his death. The last words of Lord George
lon were characteristic. The French Revolution had
cted him as a glorious event, and he died crazily
ting its watchword—'*Ca ira!*'

THE LOBSTER-POTS.

RE wasn't a widow in the parish of Kilkettle to come
the Widow Wade. She had a handsome cabin, a
slip of a garden at a low rent, a cow and a calf,
eet pigsty, and a sweet face; to say nothing of a
t temper, now that her husband, poor Thady Wade,
lead. She had, I had almost forgotten to mention, a
yawl, and made a handsome thing of the lobsters
took out at Skerry Island, and sold to Green, in
am Street, Dublin. It would have been a pity to
t this, since on these lobsters my story as much
nds as did her income and her happiness. She had,
d, a sort of monopoly of the Skerry Isle lobsters;
whether it was the respect borne to the memory of
leceased husband, as connected with lobsters, or the
bation of the village and neighbourhood of the per-
ance with which she—though, from her sex and
s, herself precluded from taking a principal part
e capture of these *recherché* animals—pursued them,
gh the instrumentality of her well-paid crew, I know
but certain it is that two rival yawls, which had
well-tarred and set on the same ground in the same
had become successively bankrupt; and it was but
m that a fisherman was driven to such desperation,
d success elsewhere, as to poach upon the widow's
r of Skerry Island. There might have been other
s for this, perhaps: she retained none in her service
he stoutest and ablest-bodied of the 'boys' about 'the

ground,' as this spot of ocean was termed. stance also favoured her neighbours' hon retired, and far from the observation and of meddling witnesses; and an occasional bing to the whole of the crew of a rival offence which, committed on the high seas, the legal grasp of the village attorney, an proved by bystanders. Whether such mea resorted to, I have no way of knowing, no right to inquire. Of this fact I am positi that Widow Wade was exceedingly excitabl ject of her lobster-pots; and her temper, is stated to have been, is known to have giv bare mention of a good take of lobsters on Skerry Island by any other yawl than the Kilkettle.

But although I have stated that lobste equal part of her income and happiness, it this story to prove that the setting up of an heart brings its own punishment, in that idc made the source of misery to its adorer.

One fine evening three 'boys' sat on the wall built of loose stones cemented with sea-s the suburbs of Kilkettle and the sea, with turned towards the latter, having the roc Skerry Island opposite, and consequently—l be evident. Their names were Pat Nelligan, and Billy Slattery; and their business seem of pulling down the aforesaid wall, since, they talked, they kept loosening the stones them into the field at their feet. Wheth hired for this express purpose or not, I can seemed to take it very easily, and the occupa quite subordinate to their conversation, whic the vested rights of the Widow Wade, an could not by any process of reasoning see That night, to cut a long story short, they w out the mackerel-yawl after dark, and n '*ground*' off Skerry Island, and the take w

r Billy Slattery's potato-cart, which was to quit ɔttle before dawn the next morning for Dublin, with ad; the profits to be fairly divided between the es, share and share alike.

ıe compound word 'lobster-pot,' not explaining itself, some of my expected readers probably living where never heard its parts connected, except when the ıen-fire was considered an inseparable adjunct, I t it needful to explain, so far as to say that it is *not* ressel in which the fish is to be boiled that is let ı into the sea to catch him; on the contrary, the ' preliminary—pot the first, as it may be termed—is rt of trap made of stout osier-twigs, of the shape ɔonstruction nearly of certain cage rat-traps, and, the being placed within, the animal is induced to squeeze ıody through some re-entering rods, which, having a little to facilitate his entry, present their points, cruel indifference, to the gentleman, who, having ed himself, expects, in common justice, to be allowed ı about his business again. The machines which act ıhandsomely towards their prey, and so cleverly for employers, are sunk with weights to the bottom ıe sea, where it is of a moderate depth, and rock and reed present a likelihood of the presence of the fish ıtout line being attached to the 'jetsam' (as lawyers t term it), thus converting it into 'flotsam,' by means range of corks placed along it near its other extre- at equal distances, and which are as well the guides e locality of the pot and expected lobsters beneath, e means of both being hauled conveniently to the ce of the water, or, as the widow and her myrmidons d have more curtly expressed it—*riz.*

ell, then, about eleven o'clock of the night following ıvening in question, a clumsy but strong-built yawl dodging up upon the undulating surface of the sea, ı lonely and wild creek upon the north shore of the called Skerry Island. The cliffs of black and ıer-beaten limestone rose perpendicularly out of the : to the height of between 100 and 200 feet, and,

in the darkness of the night, were defined no further than by the numerous nests of sea-fowl, which, with their white inmates and white deposit, shaped out in some degree the fissures and projections of the mass. The echo caused by its vast reverberating surface in the little bay seemed asleep now, only repeating, as if in a dream, the plash of the little yawl between the seas, the stroke of her oars, and the occasional chick of a gull or gannet, as, snug in a cleft, it hinted to its companion to lie over a little. There was a snore, too, as if Dame Echo drew long breaths with her mouth shut; but this must have been nothing more than the tide beginning to flow through the North Sound.

The boys knew the 'ground' well, evidently, for they pulled as straight for the lines as if there was a flag-staff to mark them.

'Now, Jerry, hould way on her,' said Pat Nelligan in a low voice, for the echo alarmed him; 'hould way till I get a grip ov the line. The tide'll dhrop us away.' So saying, he went forward in the boat till he reached her bows, when he leaned forward and over the gunwale, so as to seize the line attached to the corks near its extremity.

'Hould it! hould it!' cried both the oarsmen, who now saw that he had grasped it—'hould it till we ship the oars and riz it all together!'

'I've missed it—shlipped out betune my fingers!—make a grab at it, Billy!—you'll have it to larboard!'

And accordingly the cork, after ducking beneath the keel of the boat, emerged to the surface just under the towel-pin of Billy's oar. To seize it, and jerk it into the boat, was the work of a moment; and all three laying hold of the wet and splashing line, drew up the 'pot' safely to her side. Here the precious article was set upon with a curiosity worthy of antiquaries over a mummy-case, and examined as to its contents. They were average—a few tolerable fish, and a number of worthless fry; the latter were restored to their element, making good the remark, that insignificance is safe when *eminence* suffers; but the former were carefully bestowed

i the bottom of the boat, after which they pulled a few trokes to the next line.

How frequently do our most pleasant exploits furnish lash to scourge us! Little did Pat Nelligan know what whip he was preparing for his own precious back, when e was hauling up the pots of the Widow Wade! Was ot that honourable lady at that very moment dreaming f Pat? Yes. The fact was undeniable. There *was* a aning that way. But the Widow Wade had pride—igh and inflexible pride; and she never had told her ve. If she had even given a hint, Nelligan had as soon ave eaten his own fingers down to the first joint as have unched the mackerel-yawl that night; he could have riz' the lobsters another way.

The pots were found empty the next morning by the *ma-fide* resurrection-men of the deep, for the lobster-atchers had forgotten to take bait to put down with the ots again; and it far exceeds the scope of my humble pacity to describe the state of the widowed proprietor's ind at the discovery. To say that she swore would erhaps be, in its worst sense, too much; but as near s she could shave to the third commandment she did, ertainly; and her general language, I am afraid, was idly deficient in the grace of Christian charity for some ours that morning. She hurried down the long and raggling street of Kilkettle in the direction of the arbour, discharging upon every neighbour she met a ortion of that vituperation which, like vapour receiving nstant accessions from the fire of wrath within her, very instant threatened to burst the machine that con-ed it. So we have remarked the engineer, with mali-ous ingenuity, contrive to time the sharp and deafening scharges of his superfluous steam exactly when passen-r after passenger is closest to the nostrils of the panting onster.

'They've been at the pots: listen to that, Molly agrath; they've been at the pots; say! Wait till the ne widdy gets down to the quay, and see what the ye'll say.'

'Whisht, Mrs Wade,' the person addressed might venture to reply, respectfully endeavouring to soothe the exasperated dame; 'maybe it was a bad night for the fish, and'——

'Bad for the fish! dad, it'll be bad for the flesh of them that's robbed me, if I come acrass them! And the likes of you, too, that maybe knows all about it, with your "maybes!"'

'There, Gusty Connor; they've done it at last! Not a prawn in the pots! I wondher they ever left me one—the poor lone widdy that I am! Well, aisy, till I find them; and if my name's Wade, found they'll be, and in Kilmancha, afore the week's over! I'd like to get my hand on them first; I'd comb their heads with a three-legged stool—so I would!'

These successive disclosures of the state of her mind to the various friends who lived in that part of the street between her own house and the harbour, did not tend, as may be guessed, to allay the excitement under which she laboured, and by the time she had reached the sea-side, she had put on the full power of language. Now, it happened that just as the animated engine came smoking round the corner of the harbour-master's house, what should it come full against but the personage who has figured already so prominently in our narrative, and in the lady's dream—Pat Nelligan! She stopped short, and looking in his face for an instant, without uttering a word, at last dashed her arms into the air over her head, her hands quivering till the fingers became invisible, and then, seizing the astonished Pat's collar in both hands, she wrung his neck, and shook him to and fro as an earthquake might be supposed to shake St Patrick's Church, while her heart, with the single intelligible words of: 'Oh, Pat!' gave way within her, like an Artesian well when the last blow is inflicted upon the rock, and gushed to the surface in a flood of tears.

What were Pat's sensations at that harrowing moment! *That he* was detected, known, betrayed, exposed, ruined, *he of course* took for granted. With one furious thought,

hich included in its scope the whole race of lobsters
nd proprietors of pots generally, he set himself to think
hat he had to say why he should not be forthwith
mmitted to his majesty's jail of Kilmanclia. He
as, however, saved the trouble of moving in arrest of
dgment.

'Pat Nelligan, if you had been there, I mightn't have
en ruined this morning!'

Here was a most unforeseen disclosure of affairs.
elligan discovered that, so far from being suspected as
e author of the theft, he was clung to as the injured
r one's most confidential protector; and, moreover, he
ncied he could trace a certain coquetry in her rage,
sort of stormy *badinage*, which seemed to encourage
n to comfort and avenge her, under the hopes of being
eetly successful.

Pat was a man; he was, moreover, an Irishman. It
s therefore becoming, natural, and expedient, that he
ould take advantage of such a state of matters. He did
; and, to make a slight break in this eventful history,
few days had completely altered his position in life.
) hoped—for he was given reason to hope—that the
dow, the house, the garden, the pigs, and the pots,
uld all be his own, and that soon, provided—and here
s the gall which the whip of his conscience touched
th killing smartness—he could silence Bill Slattery
d Jerry Green; but so far from doing so, he found that
must still share and share alike in their insidious
ventures. This was horribly embarrassing.

'What's the matter wid ye, at all, that ye can't spake
e another man!' said the pair one day to Pat. 'Here's
r share of the lobsther-money—seven-and-three-ha'-
ce; and the next time we'll take bait along wid us.'

Pat Nelligan felt his heart give a small rise and then a
at go down. 'The next time!' he faintly ejaculated.

Ay, Pat Nelligan, the next time,' said Billy; 'that's
ight—do ye mind? At one o'clock the yawl'll be
ind the keel rock, and we'll be waiting for you.'

Oh, Billy! oh, boys!—you wouldn't be afther'——

'By the mass! we would be afther the lobsthers as as we dare; sure, arn't we safe wid you that knows the rale yawl'll be hauling? You must ordher her the way that time, any how.'

To detail the expostulations of the wretched Pa thumbing of his stick, and the sweating of his would be impossible. Suffice it to say, that the int spouse of the Widow Wade, the expectant proprie all the pots of Skerry Island, now found himself i situation of one who is committing suicide of hi hopes, and robbing Pat to pay Billy & Co. The r choly crime was perpetrated; with the indifferen despair, Pat went through the irksome duty; a is usually the case where there is indifference as result, his efforts were crowned with success; they splendid take, and put bait down again. The w 'boys' had but a poor haul next day, and she w of spirits accordingly—suffering herself, however, comforted by the caresses of the self-upbraiding b charming Patrick Nelligan.

The thing was now too tempting a speculation be carried on vigorously by the parties embarked in mean Slattery and Green, for Nelligan represent patent discovery in the business, which was used w scruple and at convenience, and the monopoly of proved the source of profit and success to the shareh He was now personating a double character: his li passed in two distinct hemispheres; in the one, h the roaring, rollicking boy, the envy of the male the admiration of the females; in the other, he w midnight thief, stealing from the haunts of men company of scoundrels, and, for a paltry chance of subjecting himself to the momentary chance of det and disgrace: thus resembling the heavenly twins part of this Hibernian constellation being above and conspicuous in the firmament of Kilkettle, the plunged as many fathoms below innocence and as the fish for which he sinned crawled beneat *surface of the ocean.*

But what most sorely puzzled our friend, the widow, in the whole business was, how it happened that, though she and her trusty 'boys' were fully aware of the constant depredations committed upon her property, not all their vigilance could detect the offenders. Every stratagem was tried, and tried in vain. A viewless unseizable arm seemed to be put boldly down night after night into the water, and empty, as if by magic, the widow's pots, leaving not a shrimp behind.

As my story draws on, it will be observed by the judicious reader how beautifully and naturally the moral works itself out: twining imperceptibly yet substantially with the web I weave, like the 'rogue's yarn' in the dock-yard cables. This was the point in the Widow Wade's character which wanted to be taken hold of by the rough hand of fate, and made the means of teaching her a lesson. The woman was unobjectionable in other respects, but in the matter of lobsters she failed. They were her idol.

Pat had a queer and unsatisfactory part to act. He was placed, by the confiding love of Mrs Wade, as a watch upon the thieves, and thus giving the duty of looking after himself—disagreeable at all times, but doubly so in the present instance, in which fidelity to his employer must necessarily imply injustice to his own interests. His work, too, was hard—double tides, it might truly be called. He had scarcely stepped out of the old mackerel-boat, when he was into the new lobster-yawl, and off to the bay again, where he was sure to find a poor take, and have to report accordingly.

The wedding-day was fixed for the morrow. The mystery of the lobster-pots excepted, there was sunshine in the Widow Wade's breast. She had got everything ready—a new gown, a clean table-cloth, and a gallon of spirits; and hoped that the nuptials, by its ring, its touch, or some other way, might break the charm. As she sat ruminating late that evening, it occurred to her that perhaps the zeal of Pat Nelligan might induce him to be a watcher that night too; and as she had observed

the effects of his vigilance apparent on his brow and bones lately, clouding the one and reducing the covering of the other visibly, she thought it time that he should have some comfortable rest: and so strongly did this wish affect her, that she at last determined to intimate her wishes to their object; but how to do this was the question. Mrs Wade, though a widow, had a maidenly bashfulness with regard to her approaching nuptials; and she could not muster courage to consign the fond message to those about her. To bear it herself, then, was the only alternative; and as Pat's cabin was not far off, and the night fine, she could, as she expressed it, 'shlip out unknownst;' and having only just intimated her wish —for she had high notions of propriety—return to what repose her present position might permit her to enjoy.

But as the dusky gentleman generally contrives to play those who have dealings with him a scurvy trick at last, it so happened, that on the identical night in question, Patrick Nelligan thought that he would indulge in one grand piece of criminality—the summing up, as it were, of all his sins against the peace of her who was to be his sovereign lady on the morrow; and actually, himself and his companions in iniquity, regaled themselves with a feast, composed of the very materials of their plunder—or, in plain words, have a *lobster-supper*. At eleven o'clock that night, the three companions might be seen seated round Pat's deal-table, with the contents of the 'pots'—now turned from black to red, as if blushing at the crime of their devourers—in profusion before them, flanked on one side by a monstrous dish of potatoes, and on the other—for Father Mathew had not then been heard of—by an equally gigantic vessel of spirits, the kettle being on the fire, and a well at the back of the premises.

'Pat, honey,' said Slattery, shoving the bottle over, 'you're low this night; mix a dhrop, it'll riz your sowl.'

'Ay, Pat,' added Green, sending on the liquor another *stage*, '*fish is* dhry aiting.'

ihky's hungry dhrink,' continued Billy, seiz-
ody of a monstrous lobster, and, like Dirk
reaking its back; 'long life to Mrs Nelligan
and success to her thrade!'
iis night,' responded Pat, with a long and
e; 'an' a mortial take iv fish to uz all this
re's as good in the say as ever was caught.'
n for us all at the bottom, Pat Nelligan,'
, looking over to Slattery; 'that's the bargain
!'
oorse, when I get the widdy to hear raison.
't honest boys fish at Skerry Island as well
her man? But give uz time, boys; them
come over in a minnit; and the widdy's
g in her mind, till she's made sinsible, boys,
aith, I heard something like a voice!'
maybe it's the widdy herself,' cried Billy,
ve laugh, 'come to look afther her lobsthers.
, iv it is, we'll ax her in, to crack a claw

ly,' said Pat, 'iv it wasn't that we're here by
d take my oat' there was somebody prisint.
s fly off iv me, if they didn't hear a low
alf a perch off!'
place full iv the varmin,' replied Billy, again
temptuously; 'what 'id the rats do but run
out, an' they to have such pickin's by'nbye?
honey; ye're timersome this night. Mix
bler—the kittle's bilin'—and tell uz what it
w done to ye that mornin' at the harbour,
ye on. Ye used to be the bashful, retirin'
id take a brave man to put the first word

ho!' cried Pat, trying to laugh, and scratch-
; 'it was a quare turn, an' I never rightly
it. Up she comes, an' I slopin' down the
iv my life iv the light ov the sun, by raison
ience not bein' saisoned into lobsther-risin'
nd jist as I was fetchin' a twisht to shew the

saimes of my stockings (for I made sure she wi
all), what would sarve her, in the broad day
afore the whole harbour, but up to me she c
throws her arms round my neck, and kisses and
—— The rest of the sentence has never tran
was overpowered, if uttered, and interrupted, if
bursting in of the door, and the apparition of
personage than the Widow Wade herself, who
to Pat Nelligan, and uttering the same word
originally addressed to him in the very scene h
been describing—'Oh, Pat!'—fell on the flo
him.

If a shell with the fusees just burned out
amongst the party, it could not have caused gr
sternation or more decisive effects. Billy
gazed one instant on the prostrate form of t
before them, whom they supposed to be dead,
looked round for Pat. He had disappeared;
to crowd my narrative with superfluous ma
enough to say that he was never more he
Kilkettle.

The offenders, Billy Slattery and Jerry Gre
lost the start by half a minute, were seized
neighbours, who rushed out on hearing the up
if they did not suffer the full penalty of the six
William I., it was more likely it happened from
the indictment, than from any unwillingness o
in the witness, Mrs Wade, to give her testimo
them. But, as the direction of the public at
such matters generally results in public good, th
monopoly was at an end; boats from distant vil
towns sunk their lines in the bays about Sker
and though the widow continued to make as
ever of her lobster-pots, many participated in h

THE AMISTAD CAPTIVES.

T a dozen years ago, the case of the Amistad Captives, ey were termed, created considerable sensation in Jnited States; and as little or nothing is known cting them in England, we offer the following nt, which we have collected from materials in the of Mr Sturge.

ring the month of August 1839, public attention was ɔd by several reports, stating that a vessel of suspi- and piratical character had been seen near the coast e United States, in the vicinity of New York. This l was represented as a long, low, black schooner, and ıed by blacks. Government interfered, and the ıer *Fulton* and several revenue-cutters were des- ıed after her, and notice was given to the collectors rious seaports.

e suspicious-looking schooner proved to be the *Ami-* and it was eventually captured off Culloden Point, by ɔenant Gedney, of the brig *Washington*. On being ı possession of, it was found that the schooner was a ish vessel, in the hands of about forty Africans,* one hom, named Cinque, acted as commander. They ibed themselves, with truth and consistency, to be ms who had been originally carried off from their country as slaves, and taken to Havana to be sold; ht there by two Spaniards, Josè Ruiz and Pedro ez, who shipped them on board the *Amistad*, to be eyed to a distant part of Cuba, at which was Ruiz's e; and that, when at sea, they overpowered their essors, killing the captain and part of the crew in the t to regain their liberty, and now wished to navigate

he exact number is not clearly stated by Sturge: he speaks first ty-four, and afterwards of thirty-five; as it appears there were l children, perhaps thirty-five was the number of individuals ook a share in the fray.

the vessel homeward to Africa. Ruiz and Mon had not injured, but only placed in confinement opportunity occurred for liberating them. Li Gedney at once secured the whole as prisoners, them to Newhaven county jail, where they were by Ruiz and Montez, who claimed them as their p and caused them to be indicted for piracy and This was almost immediately disposed of, on the that the charges, if true, were not cognisable in th can courts; the alleged offences having been per on board a Spanish vessel. The whole were, still kept in confinement; the question remaini determined, whether they should be handed ov Spanish authorities of Cuba, who loudly demand or transmitted to the coast of Africa.

It may be supposed that these proceedings e lively sensation among all friends of the blacks in and every proper means were adopted to pro liberation of the unhappy Africans. The A government finally came to the resolution of d them up either as property or assassins; and Va the President, issued an order, January 7, 1840 effect. But, after all, the order did not av district judge, contrary to all anticipations of th tive, decided that the negroes were freemen; t had been kidnapped in Africa, and fully entitled liberty. They were, accordingly, set free, and al go where they pleased. This event gave great tion to the anti-slavery societies throughout th and many persons kindly volunteered to assist captives in their homeless and utterly penniless c Lewis Tappan, a member of a committee of be individuals, took a warm interest in their fate, deputed by his brethren to make an excursion w of the Africans to different towns, in order to rai In this he was aided by Mr Deming, and one others; and by their united efforts, several interesting public exhibitions were accomplis some money collected. The Africans, it app

ves of Mendi, and possessed no small degree of
ligence. Ten were selected from among the number,
sing considered the best singers, and most able to
ess an audience in English. These were named
ue, Ban-na, Si-si, Su-ma, Fuli, Ya-bo-i, So-ko-ma,
a, Kali, and Mar-gru. Taken to Boston, they made
ep impression on the large audiences who came to
them sing, and tell the story of their capture. In a
tive written by Mr Tappan, we find the following
nt of what occurred at one of these exhibitions.
some preliminary statements, 'three of the best
rs were called upon to read a passage in the New
ment. One of the Africans next related, in "Merica
age," their condition in their own country, their
kidnapped, the sufferings of the middle passage,
stay at Havana, the transactions on board the
tad, &c. The story was intelligible to the audience,
occasional explanations. They were next requested
g two or three of their native songs. This perform-
afforded great delight to the audience. As a pleasing
ast, however, they sang immediately after one of the
s of Zion. This produced a deep impression upon
udience; and while these late pagans were singing so
ctly and impressively a hymn, in a Christian church,
weeping eyes bore testimony that the act and its
iations touched a chord that vibrated in many hearts.
ue was then introduced to the audience, and addressed
in his native tongue. It is impossible to describe
novel and deeply interesting manner in which he
itted himself. The subject of his speech was similar
at of his countrymen who had addressed the audience
glish; but he related more minutely and graphically
ccurrences on board the *Amistad*. The easy manner
inque, his natural, graceful, and energetic action, the
lity of his utterance, and the remarkable and various
essions of his countenance, excited the admiration
applause of the audience. He was pronounced a
rful natural orator, and one born to sway the minds
fellow-men.

'The amount of the statements made by Kinna, Fuli, and Cinque, and the facts in the case, are as follows:—These Mendians belong to six different tribes, although their dialects are not so dissimilar as to prevent them from conversing together very readily. Most of them belong to a country which they call Mendi, but which is known to geographers and travellers as Kos-sa, and lies south-east of Sierra Leone, as we suppose, from 60 to 120 miles. With one or two exceptions, these Mendians are not related to each other, nor did they know each other until they met at the slave-factory of Pedro Blanco, the wholesale trafficker in men, at Lomboko on the coast of Africa. They were stolen separately many of them by black men, some of whom were accompanied by Spaniards, as they were going from one village to another, or were at a distance from their abodes. The whole came to Havana in the same ship, a Portuguese vessel named *Tecora*, except the four children, whom they saw for the first time on board the *Amistad*. It seems that they remained at Lomboko several weeks, until 600 or 700 were collected, when they were put in irons, and placed in the hold of a ship, which soon put to sea. Being chased by a British cruiser, she returned, landed the cargo of human beings, and the vessel was seized and taken to Sierra Leone for adjudication. After some time the Africans were put on board the *Tecora*. After suffering the horrors of the middle passage, they arrived at Havana. Here they were put into a barracoon for ten days—one of the oblong enclosures without a roof where human beings are kept, as they keep sheep and oxen near the cattle-markets in the vicinity of our large cities until purchasers are found—when they were sold to José Ruiz, and shipped on board the *Amistad*, together with the three girls, and a little boy who came on board with Pedro Montez. The *Amistad* was a coaster, bound to Principe, in Cuba, distant some 200 or 300 miles.

'The Africans were kept in chains and fetters, and were supplied with but a small quantity of food or water. A *single* banana, they say, was served out as food for a day

two, and only a small cup of water for each daily. hen any of them took a little water from the cask, ey were severely flogged. The Spaniards took Antonio e cabin-boy, and slave to Captain Ferrer, and stamped n on the shoulder with a hot iron, then put powder, lm-oil, &c., upon the wound, so that they "could know n for their slave." The cook, a coloured Spaniard, ld them that, on their arrival at Principe, in three days ey would have their throats cut, be chopped in pieces, d salted down for meat for the Spaniards. He pointed some barrels of beef on the deck, then to an empty rrel, and by significant gestures—as the Mendians say, "talking with his fingers"—he made them understand at they were to be slain, &c. At four o'clock that day, ıen they were called on deck to eat, Cinque found a il, which he secreted under his arm. In the night they ld a counsel as to what was best to be done. "We feel d," said Kinna, "and we ask Cinque what we had best ." Cinque say : "Me think, and by and by I tell you." e then said : "If we do nothing, we be killed. We may well die in trying to be free, as to be killed and eaten." nque afterwards told them what he would do. With e aid of the nail, and the assistance of another, he freed mself from the irons on his wrists and ankles, and from e chain on his neck. He then, with his own hands, rested the irons from the limbs and necks of his untrymen.

'It is not in my power to give an adequate description Cinque when he shewed how he did this, and led his mrades to the conflict, and achieved their freedom. In y younger years, I saw Kemble and Siddons, and the presentation of *Othello* at Covent Garden; but no ting that I ever witnessed came near that to which I lude. When delivered from their irons, the Mendians, th the exception of the children, who were asleep, about ır or five o'clock in the morning, armed with cane- ives, some boxes of which they found in the hold, ıped upon the deck. Cinque killed the cook. The ptain fought desperately. He inflicted wounds on two

not forget to mention, that the whole band of these Mendians are teetotallers. At a tavern where we stopped Ban-na took me aside, and with a sorrowful countenance said: "This bad house—bar house—no good." But the steam-boat is at the wharf, and I must close. The collections in money, on this excursion of twelve days, is about 1000 dollars, after deducting travelling expenses. More money is needed to defray the expenses of the Mendians to their native land, and to sustain their religious teachers.'

Being unanimous in the desire to return to their native country, the Mendian negroes, thirty-five in number, embarked from New York for Sierra Leone, November 27, 1841, on board the bark *Gentleman*, Captain Morris, accompanied by five missionaries and teachers; and there was reason to hope that, under their auspices, Christianity and civilisation may be introduced into their native country.

'UNDER TRUSTEES.'

TUNE—*The Jolly Young Waterman.*

O HAVE you ne'er heard of a worthy Scotch gentleman,
Laird of that ilk and the chief of his name,
Who not many years since, attaining majority,
Heir to some thousands of acres became?
He lived so well, and he spent so merrily,
The people all came to his house so readily,
And he made all things in it so much as you please,
And he made all things in it so much as you please,
That this gentleman soon was put under trustees.

O never till then had our worthy Scotch gentleman
Lived for a day as his taste did incline,
There never were wanting some plaguy good fellows
To rattle his pheasants and tipple his wine.

ı pack, which the county delighted in,
harming balls, and the ladies invited in;
ver knew what was a moment of ease,
ver knew what was a moment of ease,
he had placed himself under trustees.

r in plain truth a Distressed Agriculturist,
expects him to play the great man;
ı of whatever he needs in this world,
ditors wish him to live while he can.
y fall, but that doesn't trouble him;
y break, but that cannot hobble him;
cares of this sad life he coolly may sneeze,
cares of this sad life he coolly may sneeze,
will put himself under trustees!

ons come round for election-committees,
urches, infirmaries, soup for the poor,
ıy Scotch gentleman gives his best wishes,
ourse the collectors ne'er darken his door.
is called to look a paper in,
a cup to huntsman or whipper-in;
would be *fashing* with matters like these,
would be *fashing* with matters like these,
ıan known to be under trustees?

good neighbour, hard up for the wherewithal,
or some friend who is likely to lend,
ıy Scotch gentleman never need care at all—
t the man who the matter can mend.
ll others have something crossing them,
f trouble are always tossing them;
y the Income-Tax truly can tease,
y the Income-Tax truly can tease,
ıan snugly put under trustees.

R. C.

GLACIERS—ASCENT OF THE JUNGFRA

THE icy coverings of the Alps have become the su
of new interest, in consequence of their appe
likely to afford some satisfactory information with re
to certain stony and earthy deposits on the surface o
earth, and particularly with regard to the existen
large boulders or detached masses of stone at g
distances from the mountains, to which it is evi
from their material, that they have originally belo
We do not here intend to go into the particula
what is now called the *Glacier Theory* of these depo
we only propose, on the present occasion, to d
attention to an able view of the constitution and w
phenomena of glaciers, which appears in the 151st n
ber of the *Edinburgh Review*, and to an account of
ascent of the Jungfrau, presented some years ago
number of the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.*
first of these papers is by Professor Forbes of Edinb
—an experienced cultivator of science, remarkable
singular activity of intellect, united to an extraordi
solidity and extent of knowledge. The second is b
Desor, a German naturalist.

The constitution of the ice-covering of an Alpine re
snowy and porous near the top, and more hard and
densed further down—the constant movement of
section of this covering, down through its own hollo
the sides of the mountainous territory (such section h
in fact a glacier)—the fissures or *crevasses* into whic
glacier is broken—the collection of broken rock w
it brings along on its surface—and the grinding
polishing effect which it has on the rock below—all t
matters are fully treated by Professor Forbes,
however, throws great doubt on the various explana
which have as yet been given as to the cause and ma
of the movement. Of its character as a fact there

ot, after what has been observed. For instance, ed by an investigator named Hugi, in 1827, at f a particular height, was found three years ral hundred feet down the slope; six years id moved in all 2200 feet. In 1839, Professor certained that this distance had, in the interval, ly doubled. It is also stated, that the ladder particular spot by M. Saussure, in 1788, was agments some years ago, several leagues below il station. Mr Forbes, therefore, regards a ring stones on its surface as a kind of chrono- rt. 'It is an endless scroll, a stream of time, e stainless ground is engraven the succession whose dates far transcend the memory of n. Assuming, roughly, the length of a glacier ty miles (no uncommon case), and the velocity ression (assumed uniform) one-tenth of a mile, et per annum, the block which is *now* being from its inferior surface on the terminal ay have started from its rocky origin *two cen-* ! The glacier history of 200 years is revealed rval, and a block ten times the volume of the ? the Egyptian monoliths, which has just com- march, will see out the course of six genera- en ere its pilgrimage, too, be accomplished, and w and motionless in the common grave of its rs.'

amongst the icy solitudes, the leaves of the h grow upon the plain many miles off, are e and there resting on little hollows on the ving been driven thither by the violent winds vail at some seasons in those regions. In tle hollows, 'living animals are often found— k insects which inhabit the snow or ice-cold l there propagate their species.' It will be rwards, that on the few patches of bare rock at its of these lofty mountains, many miles from r specimen of living vegetation, a few lichens growing. One remarkable feature of the

glacier world is beautifully described by Professor J
The surface, it appears, is almost everywhere
with the channels of little rills, the result of the
melting produced during the day in summer.
rills combine and unite into larger streams, which
sometimes the velocity and volume of a commo
race. They run in icy channels excavated by them
and, unlike the water escaping from *beneath* the
being of exquisite purity, they are both beautif
refreshing. They seldom, however, pursue thei
terrupted course very far, but reaching some cr
or cavity in the glacier, mechanically formed du
motion, they are precipitated in bold cascades into
bowels, there, in all probability, to augment th
which issues from its lower termination. Nothing
striking than the contrast which day and night p
in the superficial drainage of the glacier. No so
the sun set, than the rapid chill of evening, reduc
temperature of the air to the freezing-point, or l
the nocturnal radiation at the same time violently
the surface—the glacier life seems to lie torpi
sparkling rills shrink and come to nothing; their
murmurs and the roar of their waterfalls gradual
side; and by the time that the ruddy tints have
the higher hill-tops, a deathlike silence reigns
these untenanted wilds.'

The Jungfrau is one of the loftiest and most co
ous peaks of the Alps of Berne, and, till 1841,
never been for certain ascended by any but a smal
of guides. In the autumn of that year, Professor A
the eminent naturalist of Neufchatel, Professor J
Professor Heath of Cambridge, and M. Desor,
some weeks in exploring these wilds, when it su
occurred to them to make an attempt to asce
Jungfrau. In this project they were encouraged b
guides, and the party was quickly reinforced by
two gentlemen, M. du Châtelier of Nantes, and M
of Neufchatel, a student of theology. Their guide
of equal number, the principal being one of unc

xperience and sagacity, named Jacob Leuthold. Starting
om the hospice of the Grimsel, they spent the first
ght at some chalets, or shepherds' lodges, at Moeril, at
e head of the Valais, 6000 feet above the level of the
a. We must pass over the whole of this day's journey,
cepting one extraordinary object. In descending
me smooth fields of snow which stretch towards the
alais, they observed some small openings, which proved
be sky-lights in the roofs of a series of large chambers
the ice. In these they found an azure light of the
ost surprising transparency, beauty, and softness, being
reflection from the crystalline walls of the interior.
It was their intention to start about three in the
orning, but they were detained two hours for a ladder,
hich they had to send for to some distance. A ladder
necessary in such expeditions, to serve as a bridge
ross fissures or rents in the ice. The morning proved
remely favourable, but owing to anxiety about the
ider, some of them had enjoyed no sleep during the
ght. When all were prepared, the leading guide,
cob, called them all around him, and harangued them
the following terms:—'We should have set out at
ree o'clock; it is now five: these two hours we must
ke up on the plain of the glacier. Let us, therefore,
vance at a quickened pace: those who do not feel
ong enough to follow me must remain behind, for we
ll wait for no one.' A leading guide, it appears, becomes
such circumstances a man of some authority. All
ofessed to be eager for the expedition. They ascended
the glacier of Aletsch. To continue, in the words of
Desor: 'It is reckoned six leagues from the place
ere we mounted the glacier to the point where the
ent becomes steep; but we were so influenced by
cob's exhortation, that we accomplished the distance
less than four hours. We arrived at half-past nine at
snow-fields, which commence with the ascent. It was
e that we made our first halt, at a place which we
led the Repose, because the passage we had made, and
immense heights which rose in stages in front of us,

naturally invited us to take some refreshment. Th
Repose is one of the most beautiful situations on a glaci
that can possibly be met with. We here find ourselv
in front of an immense amphitheatre, in which five gre
confluent branches of the glacier of the Aletsch becon
confounded with each other. Two of the most conside
able of these occupy the background. They descend, a
from the sides of the Jungfrau—and it is this which mar
travellers name the Glacier of the Jungfrau—and th
other from the summit of Mönch. To the west of th
Repose, on our left, a vast hollow ran downwards betwe
the Jungfrau and Kranzberg, and in this we distinguish
a series of terraces rising one above another: it was
this we were to ascend.

'We left at the Repose the greater part of our p
visions, carrying with us only a little bread and wi
some meteorological instruments, and articles of differe
kinds; among others, a ladder, a hatchet to cut ste
and a cord to tie us together. It was ten o'clock wh
we set foot upon the first plateau of snow; an hour aft
mid-day, we hoped to be on the summit, if no accide
occurred: some of us even thought that we should rea
it in two hours. Contrary to our expectations, we
first found the snow not in a very favourable state;
was neither sufficiently compact, nor covered with
crust thick enough to bear us, so that we sunk very de
in many places up to the knee. We soon came to t
fissures, which are everywhere frequent where the dec
vities begin to become steep. We saw some of them he
nearly 100 feet wide, but they were not very continuo
so that we were able to go round them; or else th
were masked, and in that case our guides had to use t
greatest caution to guard us from danger. On th
account, we advanced much less quickly than we wish
and, in spite of all precautions, many of us sunk dow
but without sustaining any injury. In this way
scaled many terraces; and always directing our cour
westward, we arrived at a vast expanse, commanded
all sides by mighty peaks, the highest of which was t

an. Jacob made us halt here a second time, no for the purpose of reconnoitring the ground. With to ourselves, we saw nothing but insurmountable ties on all sides: on the right, vertical precipices; left, masses of ice, which threatened to crush us ir fall; and in front, the Great Fissure, to all ance impassable, so widely did it yawn. It was ear mid-day; the heat was excessive; and the in order to refresh themselves, placed handfuls of n the nape of their necks. Many of us did the in spite of the remonstrances of others, who, d at such imprudence, forgot that, in these elevated , the material organism, as well as the moral is much more independent of hurtful influences the plain. The reflection of the light from the as likewise most intense and almost insupportable. oceeded straight in the direction of the Great , which we reached after surmounting a fourth . It is a gulf of unknown depth, opening upon livity of the last terrace but one, and penetrating hat obliquely into the snow; in no place is its 1 less than ten feet, so that there is no means of g it without a ladder.

· ladder was twenty-three feet long; it was con- ly more than sufficient to stretch across the Great . But immediately above the latter, the steepness terrace was fearfully great for nearly thirty feet; oreover, the snow, which had hitherto been very ent and almost powdery, had suddenly become of e density—to such a degree, that the guides were to cut steps. Our courage was here put to the oof. Jacob and Juan were the first to mount. they were half-way up the terrace, they let down e to us; holding it by one of the ends, and the eing fixed to the ladder, it served us as a kind of All of us, in this way, arrived at the summit of race without mishap, but not without difficulties. now remained only one eminence for us to sur- in order to reach to Col de Rott-thal [a neck of

the mountain about 800 feet below the peak]. The soft snow had again replaced the hard snow of the steep ascent, so that we walked with the greatest ease. But when we arrived at the centre of the last terrace, which we went along in a sloping direction, we encountered another fissure, which seemed as if it would stop our progress; it penetrated, like the Great Fissure, obliquely into the mass of the snow, so that one of its walls was thinner than the other, and ran beneath it—a circumstance which rendered the passage more difficult. As Agassiz, Jacob, Juan, and I had gone a little in advance, while our companions were still engaged in climbing the first ascent, I proposed that we should wait for them, that we might at least get the rope. Jacob thought we could pass it well enough without this precaution. In fact, he found a place where the fissure was sufficiently narrow to allow him to stride over it; after having done so, he stretched out his hand, and assisted us to do the same. While three of us were standing on the edge of the northern lip of the fissure, we witnessed a very extraordinary occurrence. We suddenly heard a dull crackling noise beneath us; at the same time, the mass of snow on which we stood sunk about a foot. The guide, Juan, was at this moment on the other side; and upon hearing the noise, he saw, simultaneously, the space which supported us sink down. He was so alarmed, that he cried out to us: "Um Gottes Willen, schnell zurück!" (In God's name, return quickly!) Jacob, on the contrary, far from allowing himself to be disconcerted, told him instantly to hold his tongue; and making a sign to us to follow him, he continued the ascent at a quickened pace, repeating, in his Haslian dialect: "Es ist nüt; Gangst numme vorwärts!" (This is nothing; always go forward.) Although we had great experience in glaciers, and were in some degree familiarised with all the dangers they present, I must, however, confess, that at this moment I felt my heart beat quicker than usual. Our other companions joined us a few minutes after; they *crossed the* fissure and the place that sunk without

ıg no suspicion of the adventure that had
It was two o'clock when we arrived at
-thal.'
ɜmained by far the most arduous part of
g. The part of the mountain above this
place, is about 1000 feet in height, and
as steep as the roof of an old-fashioned
ıt an angle of about 45 degrees. This
ped in a thick case of hardened ice, clear
ı the surface. On commencing the ascent,
ound it necessary to have a hollow cut by
every footstep they took. Of course, any
n the least from this path would have been
the bottom. To add to the difficulty, the
and the party were wrapped for awhile in
hey were upwards of an hour in gaining
the summit, which they then saw at a
ıut twenty feet, with nothing intervening
ɔd ridge, gradually rising towards the oppo-
To reach it seems to have been precisely
ke that of a slater moving along the top of
being only this difference, that the top of
ɜ covered with ice and snow, and its sides
ı of feet steep down, without resting-place

thought it would be impossible to walk
ace; but the fearless Jacob quickly shewed
e done, by planting his feet on one side,
the other, leaning across the edge, till he
r peak. With some coaxing, like that of
· young, he succeeded in inducing the rest
ɔh, after passing to the peak, returned
lower point. 'Agassiz,' says M. Desor,
ı the peak nearly five minutes, and when
, I saw that he was greatly agitated; in
sed to me that he never experienced so
When I was on the summit, I could not
any more than Agassiz, from giving way
on at a spectacle of such overpowering

grandeur. I remained only a few minutes; long enough, however, to remove any fear that the panorama of the Jungfrau will ever be effaced from my memory. After examining attentively the most prominent, points of this unique picture, I hastened to rejoin Agassiz for I feared lest an impression so powerful should deprive me of my usual confidence. I had need of grasping the hand of a friend; and I venture to say, that I never felt so happy in my life as when I had seated myself by his side on the snow. I believe that both of us would have wept had we dared; but a man's tears ought to be modest, and we were not alone; and such is the strength of the habits which society makes us contract, that, at the height of 12,000 feet, there was still a regard to etiquette!

'It is not the vast field which the eyes embrace that constitutes the charm of these views from elevated mountains. The experience of the preceding year on the Col of the Strahleck, had taught us that distant views are, in general, very indistinct. Here, from the summit of the Jungfrau, the outlines of the distant mountains appeared to us still less accurately defined. But even had they been as distinct as the line of the Jura, seen from an eminence in the plain, I believe that they would not long have attracted our attention, so fascinated were we by the spectacle presented by our immediate neighbourhood. Before us lay extended the Swiss plain, and at our feet the anterior chains were piled up in stages; and they seemed, by their apparent uniformity, still further to increase the size of the mighty peaks which rose almost to our level. At the same time, the valleys of the Oberland, which, at the moment of our arrival, were shrouded in thin mists, could be descried in many places, and we were thus allowed to contemplate the lower world, in some measure, through the openings.

'On the southern side, the view was intercepted by the clouds, which had been collected for some hours on the chain of Mont-Rosa. But this disappointment was more than compensated by a very extraordinary phenomenon. *Thick mists* had accumulated on our left, in the direction

f south-west. They always rose from the bottom of the ott-thal, and began to extend to the north upon the ountains which separate this valley from that of Lauter-runnen. We were beginning to fear that they would nvelop us a second time, when they suddenly stopped some feet from us, no doubt from the effect of some urrent of air from the plain, which prevented their xtending further in this direction. Thanks to this cir-umstance, we found ourselves all of a sudden in presence f a vertical wall of mist, the height of which was esti-ated at 12,000 feet at least, for it penetrated to the ottom of the valley of Lauterbrunnen, and rose many ousand feet above our heads. As the temperature was elow the freezing-point, the minute drops of the mist ere transformed into crystals of ice, which reflected the sun all the colours of the rainbow; one would ave said that it was a mist of gold which sparkled ound us. It was a spectacle at once terrible and ttractive.

'When we had all again returned to the elbow or pro-ecting angle mentioned above, Jacob poured out a glass wine for each of us, and we drank with great feeling the health of Switzerland.'

After some remarks on the form of the mountain, . Desor proceeds to state, that the thermometer sunk to degrees Fahrenheit, but they did not feel the cold.— he sky over our heads was perfectly clear, and of so ep a blue that it approached to black; we endeavoured discover the stars in it, which are said to be visible ring the day at great heights, but we did not succeed. has been pretended that this deep tint is only the ect of the contrast with the snowy surfaces which sur-und the observer on all sides; but if this were the se, the intensity of the hue would be equal in every rt of the celestial vault. Now, this is precisely what not take place.

'To our great surprise, we discovered on the surface the exposed rock, as well as on the fragments detached m it, many lichens in a very fresh state, some of which

occupied a surface of many inches in diameter. We could not expect to find living beings at such a height; it seemed that even the Podurella of the glaciers did not ascend thus far, for we did not meet with one. To make up for this, we perceived a hawk hovering in the air above our heads. One would have said that our presence excited its curiosity, for it described many circles around us.

'There is another point on which it remains for me to say a single word, and that is, the influence of the air, in elevated situations, on the human frame. Many naturalists and physiologists will doubtless expect that some new facts were observed by us; but I must confess, that during the whole time we were on the summit, and also during the ascent, we experienced none of those occurrences—such as nausea, bleeding at the nose, ringing of the ears, acceleration of the pulse, and so many other inconveniences which those who have ascended Mont Blanc tell us they were subject to. Must we ascribe this to the difference of 1500 feet, which there is between the height of Mont Blanc and that of the Jungfrau! Or rather, should we not seek the cause in the habit we had contracted while living for many weeks at the height of near 8000 feet!'

After fixing a pole with a handkerchief upon it in the snow of the peak, the party commenced their descent at four o'clock. The steep slope down to the Col de Rothal had to be descended backwards, foot after foot being carefully retraced in the steps formerly cut by the guides in ascending. This part of the journey occupied a full hour, and it must have been one of great peril. The remainder of the descent was performed without any remarkable difficulty or adventure; and a little before midnight, they regained their lodgings at the Mœril chalets.

THE KRAKEN.

ONG the various animals whose existence is as yet ubtful or positively fabulous, the first place may be igned to the creature usually termed the *kraken*, a fish enormous size, but differing from the sea-serpent, ther huge denizen of the ocean. The kraken, if the dence now to be adduced on the subject entitles us to ak of it as a thing of reality, would appear to be a id of cuttle-fish, possessing long arms, or tentacula, with ich it seeks for and grasps its prey. It seems to be the mal alluded to by Milton, as that

> 'Which God of all his works
> Created hugest that swim the ocean stream.
> Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
> The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff,
> Deeming an island oft, as seamen tell,
> With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
> Moors by his side under the lee.'

According to Norwegian writers, the kraken appears asionally on the surface of the water in calm weather, etched out far and wide like a floating island, and ibiting many enormous arms at all parts of its circum- ence. The numerous accounts given of it differ as ards its actual size; but most writers describe it as ut a quarter of a mile in diameter, and as covered on back with sea-weeds. After remaining some time in sun, it is said to sink slowly, causing a great eddy in waters.

he accounts of these authors are in such a style as betray great exaggeration, and anything but an anxious estigation of evidence. But we must try to sift the l from the unreal. Bishop Pontoppidan states that the ermen of Norway, when out at sea on summer days, en find but 20 or 30 fathoms of water, where they w they ought to have had 80 or 100 fathoms. At se places they generally find the greatest quantities of

fish, especially cod and ling. Their lines, they say, are no sooner out than they may draw them up with the hooks all full of fish. By this they judge that the kraken is at the bottom.' The bishop then goes on to say, that experience has taught the fishermen to fly the instant that the water grows shallower. From a safe distance they then behold 'the enormous monster come up to the surface of the water; he there shews himself sufficiently, although his whole body does not appear. Its back or upper part, which seems to be, in appearance, about an English mile in circumference (some say more, but I choose the least for greater certainty), looks at first like a small number of islands, surrounded with something that floats and fluctuates like sea-weeds. At last, several bright points or horns appear, which grow thicker and thicker the higher they rise above the surface of the water; and sometimes they stand up as high and as large as the masts of middle-sized vessels. It seems that these are the creature's arms; and it is said, if they were to lay hold of the largest man-of-war, they would pull it down to the bottom.' By and by, the monster sinks with a great eddy; and the bishop adds, that it possesses or emits a peculiar scent which attracts fish to feed its unwieldy vastitude.

The most remarkable characteristic of the creature here described consists in its enormous *arms*, distinguishing it at once from the whale or any of that genus. A similar creature is described by Pliny as having been found in the gut of Gibraltar. He states it to have been 'provided with vast *arms*, so widely spread out as to impede the navigation of the straits.' A more modern writer, Paulinus, confirms, in every respect, the account of Bishop Pontoppidan, on the authority of Ambrosius Rhodius, professor in the University Christiana, in Norway, and a man of 'supereminent trustworthiness.' That gentleman related, that near the castle of Wardchuss, on a calm day, an immense monster made its appearance on the surface of the ocean. 'Its circumference was so great *that a troop* of horse might easily exercise on its back!'

long with its back exposed to the sun, like a rock
d with weeds, and then sunk gradually out of sight.
ts long arms, it was called a Herculean crab; and
hermen said, that if boats approached closely to
r were seized and submerged by these expanded
. Another writer, Olaus Magnus, alludes to the
nmense animal; and mentions that an early British
, named Brendanus, being on an episcopal peregri-
to the north, came with his companions to an island,
r deemed it, on which they were tempted to land
ndle a fire. The island, however, quickly began to
d, and the bishop and his friends escaped with
ty, made aware that they had been on the back of
g thing. But, passing over such testimonies, which
l one very much of the stories of Sinbad, let us
o a more direct species of evidence. In the year
n occurrence took place, of which an authenticated
it was drawn up by the Rev. Mr Früs, minister of
a, in Nordland, and vicar of the college for promot-
ristian knowledge. Into a strait between rocks, in
rish of Alstahoug, an animal of great size was found
e entered, and there to have entangled itself. It
ms of great length and strength, and these were
. among some trees hard by, while the body also
fixed by projections of the rocks, that the creature
not work itself out, but perished and putrefied on
ot. Such was the length of time which it took to
that the whole channel was rendered impassable by
or. Large though it was, this animal was held to
een young, as, when advanced in years, they appear
to move, and perhaps cannot move far from one

h being the accounts which we have of the kraken,
estion arises—'What foundation may there be for
and is there any existent creature really approach-
is alleged magnitude?' To speak frankly, we think
not be doubted that there is some such animal,
its proportions have been monstrously exaggerated.
uttle-fish, long called a polypus, agrees with the

kraken with respect to its arms or tentacula, and is authentically known to reach a great size. Pennant, in speaking of this animal, mentions that specimens of it have been seen in the Indian seas measuring two fathoms in breadth across the central part, with eight powerful arms, each nine fathoms in length. Shaw observes: 'The existence of some enormously large species of the cuttle-fish tribe in the Indian and northern seas can scarcely be doubted; and though some accounts may have been exaggerated, yet there is sufficient cause for believing that such species very far surpass all that are generally observed about the coasts of European seas.' Shaw then alludes to the case of Captain Dens, a modern navigator, who lost three men by such a monster in the African seas. As this case is very curious, we subjoin an account of it, abridged from the French of Denis Montfort, a writer who collected various instances of the same kind.

To Denis Montfort Captain Dens related, that while between the island of St Helena and the Cape of Good Hope, in about the fifteenth degree of south latitude, his vessel was becalmed for several days, and he resolved to profit by the occasion to clean the ship. For this purpose several planks, suspended by cords, were let down from the sides of the deck, and several of the men took their station there to perform the work. They were so engaged when one of those monsters, called by the Danes *ankertrolds*, rose suddenly from the deep sea, and, casting one of its arms around two of the men, drew them in an instant with their scaffolding into the sea. Next moment a second arm was thrown around another of the men, but he had sprung up to the strong ropes, and the monster, enclosing these, could only crush him, while he emitted the most piteous cries. Meanwhile, the crew had rushed to his aid. Some began with knives and axes to cut asunder that terrible arm which encircled him, while others launched harpoons into the body of the animal. The man was freed, and it then became the good captain's strenuous endeavour to recover the two other men. Five

harpoons were in the creature's body, as, with its prey, it ought to descend again into the deeps of the sea. The harpoon-lines were allowed to run out in part by the captain's orders, and then he ordered them to be drawn back. This brought the monster a short way up; but it soon resisted, and too successfully. Four of the harpoon-lines broke, and a fifth harpoon came out of the body, leaving the unfortunate victims with their captor. In addition to this sad loss, the man who had escaped died through the night, rather from a delirium of terror than from his injuries, though these were severe. The head of the monster had not been seen, and but a part of its body; but that part of the arm which had been cut off measured twenty-five feet in length, and was as thick at the base as a mizen-mast. The length of the whole limb must have been much greater—probably, as Captain Denys thought, from thirty-five to forty feet.

A case similar to this is illustrated by a picture in the chapel of St Thomas at St Malo, placed there by a ship's crew in remembrance of their preservation off the coast of Angola. An enormous cuttle-fish had grasped their whole vessel in its arms, and was on the point of dragging it to the bottom, when, by the most desperate exertions, the sailors timeously succeeded in hewing off the members which were hauling them to destruction. In their extremity they had vowed vows to St Thomas, and the picture is a memorial of these.

This colossal cuttle-fish as yet remains undescribed by zoologists, for it has never been accurately observed. Admitting that it exists, we can easily conceive how the imaginations of the few mariners and others who have seen it might expand its actually large body into a bulk far beyond what are, to us, the bounds of probability.

NARRATIVE OF MR G. FRACKER.

On the eastern coast of South America, 34 degrees sou of the equator, the grand and majestic La Plata flows i the Atlantic Ocean. On approaching the river from sea, the low and level land appears wholly different its outline from the wild and towering front along coast of Brazil. This vast river is 150 miles wide at mouth, and extends, with a gradual contraction, and i winding direction, along the shores of Paraguay, in heart of South America, a distance of 1200 miles. of the most remarkable peculiarities of the river and adjacent ocean is their exposure to sudden hurrica termed *pamperos*, from their blowing from the *pampa* plains, and which, by agitating the water in the r violent manner, frequently cause the shipwreck of ves and great loss of life. The following disastrous narra of a Mr George Fracker, of Boston, United States, re to one of the too common calamities arising from unforeseen progress of a pampero :—

In the month of April 1816, while at Buenos Ayres, board the ship *Ocean*, it was determined to alter destination of the vessel, and return to New York; I not choosing to return home, and being desirous seeing more of the world, I obtained a release of engagement, and entered as second officer on board English ship *Jane*, Captain William Seaboth, bound o voyage from Buenos Ayres to the Brazils. Our depart was some time retarded, owing to the carelessness of pilot, by striking on the bar in going out, which materi damaged our rudder, and caused our detention ne six weeks. Towards the middle of June, however, again set sail, and after a moderate passage of tw days, anchored in the harbour of Rio Janeiro. Wai here two months for freight, we at last succeeded getting it; and on the 3d of September, in company

fleet for different ports, sailed on our return, o the ports of Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, cargo consisting of rum, sugar, tobacco, flour, rice, and dry goods; having on board five passen- vo of them Spaniards, inhabitants of Buenos a German, an Englishman, and an American, the ast being freighters of the vessel, and owners of cipal part of the cargo; four blacks, their slaves; rteen of the ship's company—comprising in all three persons. Our passage was agreeable and rourable; and in fifteen days we discovered Cape y, the northern entrance of the river La Plata. ing our course along the banks of the river, with vind, till towards sunset on that day, when the becoming foggy, the wind increasing, and the pproaching, it was deemed expedient to haul off nd gain an offing for anchorage. We accordingly anchor about fifteen miles from Monte Video, t destined port, near the Island of Flores, or , that being to windward, and the wind about ast.

ale increased to a pampero, or hurricane; still good hopes, and at eight o'clock more cable was ut; at nine, another anchor was let go. From e the gale still continued to increase, the ship very heavily, and wetting from fore to aft by y of the sea. At twelve, midnight, after passing ous watch below, owing to the strange rolling and of the ship, caused by a strong weather-current, upon deck to relieve the watch. I went forward ine the state of the cables in the hawse-holes, n returned to the quarter-deck, to the lead-line, e had kept over the side; by its feeling, I was that the ship had been, and was still drifting. tion of the ship and strong current prevented my this to a certainty; both our anchors, which over-proportioned sizes, being down, and our nearly new, out, with their whole scope of a l fathoms.

While at the lead, I observed something, at a distance to leeward, like a white foam, and remarked it to the boatswain, who was standing near. He replied, he thought it no more than the curl of the waves. Not satisfied with this, I went aft into the yawl astern, and was soon convinced they were breakers, and not far off. I quickly went below to the cabin, awoke the captain, and aroused the passengers. He soon ran up on deck, and had just gained it, when, at fifteen minutes past twelve, the ship struck. Those below were directly alarmed by the shock—for the previous motion, with the noise of the wind and the roar of the sea, must have prevented their sleeping—and hurried affrighted to the deck. The sea began instantly to break over every part of the ship, and all were struck with horror on looking round at the awful prospect, and the inevitable destruction that awaited them. The captain ordered the steward to go down and secure some articles in the cabin: he descended, but soon came up with the dismal tidings that the cabin was full of water. Many, from the violence of her striking, were obliged to hold on by the railing, and the captain, among them, gave orders to cut away the masts. The seas now made complete breaches over every part of the ship; and perceiving I should have to commit myself to the waves, I threw off my pea-jacket and hat. Most of the crew and passengers were holding on to the different parts on the quarter-deck, as the highest part of the ship; many, however, were forced from their holds, and drowned.

Finding it impossible to stand longer this cold and suffocating drenching, I watched my chance, sprang to the rigging, and gained the mizen-top, advising the rest to follow. The ship continued to beat hard upon a ledge of rocks, till she was in pieces. The long-boat, by repeated seas, was forced from her grips and fastenings, and the small boat, astern, instantly after struck, and was carried away upon the top of a sea, with all its appendage of sails, tackles, and lashings. I soon found myself going *over with* the mizen-mast, which fell, and carried me

ong with it. The foremast had now likewise fallen, and
merous pipes of wine, floating around, added to the
neral wreck. I had fallen in springing among this
in, and had so far received but one or two serious
ises; but a tremendous wave now swept before it
ne large spars, and carrying me along with it, my
ht leg was struck by one of them just at the joint
the knee, which was instantly bruised in a serious
nner.

After I had plunged into the sea, and rose, I held on
a moment to the upper works, which were all that
s now left of the ship. I then quitted, and began to
ip—no easy manœuvre for a person in my then situa-
n, as I had on a thick jacket, waistcoat, two pair of
sers, and neckerchief. Although always an expert
immer, I found I could barely keep myself above
ter. Fearless before of wind and water, I was now
zzled; for swimming, even with health and whole
nes, was unavailing in a sea like this. Hitherto I had
en no land, but was swept and carried along by every
which came over me, and I resolved to get hold
the first thing I fell in with, and gain breath, of which
was very short. I soon seized hold of a bale of goods,
t it, being wet and heavy, was of no use, for every sea
lled over me, and I quitted it nearly exhausted.

I stood this hard buffeting for about a dozen seas,
d nature was fast retreating from the conflict; being
sperately pushed for breath, as I could draw but little
the short interval of the seas. I had now been nearly
lf an hour in the water, and abandoned every prospect
survival; yet, when hope was gone, on looking around
istinctly discovered, a few fathoms from me, something
ge and light, for it kept constantly above the waves.
xerted my remaining power, and reached it. It was a
ge crate, containing nothing but straw; clinging to
, I soon recovered breath, as its buoyancy kept it high
ve the seas. After holding to this some length of
e, and constantly turning it round, as my weight
led it over towards me, I still kept courage, and

dropped myself frequently down, without quitting hold, with the earnest hope of touching the bottom without success. I was much fatigued, and could scarcely keep hold of the crate, for every sea would sweep me at least ten feet before it. I had almost despaired of ever land being near, and was fearful that at last it might prove only a shoal. Still, however, holding on in hopeless indifference, I soon after observed a sudden lull, and that the waves were not a third so violent. I shook myself, and roused my drowsy spirits, looked round, and found myself inside the breakers! I quickly again dropped myself down, and with my foot touched the ground. I found it was of sand, and in a few moments I got up to about breast-high in the water, and then, by shoving myself forward by leg and arm, soon crawled out upon the beach. Thus, after having more than half an hour in the water, and making my way, for nearly three-quarters of a mile, through a tremendous sea, at midnight, I at last found myself upon a desert beach, certain that no one could have reached ten fathoms from the ship, which, in an hour and a half after she first struck, was scattered in pieces on the strand. Some idea may be had of the violence of the elements, when not a single mast came on shore entire; and out of twenty-three persons, among whom were four stout African slaves, whose constant practice of swimming renders them almost amphibious, but one body came to land that night. The remainder, battered by the first wave, came not on shore till several days afterwards.

I had a firm opinion that the shore was a barren desolate country, without inhabitants for a great distance, with no chance of being discovered, impenetrable by swamps and shrubbery; and not being able to move without pain, I was certain I could not survive till the morning. Groping my way at the edge of the water, I found something large, and found, to my surprise, a staved cask of wine, and into this empty cask I was thankful to creep *for shelter*. At daybreak, I looked out of the cask

held a large sandy beach, covered, to a great extent, each side of me, with the wreck; but not a vestige of a ship as long as the pump, or anything moving, except a gulls. In fact, I was assured on first reaching the ore, that no mortal alone could make his way through ch seas, in such a night, to the land. My own preser-tion I considered as falling but little short of a miracle. shipwreck so sudden, an escape so singular, the uproar nd witnessed, and the sight now before me, my scat-ed senses could scarcely conceive real: I for some ne actually doubted myself awake, for it seemed like orrible dream.

I then again composed myself in the cask, and, owing pain, and the great exertion I had used, I remained ring this day nearly insensible, and in a trance-like por. Towards sunset, I was fearful of being carried ay by the return of the water, during the approaching ght, with the pipe. In this dangerous situation, I luctantly crawled out of the cask, and gained in this nner the foot of a sand-hill, further up the beach. crawled up this as high as my strength would permit, be free from the reach of the sea; and as night was w fast approaching, it was in vain to look further for shelter. Finding no refuge above the ground, I resolved seek one below it, and dug a large hole in the sand on e top of the hill, got into it, and, with my disabled leg idermost, pulling and raking the sand over me, lay wn. The sand and a shirt were my only covering. ne weather was extremely cold, the sand wet, and ring the night it rained and blew tremendously; the t sand drifting around in smothering showers, covered ery part of me, and repeatedly filling my hair, ears, se, eyes, and mouth, kept me constantly spitting it out prevent suffocation; while the cold compelled me sit up and thrash myself every ten minutes, to prevent ezing. Once I resolved to shift my position, to get der the lee, or into some hollow upon the sheltering le, and I accordingly crawled to some distance, I knew t in what direction owing to extreme darkness, and

made another hole; then thrashing my arms for some time, again lay down, covering myself as before with sand, to resist the cold. Such was my bed, and such the manner in which I passed this second night of misery.

Next day, I made an ineffectual search for provision, but found a refreshing spring of water, which greatly relieved me. I had, however, to make the best of my way back at night to my miserable dwelling in the cask. The weather was still inauspicious and cloudy; and when darkness came on, thirst and pain alike kept me awake. My only sustenance consisted of sips of wine from a small keg which was near me. Daylight at last appeared, but my powers were too feeble to undertake a journey to the watering-place, though anxiously longing for a draught of the life-giving element. Another day and night were passed, I can scarcely tell how. I felt that my taper of life began to glimmer in the socket. My strength had utterly failed. I hailed the approaching night as the termination of my cares, considered the mean covering over me as my shroud, and the cask as my coffin, and waited with fortitude the hour of dissolution. But the next was the hour of deliverance!

About four o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, the auspicious 20th of September, I was aroused from my reveries by the sound of a horse's feet. Uncertain and careless who appeared, whether a friend or an enemy, I waited his approach with calmness, being absolutely indifferent in my choice, 'to sleep or die.' At the next moment, a horse with a rider stopped before the cask. I hailed in Spanish faintly: 'Amigo' (Friend.) He instantly alighted, and, struck at such a ghastly spectacle as I then exhibited, he recoiled a few paces backward. Recovering soon from his dismay, by seeing my helpless condition, he advanced, and stooped to learn by what strange means I had outlived the general wreck. He was a young man, a Creole, or half-Indian, of benevolent features, and dressed partly in the Indian method. I told my tale in a few words, concluding by asking him *the distance* of a habitation, and the possibility of my

it; if he could bring assistance that day, and
; that he should be rewarded for his kindness.
ew hours,' said he, 'I can return with assistance,
ext *rancho*, or hut, is hardly a league distant.'
expressed his surprise at my providential
ade the sign of the cross on his breast, praised
as my special preserver, said I was fortunate
ing the language so fluently, and that I was
in being discovered by him, whose mother, he
d at the nearest cottage, whither I should be
. He said if I had fallen into the hands of the
they would certainly have despatched me, for
e merciless and ferocious. 'But first,' added
bring you something to eat, for you look half-

ut an hour he reappeared, bringing a warm
nd some mouldy bread, wrapped up in a towel.
y seized it, thinking I could devour it at once,
disappointed to find I could not swallow a
, my throat being contracted, close, and sore.
s planning the means of my removal, I left it
his care, and only requested to be conveyed to
f shelter and safety. He then made his *lasso*—
green hide, with which they catch wild horses
the handle of the largest trunk, and drove off.
fter he had gone, a savage, or *guacha*, of a fierce
lerous countenance, rode up, alighted from his
d roughly asked who I was.
ed: 'A shipwrecked seaman.'
ou the captain?'
answered; 'I was the mate, and had previously
overed by a person who had just left me to
th assistance.'
ed me the road he took. I told him, when he
pon his horse, and galloped off in the direction
had taken.
on after reappeared at the cask, with some
emingly with a resolution of putting me to in-
th; but, most happily, the reappearance of my

deliverer, with his father and several slaves, compelled them to alter their design, and they went off to plunder, abandoning their horrid purpose. My friend advised me to permit him to dress me in some clothes from a passenger's trunk, which they then broke open, alleging that, in my present appearance, I should be taken for a common sailor, and that, clothed in a decent manner, I should gain among them more advantage, respect, and comfort. I accordingly suffered the painful operation of dressing; but my leg, being so greatly swelled, prevented my getting over it anything but a pair of loose drawers. I also got on a surtout and waistcoat. I was then with difficulty lifted upon the back of a horse, and my discoverer got up before me. Holding on to him, I had strength sufficient to keep myself in an upright position. I had just been seated on the back of the animal, when the general (Ortigues) who commanded the troops in that quarter, came up with a guard of soldiers, and several others.

We arrived at last, near dusk, at a small cottage. A number of large dogs gave notice of our approach, but were soon silenced by my companions, who assisted me gently to dismount. I was welcomed, with many blessings, by the old woman, carried into the house, seated in a chair, then stripped of my wet clothes, and put into as good a bed as the hut afforded. This rancho was a small place of only one apartment, built, like all others, of cane, fastened together with strips of green hide, plastered with mud, and a thatched roof. A fowl was killed by the old woman, and some good broth made and given me. After this, my leg was washed with hot vinegar, and my wounds dressed as well as circumstances would admit. I considered myself as peculiarly fortunate in falling into the hands and being under the care of one of those alleviators of calamity—those indispensable attendants of the bed of sickness, where is developed the most estimable and endearing traits of character, usefulness, patience, and compassion—a hospitable old woman. Under the care of this venerable person, I daily mended,

id was enabled to write and send a letter to Monte
ideo, describing the circumstances of the wreck, and
y present condition. Meanwhile, my discoverer, Pedro,
as employed this day, with two slaves, in recovering
me articles and provisions from the beach, which, he
id, was now covered with natives, breaking open trunks,
ests, and bales of goods; staving in casks of wine,
ien any wanted to drink, and exhibiting a confused
ene of plunder, fighting, and wanton waste.

I had about this time a great many visitors, who
considered me highly favoured by my patron saint,
whom they attributed my hairbreadth 'scapes.
nong them were many old women, who came upon
rseback from different parts to barter their com-
odities. A consultation was held among them re-
ecting my fever, leg, and bruises; and they recom-
ended a large leaf of an herb which grows in those
untries, which, dipped in hot oil and vinegar, had a
nderful and salutary effect. Although the application
as acutely painful during several nights, the swelling
eatly subsided, excepting about the knee. During
is time, I could not shift positions without the utmost
in.

On the eighth day, I was agreeably relieved by the
rival of two clerks, an Englishman and a Spaniard,
om Monte Video, in consequence of receiving my letter,
om the house of the consignees, in order to effect my
moval to the city, and endeavour to secure some part
the property. The latter they found totally impossible,
thing of value being found on the strand, everything
ving been carried off up country by the natives. I
s extremely rejoiced at their appearance, and we con-
ted plans for my departure. They slept one night at
s hut, and next day, Sunday, departed; having seen
ficient of the character of the natives, and glad that
y had escaped the knives of the guachas, and vowing
y would not venture their lives again, among such a
rderous crew, for the value of a ship and cargo.

The tenth day came, and we were to depart. A great

number of blankets and coverings were thrown ove
after I was in the cart. I shook the hands of the
old woman and my deliverer most heartily. A cro
rising emotions almost stifled my expressions of grat
and started the tears of overpowered feelings.
them with fervent benedictions, and we drove off
on our way, and arrived about two o'clock at the g
Monte Video. The novelty of the sight drew ma
the windows, as I lay upon my back in the cart,
exposed to their view and wonder. We stopped
house of an English merchant, the consignee, who
diately came out, and, with many friendly congratu
assisted his slaves in carrying me up stairs.

Here I was confined for nearly twenty days, m
leg was now shrunk and withered to as great an ex
as it was swelled before. By unexampled kindn
daily improved, and in three weeks was able to lea
room, and sit outside the chamber upon the wall
of the owners of the ship happening, at this time
in Monte Video, speedily came to visit me, and, in
sessions of the loss of his ship. When . . . . .
and when he had heard of the hospitality of the
to the voyage, he immediately promised a suita
among the merchants for his recompense and
exertions in his own house, though he was ignora
the ship's and the mariners.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

rres, on account of lameness, and sailed from thence, ly 12, 1818, and arrived at Baltimore on the 12th of ptember.

On Sunday morning, October 4, I arrived at my native ace, Boston, after an absence of above two years; when ully experienced the truth of the observation, that the avoidable evils and misfortunes of life afford, by their ntrast, a tenfold relish to its comforts, which are many, t which before were unprized.

The meeting of relatives must be conceived. I will ly add that, safe in the embrace of parents and ends, forgotten, like a dream, were the perils of the ean.

THE FLOWER-GIRL OF MADRID.

HE unhappy state of Spain—that land where ardent eling makes every disagreement, personal or political, ume an aggravated and imbittered form—drove any of the inhabitants, some years ago, to the neighuring territory of France. In Bordeaux alone, as many 20,000 Spaniards fixed their residence during the ruggles betwixt the Carlists and Christinos. The tives and the strangers managed, on the whole, to do ry well together; and many permanent connections re formed in consequence of their being associated in e place, by the accidents of fortune and war.

In 1834, the Countess de Villa Fuente came to live in rdeaux. It was known that she came from Madrid, t few or none seemed to be acquainted with her private tory, or with the causes of her exile. No one accomnied her, with the exception of an infant boy, on whom e lavished the most tender cares, and in reference to hom the character of a widow was very generally assigned her, despite of her youth and unimpaired beauty. She

appeared rich, and kept up a handsome establishment, so that the best society of Bordeaux was open to her at all times. But though not shunning company altogether, she lived, on the whole, in a retired manner, and the most uncharitable could attach no impropriety to her name, although she was a single and unprotected woman, and though more than one suitor fluttered around her and sought her good graces.

Such was the state of matters during the first three years of her stay in Bordeaux. At the end of that time, the countess, without any known cause, assumed all the outward marks of deep mourning, and threw her establishment into the same sable colours. Within a month or two afterwards, it was noticed by observant eyes that she seemed to distinguish more than usually a certain Monsieur Longpré, a wealthy gentleman of Bordeaux, who had pursued her with unabated ardour for three years, in spite of all her reserve, and even her coldness. The alteration in her manner to him was sufficiently pointed to lead people to conclude that he would prove the happy man in due time. But his own thoughts about the matter were very unsettled, as the following words from his lips will partly prove. Seizing an occasion to press his suit, when the countess allowed him the honour of an interview, he broke forth at length in half-reproachful tones: 'Inesilla, why prolong this state of suspense, so torturing to me? Unless I deceive myself, you favour me above others around you; yes, you love me. I own I have this happy belief. What, then, causes your hesitation, since you are a widow, and free? Is it not so? If you are moved by any feelings respecting your child, you know that I love him, and for your sake will love him always.'

The countess, at these words, rose from her seat, walked to where her guitar lay, and ran heedlessly over its strings for a few moments. She then turned to the little boy who was playing near her, and said to him: 'Juanito! Juanito! go and drive your humming-top elsewhere; the *noise gives* me a headache.' The boy came and sought

ıd then ran cheerfully away. After his depar-
was a pause for a minute or two, which the
:oke in upon by saying: 'Let us talk, Monsieur
)n a subject different from the last. This
reminded me of Spain—of Madrid—and of
poor girl there. Her story is an interesting
ı, and I will tell it to you—that is, if you choose
Though the lover was by no means pleased
sion of the subject which he had so much at
ə was so much of grave sweetness in the tones
ı the countess made the request, that he at
ssed his willingness to hear the story.
lived at Madrid, five years ago,' began the
a merchant named Moralès, whose fortune was
able, that his only daughter was deemed one
t matches in the city. Dolorès, as she was
ed to her pecuniary advantages a countenance
vhich the young men of Madrid declared to be
beauty. A cavalier, the flower of the noble
Spain, saw and loved her. I will spare you, my
account of all the concerts and serenades by
Miguel sought to excite a reciprocal passion
't of Dolorès. Young, noble, accomplished, and
oon made the desired impression, and, no
eing interposed, he was received in the house
as an accepted suitor. Like others of her race
olorès was jealous of possessing love where she
and again and again, to please her, Don Miguel
; the daughter of Moralès was the only woman
ver touched his heart, and that she should be
/e, as she was his first. The marriage-day of
pair was fixed: it came; and before the priest
ends, Dolorès gave her hand to Don Miguel.
'ollowed in the evening. It was yet early, when
verpowered by the warmth of the dancing-
agitated by the all-important event of the day,
a few minutes with some of her female friends,
ɔ rest herself and calm her spirits. She was
in her chamber with her companions, when a

footstep was heard at the door of the apartment. "You cannot enter—do not enter, Don Miguel!" cried one or two of the ladies, starting up from the easy postures into which, fatigued by the dance, they had thrown themselves. They conceived that Don Miguel had missed Dolorès from the dance, and had come to inquire after her. But when, in spite of their exclamation, the door of the chamber was opened, they beheld—not Don Miguel, but Manuela, the flower girl.

'Manuela, the flower-girl, was so remarkable for her beauty and handsome figure, that few who were in the habit of walking on the Prado were unacquainted with her by name and appearance. But when she entered the chamber of Dolorès on the marriage-evening of the latter, very unlike her usual aspect was that presented by the flower-girl. Her long black hair hung in disorder around her pale face, and her dark eyes flamed with feverish excitement. She bore before her, by a strap, her flower-basket, in which lay, bedded upon flowers, an infant of two months old.

"Where is the bride?" demanded Manuela hoarsely, as soon as she entered.

"Manuela!" cried Dolorès, trembling she knew not why, yet endeavouring to seem at ease, "I am the bride; and you shall bear my bouquets to court."

"*You* the bride!" exclaimed Manuela, who knew and was known to Dolorès; "is it you whom he is to marry?'

"Whom he *is* to marry, Manuela?" answered Dolorès; "say whom he *has* married? Hath not Don Miguel sent you—sent you to strew our nuptial way with flowers?'

"The traitor!" cried Manuela. "Behold that infant! it is his—it is mine—it is ours!" The tears of the flower-girl here burst forth in torrents; but she checked them, and continued: "Ah! if you knew all his treachery—all his wickedness. I—a poor girl—sought to avoid him; but he married me—yes, he married me, and the marriage *was* a false one! I discovered his deceit; but he came *to my father*, and to my mother, and he calmed them by

newing all his protestations and his promises. It is
'o months since my child was born; he was with me
an, but I knew not, though I know now, that it was but
deceive me the more fully. He already loved you—
eady."

'Here the poor flower-girl fell down in an exhausted
te. She was tenderly cared for by the agitated bride
l her friends, and recovered somewhat her strength.
nly to-day, about two hours since, I learned that Don
guel was to wed another. Then I thought, in my
dness, of killing him; but I grew more calm. Poor
ld! what would have become of him—his father killed
is mother *poisoned!*" The fainting condition of the
wer-girl explained her words. She had not avenged
self on Don Miguel—but, unable to live, she had taken
son. "Take my child," said she to the bride, as she
w momentarily weaker; "protect him, watch over
n, be a mother to him. If you can still love Don
guel after his cruel abandonment of his child and me,
poor flower-girl shall not be in your way. But, oh!
mise to a dying mother that you will take care of her
ld!"

'Dolorès had rather signed than spoken the desired
mise, when a knock was heard at the chamber-door.
lorès instantly caused it to be fastened within. The
ocks were then repeated, and the voice of Don Miguel
s heard desiring admittance. "You cannot enter,"
swered one of the women. The bridegroom addressed
nself to Dolorès, and, seeming to believe her ill,
sought admittance. The passionate words of affection
ich he poured out for the ear of the bride fell unheeded.
lorès hung over the dying flower-girl. "Manuela,"
ed she, "this child shall never be parted from me while
ive. Manuela! Manuela!" continued she in tones of
deepest sympathy, "live for your child and Don
guel—he shall be restored to you; mine he is not, and
ver shall be! Ah, help! she dies!"

'While Dolorès was thus engaged, Don Miguel con-
ued to press for admittance; and by this time, either

through the noise, or by reason of the bride's absence, whisper had gone through the mansion that somethin was amiss. Moralès, with a number of the party, le the ball-room, and came to the door of his daughter chamber. "My child," cried he, "it is I. Open to me if anything be amiss, let your father be with you. Ope to me."

'On hearing her father's voice, Dolorès, who wa tenderly wiping the foam from the convulsed lips o Manuela, roused herself, and gave orders for the openin of the chamber-door. "Let all enter," she said firmly Her command was obeyed; and the first person wh rushed forward was Don Miguel. What was his amaze ment and horror when, upon the bridle-bed of Dolorès he saw the pale countenance of one but too well known t him. Manuela had not yet expired. At the instant o his advance, she opened her eyes, and a flash of fire sho across their enfeebled lustre. She slowly raised he finger, and directing it towards him, she said: "Miserable man, I pardon thee! But beware of my father—*he will kill thee!*" As she spoke, Manuela sank backwards, and died almost instantly in the arms of Dolorès.

'The dying woman,' her words, and the sight of th infant, formed but too full an explanation of this scene t all who had entered the chamber. Conscience-struck, a least for the moment, Don Miguel fled from the spot The affair made a great noise in Madrid, but none could condole with Dolorès on the subject, as, on the morning after the event, she had quitted Madrid with the child o Manuela. She fled. Can you guess who she was, and whither she fled?'

'I can—I see her before me!'

'You are right. I fled, in the first instance, with th child of Manuela to a convent, where my father visited me, and where we concerted measures to prevent th assertion by Don Miguel of those marital rights, which worlds would not have tempted me now to concede. I was deemed best that I should go to France. I did so *and was* never molested by Don Miguel while he lived

within the past year the words of Manuela were filled: her betrayer fell by the hand of her father. Now, Monsieur Longpré,' continued the countess, 'you h me to be your wife. I—I own I esteem—I love you; my heart trembles at the recollection of the past, for ieve not that I escaped without suffering. Assure me this point, and my hand is yours. I well believe that would not insult me by paying addresses while bound other legal engagements; but assure me that none can ew in your case the death-scene of Manuela—that the 's paid to me are not violations of the actual though cknowledged rights of any other—and I am willingly, lly yours.'

I. Longpré, need we say, eagerly gave the assurance uired. Nor did he deceive her. When their marriage- came, as it soon did, the happiness of Dolorès suffered alloy from the cause which she had long feared, and rded her only a specimen of the uninterrupted felicity nany after-years.

GOD IN THE STORM.

BY MISS PARDOE.

'Did you hear the storm last night, my child,
As it burst o'er the midnight sky,
When the thunder rattled loud and wild,
And the lightning flicker'd by?'
'I heard no tempest, mother mine—
I was buried in slumber sweet;
Dreaming I stood in the soft moonshine,
With flowers about my feet.'

'Can it be, my child, that you did not hear
The roar of the tempest-breath,
As it scattered the rent leaves far and near
In many an eddying wreath?'

'No, mother; my happy sleep was full
Of gentle and holy things—
Shapes that were graceful and beautiful,
And the music of angels' wings.'

'Yet the storm was loud, my darling child—
There was death on the hurrying blast;
And vapours dark overhead were piled,
As the hoarse wind bellowed past.'
'I thought not of clouds, my mother dear,
When I rose from my nurse's knee:
You taught me that God is for ever near,
So what danger could I see?'

'I taught you well, my sinless one;
Yet my own weak spirit quailed,
As the midnight blast rolled madly on,
And the moon's calm lustre failed.'
'Were you wrong, then, mother, when you said
That God's eye turned not away,
But in darkness watched about my bed
As it did on my path by day?'

'I am rebuked!' was the meek reply,
As the mother bent her knee;
'On the lip of babes may a lesson lie—
I have learned one, child, from thee:
His wrath, which makes the sinner weep,
By a guilty conscience vexed,
Does but deepen the sinless infant's sleep,
And rock it to gentler rest.

And while thunders hoarsely peal around,
Speaking wo to the worldling's ear,
The Lord in his mercy stills their sound,
When innocence is near:
And while his living fire appals
The guilty here below,
The shadow of the Saviour falls
On childhood's sleeping brow.'

FISHING IN THE OHIO.

R AUDUBON, the ingenious American naturalist, in one his volumes of ornithology, presents the following nple sketch of the mode of fishing in the Ohio, many ars ago, or at least previous to the introduction of am navigation on the western waters :—

'It is with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret that ecall to my mind the many pleasant days I have spent the shores of Ohio. The visions of former years crowd my view, as I picture to myself the fertile soil and nial atmosphere of our great western garden, Ken-:ky, and view the placid waters of the fair stream that ws along its western boundary. Methinks I am now the banks of the noble river. Twenty years of my) have returned to me ; my sinews are strong, and the owstring of my spirit is not slack ;" bright visions of) future float before me, as I sit on a grassy bank :ing on the glittering waters. Around me are dense ests of lofty trees and thickly-tangled undergrowth, id which are heard the songs of feathered choristers, l from whose boughs hang clusters of glowing fruits l beautiful flowers. Reader, I am very happy. But v the dream has vanished, and here I am in the British ıens, penning an episode for my Ornithological Bio-phy, and having before me sundry well-thumbed l weather-beaten folios, from which I expect to be e to extract some interesting particulars respect-the methods employed in those days in catching ·fish.

But before entering on my subject, I will present you h a brief description of the place of my residence on) banks of the Ohio. When I first landed at Hender-, in Kentucky, my family, like the village, was quite all. The latter consisted of six or eight houses ; the mer, of my wife, myself, and a young child. Few as

the houses were, we fortunately found one empty. It was a log-*cabin*, not a log-*house*; but as better could not be had, we were pleased. Well, then, we were located. The country around was thinly peopled, and all purchasable provisions rather scarce; but our neighbours were friendly, and we had brought with us flour and bacon-hams. Our pleasures were those of young people not long married, and full of life and merriment; a single smile from our infant was, I assure you, more valued by us than all the treasures of a modern Crœsus would have been. The woods were amply stocked with game, the river with fish; and now and then the hoarded sweets of the industrious bees were brought from some hollow tree to our little table. Our child's cradle was our richest piece of furniture, our guns and fishing-lines our most serviceable implements; for although we began to cultivate a garden, the rankness of the soil kept the seeds we planted far beneath the tall weeds that sprung up the first year. I had then a partner, a 'man of business,' and there was also with me a Kentucky youth, who much preferred the sports of the forest and river to either day-book or ledger. He was naturally, as I may say, a good woodsman, hunter, and angler, and, like me, thought chiefly of procuring supplies of fish and fowl. To the task, accordingly, we directed all our energies.

'Quantity as well as quality was an object with us; and although we well knew that three species of cat-fish existed in the Ohio, and that all were sufficiently good, we were not sure as to the best method of securing them. We determined, however, to work on a large scale, and immediately commenced making a famous "trot-line." Now, reader, as you may probably know nothing about this engine, I shall describe it to you.

'A trot-line is one of considerable length and thickness, both qualities, however, varying according to the extent of water, and the size of the fish you expect to catch. As the Ohio at Henderson is rather more than half a mile in breadth, and as cat-fishes weigh from one to a hundred *pounds*, we manufactured a line which measured about

) yards in length, as thick as the little-finger of some r one yet in her teens, and as white as the damsel's er well could be, for it was wholly of Kentucky cotton, , let me tell you, because that substance stands the ter better than either hemp or flax. The main line ished, we made a hundred smaller ones, about five t in length, to each of which we fastened a capital k of Kirby & Co.'s manufacture. Now for the bait.

It was the month of May. Nature had brought abroad riads of living beings; they covered the earth, glided ough the water, and swarmed in the air. The cat-fish voracious creature, not at all nice in feeding, but one ich, like the vulture, contents himself with carrion when hing better can be had. A few experiments proved us that, of the dainties with which we tried to allure m to our hooks, they gave a decided preference, at t season, to *live toads*. These animals were very abun- t about Henderson. They ramble or feed, whether instinct or reason, during early or late twilight more n at any other time, especially after a shower, and are ble to bear the heat of the sun's rays for several rs before and after noon. We have a good number of se crawling things in America, particularly in the stern and southern parts of the Union, and are very ll supplied with frogs, snakes, lizards, and even croco- e, which we call alligators; but there is enough of d for them all, and we generally suffer them to creep ut, to leap or to flounder as they please, or in accord- e with the habits which have been given them by great Conductor of all.

During the month of May, and indeed until autumn, we nd an abundant supply of toads. Many "fine ladies," doubt, would have swooned, or at least screamed and e into hysterics, had they seen one of our baskets d with these animals, all alive and plump. Fortu- ely, we had no tragedy-queen or sentimental spinster Henderson. Our Kentucky ladies mind their own irs, and seldom meddle with those of others, further n to do all they can for their comfort. The toads,

collected one by one, and brought home in baskets, were deposited in a barrel for use. And now that night is over, and as it is the first trial we are going to give our trot-line, just watch our movements from that high bank beside the stream. There sit down under the large cotton-wood tree. You are in no danger of catching cold at this season.

'My assistant follows me with a gaff-hook, while I carry the paddle of our canoe; a boy bears on his back a hundred toads as good as ever hopped. [Arriving at the station, and the hooks being baited with toads,] the line is left in the river, and there *it* may patiently wait, until I visit it towards night. Now I take up my gun and note-book, and, accompanied by my dog, intend to ramble through the woods until breakfast. Who knows but I may shoot a turkey or a deer? It is barely four o'clock; and see what delightful mornings we have at this season in Kentucky!

'Evening has returned. The heavens have already opened their twinkling eyes, although the orb of day has yet scarcely withdrawn itself from our view. How calm is the air! the nocturnal insects and quadrupeds are abroad; the bear is moving through the dark canebrake; the land-crows are flying towards their roosts; their aquatic brethren towards the interior of the forests; the squirrel is barking his adieu; and the barred owl glides silently and swiftly from his retreat, to seize upon the gay and noisy animal. The boat is pushed off from the shore; the main-line is in my hands; now it shakes; surely some fish have been hooked. Hand over hand I proceed to the first hook. Nothing there. But now I feel several jerks stronger and more frequent than before. Several hooks I pass; but, see! what a fine cat-fish is twisting round and round the little line to which he is fast. Nat, look to your gaff; hook him close to the tail. Keep it up, my dear fellow. There now, we have him! More are on, and we proceed. When we have reached the end, many goodly fishes are lying in the bottom of *our skiff*. New bait has been put on, and, as we return, I

ıgratulate myself and my companions on the success of r efforts, for there lies fish enough for ourselves and r neighbours.

'Several species or varieties of cat-fish are found in the io—namely, the blue, the white, and the mud cats, ıich differ considerably in their form and colour, as ll as in their habits. The mud cat is the best, although seldom attains so great a size as the rest. The blue ; is the coarsest, but when not exceeding from four to : pounds, it affords tolerable eating. The white cat is sferable to the last, but not so common ; and the yellow ıd cat is the best and rarest. Of the blue kind, some ve been caught that weighed a hundred pounds. Such hes, however, are looked upon as monsters.

'When the waters are rising fast, and have become ıddy, a single line is used for catching cat-fish. It is tened to the elastic branch of some willow several feet ove the water, and must be twenty or thirty feet in ıgth. A piece of fresh venison, or the entrails of a wild-'key, furnish good bait; and if, when you visit your e the next morning after you have set it, the water has t risen too much, the swinging of the willow indicates ıt a fish has been hooked, and you have only to haul) prize ashore.

'One evening I saw that the river was rising at a great e, although it was still within its banks. I knew that) white perch were running—that is, ascending the er from the sea; and anxious to have a tasting of that e fish, I baited a line with a cray-fish, and fastened it the bough of a tree. Next morning, as I pulled in the e, it felt as if fast to the bottom, yet, on drawing it wly, I found that it came. Presently I felt a strong ll, the line slipped through my fingers, and next instant large cat-fish leaped out of the water. I played it for hile, until it became exhausted, when I drew it ashore. had swallowed the hook, and I cut off the line close to head. Then passing a stick through one of the gills, a vant and I tugged the fish home. On cutting it open, our surprise we found in its stomach a fine white perch,

dead, but not in the least injured. The perch had been lightly hooked, and the cat-fish, after swallowing it, had been hooked in the stomach, so that, although the instrument was small, the torture caused by it no doubt tended to disable the cat-fish. The perch we ate, and the cat, which was fine, we divided into four parts, and distributed among our neighbours. My most worthy friend and relative, Nicholas Berthoud, Esq., who formerly resided at Shippingport, in Kentucky, but now in New York (a better fisher than whom I never knew), once placed a trot-line in "the basin" below "Tarascon's Mills," at the foot of the rapids of the Ohio. I cannot recollect the bait which was used; but on taking up the line, we obtained a remarkably fine cat-fish, in which was found the greater part of a sucking-pig!'

JAMES WALLACE:

A TALE FOR BOYS.*

'How far is it from here to the sun, Jim?' asked Harman Lee of his father's apprentice, James Wallace, in a tone of light raillery, intending by the question to elicit some reply that would exhibit the boy's ignorance.

James Wallace, a boy of fourteen, turned his bright intelligent eyes upon the son of his master, and, after regarding him for a moment, he replied: 'I don't know, Harman. How far is it?'

There was something so honest and earnest in the tone of the boy, that much as Harman had felt disposed at first to sport with his ignorance, he could not refrain from giving him a true answer. Still, his contempt for the ignorant apprentice was not to be concealed, and he replied: 'Ninety-five millions of miles, you ignoramus!' James did not retort, but repeating over in his mind the distance named, fixed it indelibly upon his memory.

* From an American newspaper.

ıe same evening, after he had finished his day's
ɜ obtained a small text-book on astronomy, which
ɪ to Harman Lee, and went up into his garret
candle, and there, alone, attempted to dive into
ıteries of that sublime science. As he read, the
ıess of his attention fixed nearly every fact upon
d. So intent was he, that he perceived not the
of time, and was only called back to a conscious-
where he was by the sudden sinking of the wick
andle into the melted mass of tallow that had
e cup of his candlestick. In another moment
n total darkness. The cry of the watchman had
ı that the hours had flown, until it was past ten

y undressing himself in his dark chamber, his mind
g with a strong interest to what he had been
he lay down upon his hard bed, and gave full
his thoughts. Hour after hour passed away, but
l not sleep, so absorbed was he in reviewing the
. wonderful things he had read. At last wearied
ɣave way, and he fell into a slumber, filled with
ɔf planets, moons, comets, and fixed stars.
e next morning, the apprentice boy resumed his
the work-bench with a new feeling; and with
ing was mingled one of regret—that he could not
ıool as did his master's son.
[can study at night while he is asleep,' he said
ılf.
ɨhen Harman Lee came into the shop, and ap-
ɨg James, said, for the purpose of teasing him:
g round is the earth, Jim?'
ıty-five thousand miles,' was the unhesitating

an looked surprised for a moment, and then
ɜd with a sneer—for he was not a kind-hearted
, on the contrary, very selfish, and disposed to
ıther than do good to others—'Oh, dear! How
ıl wise you are! And no doubt you can tell
ıy moons Jupiter has? Come, let's hear.'

'Jupiter has four moons,' James answered, with something of exultation in his tone.

'And no doubt you can tell how many rings it has!'

'Jupiter has no rings. Saturn has rings, and Jupiter belts,' James replied in a decisive tone.

For a moment or two Harman was silent with surprise and mortification, to think that his father's apprentice, whom he esteemed so far below him, should be possessed of knowledge equal to his, and on the points in reference to which he had chosen to question him; and that he should be able to convict him of an error into which he had purposely fallen. 'I should like to know how long it is since you became so wonderful wise,' Harman at length said, with a sneer.

'Not very long,' James replied calmly. 'I have been reading one of your books on astronomy.'

'Well, you're not going to have my books, mister, I can tell you! Anyhow, I should like to know what business you have to touch one of them! Let me catch you at it again, and see if I don't cuff you soundly. You'd better, a great deal, be minding your work.'

'But I didn't neglect my work, Harman; I read at night after I was done with my work; and I didn't hurt your book.'

'I don't care if you didn't hurt it. You're not going to have my books, I can tell you. So do you just let them alone.'

Poor James's heart sank in his bosom at this unexpected obstacle so suddenly thrown in his way. He had no money of his own to buy, and knew of no one from whom he could borrow the book that had all at once become necessary to his happiness. 'Do, Harman,' he said appealingly, 'lend me the book; I will take good care of it.'

'No, I won't. And don't you dare to touch it,' was the angry reply.

James Wallace knew well enough the selfish disposition of his master's son, older than he two or three years, *to be convinced* that there was now but little hope of his

he use of his books, except by stealth ; and from
ıatural open and honest principles revolted. All
thought earnestly over the means whereby he
e able to obtain a book on astronomy, to quench
at thirst that he had created in his mind. And
ne without any satisfactory answer being obtained
rnest inquiries of his own thoughts.
ıs learning the trade of a blind-maker. Having
eady an apprentice for two years, and being
ıus and intelligent, he had acquired a readiness
)ls and much skill in some parts of his trade.
tting alone after he had finished his work for the
mind searching about for some means whereby
get books, it occurred to him that he might, by
in the evening, earn some money, and with it
ı as he wanted. But in what manner to obtain
knew not. It finally occurred to him that, in
ı house near the shop, he frequently observed a
window-blinds with faded hangings and soiled
'Perhaps,' said he to himself, 'if I could do it
ıey would let me paint and put new hangings to
nds.'
hought was scarcely suggested when he was on
moving towards the street. In a few minutes he
.ocking at the door of the house, which was soon
'Well, my little man, what do you want?' was
l salutation of the individual who answered the

ı felt confused, and stammered out. 'The hang-
/our blinds are a good deal faded.'
's a very true remark, my little man,' was the
ıade in an encouraging tone.
they very much want painting.'
very true,' said the man, with a good-humoured
ır he felt amused with the boy's earnest manner
elty of speech.
ıldn't you like to have them painted, and new
s put to them?' pursued James.
ı't know. It would certainly improve them much.'

'O yes, sir, they would look just like new. And if you will let me do them, I will fix them up nice for you, cheap.'

'Will you, indeed? But what is your name, and where do you live?'

'My name is James Wallace, and I live with Mr Lee, the blind-maker.'

'Do you, indeed? Well, how much will you charge for painting them, and putting on new hangings?'

'I will do it for two dollars, sir. The hangings and tassels will cost me three-quarters of a dollar, and the paint and varnish a quarter more. And it will take two or three evenings, besides getting up very early in the morning to work for Mr Lee, so that I may paint and varnish them when the sun shines.'

'But will Mr Lee let you do this?'

'I don't know, sir; but I will ask him.'

'Very well, my little man. If Mr Lee does not object, I am willing.'

James ran back to the house, and found Mr Lee standing in the door. Much to his delight, his request was granted. Four days from that he possessed a book of his own, and had half a dollar with which to buy some other volume, when he should have thoroughly mastered the contents of that. Every night found him poring over this book; and as soon as it was light enough in the morning to see, he was up and reading.

Of course there was much in it that he could not understand, and many terms the meaning of which was hidden from him. To help him in this difficulty, he purchased with his remaining half-dollar, at a second-hand bookstall, a dictionary. By the aid of this, he acquired the information he sought much more rapidly. But the more he read, the broader the unexplored expanse of knowledge appeared to open before him. He did not, however, give way to feelings of discouragement, but steadily devoted every evening, and an hour every morning, to study; while all the day his mind was pondering over the things he had read, as his hands were diligently employed in the *labour assigned* him.

, just at this time, that some benevolent indi-
ished, in the town where James lived, one of
ıt institutions—an Apprentice's Library. To
:e applied, and obtained the books he needed.
)ne dreaming of his devotion to the acquire-
/ledge—did the poor apprentice boy lay the
future eminence and usefulness. We can-
course, step by step, through a long series
:s, though it would afford many lessons of
and triumph over almost insurmountable
But at twenty-one he was master of his
/hat was more, had laid up a vast amount of
scientific information: he was well read in
studied thoroughly the science of astronomy,
ever retained a lively affection; was familiar
atical principles, and could readily solve the
t geometrical and algebraic problems; his
knowledge was minute; and to this he
bly correct information in regard to the
customs of different nations. To natural
.d also given much attention. But with all
:quirements, James Wallace felt, on attain-
f manhood, that he knew comparatively but

/ turn, for a few moments, to mark the pro-
young student in one of the best seminaries
) city, and afterwards at college. Like too
nen whose honest industry and steady per-
.ve gained them a competence, Mr Lee felt
give his son a trade, or to subject him to
straints and discipline in youth to which he
ıbjected. He felt ambitious for him, and
o educate him for one of the learned pro-
this end he sent him to school early, and
him the best instruction.
hat he was to be a lawyer or a doctor soon
on of the mind of Harman, and this caused
contempt for other boys who were merely
trades or store-keeping.

Like too many others, he had no love for learning, nor any right appreciation of its legitimate uses. To be a lawyer he thought would be much more honourable than to be a mere mechanic; and for this reason alone, as far as he had any thoughts on the subject, did he desire to be a lawyer. As for James Wallace, he, as the poor illiterate apprentice of his father, was most heartily despised, and never treated by Harman with the smallest degree of kind consideration.

At the age of eighteen, he was sent away to one of the eastern universities, and there remained—except during the semi-annual vacations—until he was twenty years of age, when he graduated, and came home with the honorary title of A.B. At this time James Wallace was between seventeen and eighteen years of age, somewhat rough in his appearance, but with a sound mind in a sound body—although each day he regularly toiled at the work-bench, and as regularly returned to his books when evening released him from labour, and was up at the peep of dawn, to lay the first offerings of his mind upon the shrine of learning. But all this devotion to the acquirement of knowledge won for him no sympathy, no honourable estimation from his master's son. He despised these patient persevering efforts as much as he despised his condition as an apprentice to a trade. But it was not many years before others began to perceive the contrast between them, although, on the very day that James completed his term of apprenticeship, Harman was admitted to the bar.

The one completed his education—as far as general knowledge and a rigid discipline of the mind was concerned—when he left college; the other became more really the student when the broader and brighter light of rationality shone clearly on his pathway, as he passed the threshold of manhood. James still continued to work at his trade, but not for so many hours each day as while he was an apprentice. He was a good and fast workman, and could readily earn all that he required for *his support* in six or eight hours of every twenty-four.

ght hours were regularly devoted to study. From some use, he determined he would make law his profession. the acquirement of a knowledge of legal matters, erefore, he bent all the energies of a well-disciplined, ive, and comprehensive mind. Two years passed away an untiring devotion to the studies he had assigned nself, and he then made application for admission to bar.

[Young Wallace passed his examinations with some plause, and the first case on which he was employed anced to be one of great difficulty, which required all skill; the lawyer on the opposite side was Harman e, who entertained for his father's old apprentice the st profound contempt.]

The cause came on within a week, for all parties inte- ted in the result were anxious for it to come to trial, l therefore no legal obstacles were thrown in the way. There was a profound silence and a marked attention l interest when the young stranger arose in the court- m to open the case. A smile of contempt, as he did curled the lip of Harman Lee, but Wallace saw it not. e prominent points of the case were presented in plain concise language to the court; and a few remarks ring upon the merits being made, the young lawyer k his seat, and gave room for the defence.

Instantly Harman Lee was on his feet, and began refer- g to the points presented by his 'very learned brother,' a flippant, contemptuous manner. There were those sent who marked the light that kindled in the eye of llace, and the flash that passed over his countenance, he first contemptuous word and tone that were uttered his antagonist at the bar. These soon gave place to ention, and an air of conscious power. Once on his t, with so flimsy a position to tear into tatters as that ich his 'learned brother' had presented, Lee seemed er to grow tired of the tearing process. Nearly an r had passed away when he resumed his seat with a k of exultation, which was followed by a pitying and temptuous smile as Wallace again slowly arose.

Ten minutes, however, had not passed when that smile had changed to a look of surprise, mortification, and alarm, all blended into a single expression. The young lawyer's maiden-speech shewed him to be a man of calm, deep, systematic thought—well skilled in points of law and in authorities; and, more than all, a lawyer of practical and comprehensive views. When he sat down, no important point in the case had been left untouched, and none that had been touched required further elucidation.

Lee followed briefly, in a vain attempt to torture his language and break down his positions. But he felt that he was contending with weapons whose edges were turned at every blow. When he took his seat again, Wallace merely remarked, that he was prepared, without further argument, to submit the case to the court.

The case was accordingly submitted, and a decision unhesitatingly made in favour of the plaintiffs, or Wallace's clients.

From that hour James Wallace took his true position. The despised apprentice became the able and profound lawyer, and was esteemed for real talent and real moral worth, which, when combined, ever place their possessor in his true position.

Ten years from that day, Wallace was elevated to the bench, while Lee, a second-rate lawyer, never rose above that position.

In the histories of these two persons is seen the difference between simply receiving an education, as it is called, and being self-educated. This fact every student, and every humble apprentice with limited advantages, should bear in mind. It should infuse new life into the studies of the one, and inspire the other with a determination to imbue his mind with knowledge. The education that a boy receives at colleges and seminaries does not make him a learned man. He only acquires there the rudiments of knowledge. Beyond these he must go. He must continue *ever after* a student, or others will leave him in the rear—others of humbler means and fewer *opportunities*; the apprentice of the handicraftsman, for

e, whose few hours of devotion to study, from a
ɜ love of learning, have given him a taste and a
ıat remain with him in all after-time.

QUEER CASE FOR THE LAW.

ɜ, M. le Baron de Cormann, an opulent German
nhabited the château of his ancestors, situated in
irons of Weïma. An excellent sportsman, and a
ɔed smoker, the baron was at the same time one of
liest mortals Germany ever produced. Notwith-
g this circumstance, he was an admirer of beauty
rs, and conceived a lively passion for Mademoiselle
schberg, daughter of a neighbouring castellan,
antique domicile constituted nearly his whole pro-
A formal demand of the lady's hand was made by
on; and the father, delighted with the prospect of
match, hastened to give the suitor an assurance of
ıt and best wishes. It was not so, however, with
ng lady, who, herself endowed with extraordinary
, could not endure the looks of the baron, and had,
, long ago given away her heart to one of her
, a handsome cavalier, in contrast with whom the
made a very sorry figure. On this account the
ies of the latter, and the commands of the father,
ɔd no effect. Mademoiselle de Reischberg conclu-
leclared, that she would never give her hand to
n so thoroughly ugly as the Baron de Cormann.
evening she was tempted, by new entreaties on the
the suitor, to repeat the preceding declaration
ıore energetically than before. The downcast
ıfterwards wended his way home. He sat down
ılazing fire, called for a pipe and ale; and, betwixt
'ling whiffs from his only source of consolation,
aimed passionately: 'I would give myself to the
e himself to be as good-looking as that confounded

cousin!' In his energy the baron—who, it will soon be pretty evident, was something of a simpleton—spoke aloud; indeed, he almost roared out the words. After the ejaculation, he smoked on vigorously, every blast-like puff giving indication of the storm within. How long he sat absorbed in this occupation, it is impossible for us to say; but certain it is, that when he laid down the pipe, and the fumes around slowly floated away, he saw before him, to his great surprise, an odd-looking personage, but black all over, in countenance and clothes. 'You have been heard,' said this personage; 'sign this paper, and by to-morrow morning you shall be beautiful in the eyes of all the world, though unchanged in your own!'

Stupified—almost out of his senses—M. de Cormann sat staring without motion. 'Sign!' repeated the figure; 'I am never invoked in vain, and you shall find my words to hold good!' The thought of Mademoiselle de Reischberg crossed the baron's brain. Great was the temptation. He took the pen, and again hesitated, being in a state of unspeakable confusion of mind. Then, as if determined not to trust himself with reflection, he hurriedly signed the paper. The stranger lifted it, bowed, and disappeared.

After this proceeding, which had taken place so rapidly that the baron had had scarcely time for connected thought, he sat in silent dreamy stupor through several long hours. With strange feelings he retired to bed, half afraid of the past, and half eager for the dawn, that he might prove the reality of the promised metamorphosis. Morning broke, and the baron arose. He dressed himself, and perceived no change in his appearance; but he had no sooner descended the staircase, than the reality of a change was made manifest. Two servants stood in waiting, and the instant that they cast eyes on their master, they started back in great surprise. 'Gracious powers! how much my lord is improved in looks! What a noble figure! How beautiful a countenance!' The baron's heart beat thick with exultation. He went out for *further proof*, bending his course to the mansion of M. de

ischberg, which was close to his own. Two men met
n, and they also started to behold him. 'How noble is
'lord's figure!' cried one. 'What a charming counte-
nce!' cried the other; 'surely he is much altered!'
These, and such like ejaculations, confirmed the baron in
i impression of the reality of the metamorphosis; and
proceeded, without delay, to the house of M. de Reisch-
rg. Here the crowning stroke was given to his triumph.
demoiselle de Reischberg appeared equally surprised
d enchanted with his form and looks. She seemingly
ld not conceal or restrain her admiration, and the
dsome cousin appeared to be driven out of her
ughts at once by the new and irresistible charms of
rival. Striking while the iron was hot, the baron
reated her to reward his long devotion by consenting
be his. The lady hesitated—the cousin seemed to pass,
a last time, across her thoughts; but the baron pressed
request, and the lady gave her consent.

In passing homewards on that happy day, the baron
eived additional though superfluous proofs of the
nge in his looks, from the remarks of various persons
o came in his way. When before his own fire, a pipe
l ale were again called for to heighten the delightful
t of the baron's ruminations. Long he smoked, gazing
the blaze; but at length he laid down the pipe. Then
he first become sensible of a startling fact. His
le visitor of the preceding evening was again before
1. 'If you fulfil the intention you now entertain of
ding Mademoiselle de Reischberg to the altar,' said the
nger solemnly, '*you will die on its steps.*' As he spoke
disappeared.

The Baron de Cormann lay for a long time in a swoon
er this fearful announcement. When he regained his
ses, and could reflect on what had passed, great was his
tation and greater his terrors. He could not conceal
m himself the fact, that since his visitor had been able
fulfil one promise so effectually, the same being could
; fail to fulfil with equal certainty the menace just
de, or at least to foresee the future. He saw that the

fiend, if fiend it were, had 'paltered with him in a double sense,' but the evil was irremediable. Preferring life to every other consideration, the baron, ere long, took a decisive resolution. He wrote to the Reischbergs, announcing his altered intentions respecting marriage, and, in short, declining the honour of the young lady's hand. On the following morning, he jumped into his carriage, and drove off for Paris, after leaving precise orders with an agent to sell his château and property at Welma without delay.

It was in the end of 1838 that the Baron de Cormann reached Paris, where he took a handsome hotel in the Rue Dominique. A month or two after his settlement there, he was presented with an acceptance of his own for 120,000 francs, purporting to have been granted by him while in Germany, and a demand was made upon him for payment of the same. The holder of the acceptance, and the requester of payment, was the already-mentioned handsome cousin of Mademoiselle de Reischberg, now become her husband.

The baron was struck dumb by this demand. Never in the course of his life was he aware of having signed any such obligation either to the nominal holder of the one before him, or to any person else. Yet he could not deny that the handwriting of the presented bill was his own; it was certainly his signature. Nevertheless, in the consciousness that he really owed no such debt, he refused payment. Immediately afterwards, he went to consult an acute legal friend. After relating the circumstance to that gentleman, and repeating his confident assurance that he never signed, to his knowledge, the obligation in question, though unquestionably his signature was there, the lawyer asked if he never, while in Germany, signed any paper without knowing its contents. The baron thought for an instant, and blushed for his folly. The remembrance of his strange visitant came across his mind with all the attendant circumstances. He compelled himself to tell his legal friend the whole affair.

The acute lawyer saw through the mystery at once.

The baron had been ugly at Weïma, he was ugly at Paris, and he had never been aught but ugly anywhere. The handsome cousin had so suborned his domestics as to acquire a knowledge of every movement, even of every word of the baron, in his own establishment; and being near the spot, perhaps in the house, on the evening of the baron's rash ejaculation respecting a change of personal appearance, he had taken advantage of the circumstance when it was reported to him, to victimise De Cormann in a double and truly diabolical way. By the connivance of the treacherous servants, and one or two other persons, Mademoiselle de Reischberg included, the poor baron had been thoroughly imposed upon, and, in some respects, he was not undeserving of it, seeing that he credulously consented to attempt success in his suit by such means as those described. The conspirator of a cousin, it is probable, imagined that the baron would pay the sum rather than incur the ridicule of a full disclosure.

The affair, says our French authority, came to a trial, and a celebrated Parisian advocate was engaged for the baron, the note for 120,000 francs being lodged, in the interval, in the safe hands of Messrs Rotheschilde. We regret that we have heard nothing of the issue of the case, and can only hope that the law prevented the poor credulous baron from being ultimately tricked out of his money by the unscrupulous young lady and her cousin. The moral seems to be—never sign any document of whose purport you are not fully acquainted.

A STORY OF LONDON LIFE.

It was on a winter evening, in the year 18—, that in the small parlour of a small house, in a narrow and confined street of the dense metropolis of Great Britain, was seated a very everyday sort of group. It consisted of Mr Beaufort Dawkins and his family, the latter comprising a lady who certainly considered herself a 'better-half,' and two daughters of the respective ages of seventeen and fifteen. An important event had that day taken place—nothing less than the formal and legal admission of Mr Dawkins as junior partner in the house of Altamont, Dobson, Smith, and Jones, to whom he had been confidential clerk for more than twenty years. The five o'clock dinner was finished, and a bottle of wine was being discussed, the whole party having drawn round the fire, while in the manner of each were many signs of complacency. There is vast expression in the figure—in attitude, ay, even in a finger—and the most uninitiated would never have mistaken the prevailing sentiment, as Mr Dawkins leaned back in his arm-chair, stretching a very dirty pair of boots towards the fender, and slightly compressing his lips as he brought a glass of ruby wine admiringly between his own vision and the bright flame. He felt that he had achieved greatness, and it is very doubtful whether Newton, after one of his profound discoveries, or Shakspeare after the embodiment of some everlasting truth, evinced so much self-satisfaction. Neither was there much likelihood of any error about the lady's feelings. She had disdained, on this important evening, to ply her needle, as she was in the habit of doing; so, for want of better employment, she twirled her restless fingers in the faded strings of a very fine but rather dirty cap; and in her endeavours to assume a dignified deportment, fidgeted about in a manner which would have been *very trying* to nervous persons. But dignified repose is

t for the unaccustomed to assume. Of the two
Matilda, the elder, was acknowledged to be the
ttractive. Already of a commanding height and
with features beautiful and finely chiseled, she
ideed eminently handsome; though perhaps a
nomist would have regretted a certain vacancy
d by the mouth. Yet, withal, there was that self-
ion which, with mind and decision, would have
pride, but, as it was, only constituted vanity.
the younger, formed a perfect contrast to her
or her features were anything but regular, and her
petite. Still, there were people who had the extra-
y taste to admire her; who forgave a mouth they
ledged was too large, in consideration of the teeth
led, and the dimple a smile displayed; and who
a pair of soft hazel eyes, shaded by a jetty fringe
hey were raised and did sparkle, were not to be
ged for Matilda's dazzling complexion. Susan
e only one of the party who was occupied, and
s hemming diligently a gentleman's silk hand-
f. Matilda was the first to break a short pause, by
ing: 'Well, now, papa, I hope you will let me
me lessons in singing.'
it, my dear, till we have got into the new house,'
d Mrs Dawkins. 'I should not choose Signor
ini to attend you here;' and the lady looked round
nsiderable scorn on the house of the last ten years,
she had drudged, and coaxed, and scolded by turns,
ere she had passed, notwithstanding, a very happy
of her life.
l my dear Dawkins, my dear Beaufort,' she con-
'do not let us think of staying here until the
expires. What *is* a quarter's rent compared to the
nce of the thing. Now that you are really in the
is due to yourself and your family that you con-
ese things. And, my love, I have been thinking a
eal of the new house and all our fresh arrangements,
m sure we must have a man-servant.'
dear, I cannot afford it.'

'Well, at anyrate, a boy—really a youth—tall of his age, of sixteen or so, in a good livery, gives the same air of respectability to a family that a man-servant does.'

Mrs Dawkins knew her own power. From long experience, she was aware that in arguments with her spouse perseverance was the one thing needful. True, she did not generally gain entirely the point from which she started, but for this, of course, she made all due allowances. In suggesting the necessity of a man-servant, therefore, she only expected to gain Mr Dawkins's consent to her hiring 'a youth;' and had she lived in the later days of 'pages' and biped 'tigers,' she might with yielding amiability have suffered her aspiring desires to dwindle from six feet two to four feet nothing. Thus a quarter of an hour was well bestowed in settling this important question, and about as much time was devoted to arranging some comparatively trifling matters in a similar diplomatic fashion. A visitor, however, disturbed the party.

'Why, that is Herbert Forster's knock, I declare!' exclaimed Mrs Dawkins; 'who would have thought of his coming on such a wet night; did you expect him, my dear?'

'Not I; though, by the way, I have not seen him to-day, and perhaps he has brought me some papers I asked him yesterday to arrange.'

Meanwhile, Matilda, with rather a sharp 'give it me,' had taken the work from her sister's hand, and in twenty seconds had arranged herself with wonderful composure at the table, with the whole apparatus of scissors and threads, &c., before her, a very pattern of neatness, precision, and industry. Susan said not a word, though the faintest smile in the world might have been observed on her countenance, as she raised her large eyes to her sister's face. A slight blush suffused Matilda's cheeks; but as she knew this was very becoming, she did not by any means withdraw from the light which fell full upon *her, and she* was the last to rise and greet the visitor.

Herbert Forster, though only a clerk in the house of Altamont, Dobson, Smith, Jones, *and* Dawkins, was an orphan, distantly related to several noble families, and had passed the years of childhood amid all the tenderness of affection and the luxury of affluence. His father had been Mr Dawkins's earliest benefactor, and on the severe reverses which preceded Mr Forster's death, Mr Dawkins was in some measure enabled to return the obligations he was under, by procuring for Herbert, at a good and increasing salary, the situation of foreign correspondent, for which his knowledge of languages qualified him, in the mercantile house to which we have alluded. Though humbled in fortune, he was in every other respect so greatly superior to the circle in which the Dawkinses moved, that there is no wonder that Matilda—a coquette by nature—was willing to try what power she could gain over him; indeed, he was nearly the first 'quarry' for whom she prepared the manifold weapons contained in a coquette's quiver. Latterly, however, he had, to her great dismay, transferred to Susan all those trifling attentions which are felt rather than described, for whom, of course, she, as an elder sister, entertained a due degree of contempt.

So much for the relative positions of the younger members of the party. As for the lady-mother, she liked Herbert Forster pretty well; though, notwithstanding his frequent visits and extreme intimacy, she had not as yet dreamed of any falling in love, either on his part or that of her daughters. The feelings of Mr Dawkins, however, were of a much warmer character; for he loved him almost as well as his own children, and though not a man of talent himself, he had sufficiently the power of appreciation to recognise the superior mind and acquirements of Herbert, and to feel a strong confidence that he would be successful in life. Perhaps the only one talent in which Mr Dawkins excelled, and which, indeed, had been the means of raising him to his present exalted position, was the one in which Herbert Forster was most deficient—namely, what phrenologists call the organ of Number.

He was, indeed, a first-rate accountant—a talent, by the way, which seldom accompanies a brilliant and imaginative mind, though if it do, it makes the intellect stupendous. Even on that memorable evening the bent of his mind might have been observed when he interrupted an animated conversation between Herbert and Susan on a point of history, to request the former to go over with him some abstruse calculations; and when these were finished, he proposed a family 'rubber'—more, it is not uncharitable to presume, to enjoy the often-repeated triumph of astonishing the uninitiated, by calling the last cards from every hand, than from any other motive.

Kind reader, pass over with me all the bustle, and excitement, and confusion of the Dawkinses removal to the 'new house.' I must beg you even to imagine their first immersion into a new sphere of society. By small degrees, and in the short space of three years, so great a change was effected in the Dawkins family, that they seemed to form quite a new species of the genius to which they belonged. It is true Dawkins *père* was still an 'everyday person,' for the lion changes not his skin, nor the leopard his spots; yet, from the friction of more refined society, into which he and his had struggled, he had acquired some polish, but being naturally a reserved man, circumstances had rendered him less communicative than ever. Assuredly there was a mystery connected with him. Some people talked figuratively of a mine he had discovered, and others of a lottery-ticket turned up a prize. These rumours might be nonsense; but the world always looks with suspicion on unaccounted-for wealth.

But where did the money come from? Ah! that is the question. The Dawkinses now had a really good house, well furnished, and with family arrangements better conducted than might have been expected. The 'boy' had long since made room for a substantial full-grown servitor; dashing parties were given; and even a carriage was kept exclusively for the ladies. And all this was to be supported by the junior partner in the house of Altamont, *Dobson,* Smith, Jones, and Dawkins, whose share of the

averaged something less than L.500 a year. When
tners asked questions, they were satisfied by the
*un*satisfactory answers he gave, implying that his
ad enabled him to make fifty per cent. of his own

awhile, three years had added many graces to
and had certainly not taken from the personal
ons of her sister; but the mind of each had
ed, and their faint and childlike shades of cha-
had assumed a deeper and more decided hue.
ere consequently more different than ever. And
t Forster!—— But he shall speak for himself.
scene was no longer the small parlour, but a
me drawing-room in G—— Street. The season
er end of May, when the thermometer of London
stands at the highest. The time was between three
ar in the afternoon, the day, Sunday; Venetian
softened the bright sunshine which would other-
ave streamed into the room—a room altogether
ed by an air of comfort, almost of luxury. Its only
were Susan and Herbert, and both had remained
ie minutes so silent, so motionless, that they looked
ike statues than breathing, feeling beings. Her-
ace was buried in his hands, while Susan, who sat
tle distance, gazed at him with an expression of
hough tearless agony. At last she rose, and
threw one arm across his shoulder; he drew it
his neck, and pressed her yielding form in a long
ssionate embrace.

arest, you are right,' he exclaimed, after a moment's
'while we are true to one another, we cannot be
vretched. But then—ay, that is the thing that
asses me—I am poor!'

rbert, I do not feel that you are poor. Your small
tain income would suffice for more than my unam-
wants. Oh! if you knew how sick at heart I feel
false and hollow life we lead, you would better
tand how I yearn for quiet and content. But you
w; you must have seen the miseries which this

struggling life has engendered; the tempers and ca
with which I have to bear, and which have shaken
nerves and undermined my health. And really,
Herbert, you owe it to me now to be my consola
seeing that it must have been your love and your ins
tions which have made me think differently from Mat
and have rendered me incapable of loving any one
noble, less *perfect*, than yourself.' She tried to be
though she was earnest; for hers was real woman's l
which cannot exist, in its depth and purity, witho
large share of spiritual adoration to its object—the n
ral religion of a woman's heart. And perhaps w
Herbert answered: 'Foolish girl, you make me an
he did not feel much displeased.

'And yet,' he continued, 'what avails it that I de
you?' (She pressed his hand.) 'Not, dearest, for p
leading out of darkness the blossom which natu
struggled into light, but because my heart is so wholl
unutterably yours, that it does deserve your own, y
self in return. But what avails it if they will not
you to me—if they have loftier views for you! I
frequently do I feel that we were all happier when
lived in the old house, and your father was only a cle

'Oh! how much happier! Even his counten
betrays that he is wretched. He looks a dozen y
older; and in three years his hair has become perf
white. I am sure there is some mystery. Where
the money come from which *is* spent, though we ar
harassed by debts?'

'By debts?'

'Oh! yes; and by having everything on long credi
pay most dearly. Think, dear Herbert, of the delig
feeling we did not owe a penny; and you know we sh
manage that even on your two hundred a year.'

'I hope so; though not, I fear, without some
sacrifices from you.'

'None—none—nothing would be too great a sacr
by which to escape the horror of debt. But where
the money come from which, after all, is spent?'

'If I tell you, Susan, what the world says—it is that Mr Dawkins is a successful gambler.'

'A gambler! Why now, he seldom touches a card.'

'Not at home, perhaps, and this may well be the case. If the report be true, it is not surprising that sixpenny whist should have lost its interest, or that he refrains from joining a card-table even at your parties.'

'Oh! what a dreadful life!—and what a false and wretched family we are! But do you believe it, Herbert?'

'I fear I must. It is better, Susan, with your energy and strength of mind, that you know the truth, at least as much as I can tell you. This very day, while loitering till the hour I knew your mother and Matilda would be out riding, I saw Mr Dawkins enter a well-known gambling-house.'

'What! in the daytime—on a Sunday?'

'Even so.' And, trust me, I would be the last to tell you such things are; for I deeply feel, that to the innocent and pure vice should still retain the veil with which shame has covered it; but there are circumstances to which "nice customs must courtesy," and I think ours are of the number.'

'It is all true—I feel it is all true,' exclaimed Susan, bursting into tears; 'and it accounts for so much misery —for the care-worn brow and irritable temper—for our uncertain means and our wretched existence. And yet, Herbert, he can be kind, and just, and right-thinking too; and on his consent I rest all my hopes. And Matilda, I wish she would choose one of her lovers. I think she would be much happier than she is at present.'

'Or rather you wish,' returned Herbert, 'that one of them would choose her.'

'Choose her! why, she says there are three or four anxiously and ardently awaiting her decision.'

'She says—but I fear we must not quite believe her—though I will grant that she is so blinded by vanity that she is the victim of self-deception, and really does consider herself the irresistible being she describes. It is a

very common delusion, I assure you. Matilda is admired for her beauty, but, I fear, little respected.'

This was indeed too true. Neither was Matilda nor her mother surrounded by any adventitious circumstance or connection that could lend to either of them a borrowed lustre. As for Susan Dawkins, she was like a sweet violet, not really the less to be prized because rank weeds grew around; or like a pure gem, not the less precious because fate had cast it among a heap of rubbish. The rest of the family were deceived precisely as persons so acting and so circumstanced almost always are. Now, in English society—even in what we may only call the upper grade of the middle classes—there are circles within circles, each progressively more picked or sifted than its predecessor. Talent *with* character, or wealth *with* character, may pierce to the very centre; and there will be found a sweet and full reward for any exertion the endeavour may have cost—a full and sweet reward which, once tasted, will always be recognised, though perhaps it is not very easily to be described. Certainly the outer circle is a very wide one. It consists of folks who are called 'dashing,' who accomplish that feat which, taken literally, is an achievement at least as prodigious as would be the discovery of the philosopher's-stone; namely, they spend twice their income. In this circle may be included often people of talent, but with soiled reputations, and the riffraff of many grades and descriptions of people; and it is remarkable that the members of this circle seldom or never advance to the inner and more select ones, though they occasionally drop off into the immensity of space beyond. The next circle is less brilliant but more solid, for it is capable of being cemented by honesty and friendship; and altogether, between the two extremes, there is about as much difference as between the sweet walnut and its outer soiling shell. Surely there is no need to hint that the Dawkins family, neglecting the real respectability and quiet happiness which might have been within their reach, *had stepped*, instead, into the dangerous vortex of that

meretricious circle to which I have alluded. So much for the slippery path of error; for perhaps it was not among the least mournful results, that 'Matilda was but little respected.'

But the half-sweet half-bitter tête-à-tête of the lovers was interrupted by the arrival of Mr Dawkins. Not that he entered the drawing-room, but they knew he had come home, and that he had ensconced himself in his own sanctum, a room called, by courtesy, the library. To their anxious hearts, the present moment seemed a very favourable one, the absence of Mrs Dawkins and Matilda being extremely propitious. To seek Mr Dawkins at once, and to rely on the force of truth and the eloquence of sincerity, was a plan so natural and simple, that they felt it did not deserve to be called a scheme; and strong in their own deep feelings, and believing that the realisation of their dreams was at stake, five minutes more found them, certainly with changing cheeks and quickened pulse, at the door of 'the library.' Susan knocked lightly, but almost before she could listen to the anticipated 'come in,' her hand had turned the lock. For a moment she was startled by the scene which met her view. A heap of sovereigns, seeming to her an unimagined sum of money, was only partially covered by open papers, with which her father appeared in the act of concealing it. Writing materials were before him, and something like a check-book in his hand, while his countenance was so livid, and his eyes so glassy, that Susan involuntarily started forward, believing he must be ill. In a few minutes, however, he recovered his composure, and listened with even more patience and kindness than his daughter had dared to hope for, to the entreaties and arguments of Herbert Forster. Susan had seated herself on a low stool beside her father, as if thus placed, her agitation would be less perceptible; while with one hand she grasped that of his, and with the other pressed against her brow, she in some measure shaded her face. It was Herbert who chiefly spoke, but a pressure of the hand may be very eloquent! That was a strange and

ever-to-be-remembered interview, during which, in truth though unprofessedly, the young were monitors of the old; for they talked of principle to him who had been found wanting, and of contentment, and moderate desires, and truth, to a parent who for long years had scarcely recognised one of them.

That brief half-hour was a golden one to Herbert and Susan, for in it they won a father's consent to their union. And when, shedding grateful happy tears, she threw herself into his arms, he strained her to his heart, more fondly, more proudly, with more self-satisfaction, than he had done for years. But he bade them leave him, and be happy, for he had writing to do, letters to transmit, and at six they would meet again at dinner. They left the room, and Herbert quitted the house, for he felt it would be scarcely delicate to meet Mrs Dawkins until she had been apprised of the happy determination in his favour. For a short interval we must return to the library. The door was now locked; but no matter through what crevice we peep. Again Mr Dawkins was seated at the table, again was his face livid and his eye glassy, though fixed intently on some strips of paper which lay before him. He then wrote slowly, with precision, carefully as ever school-boy penned a copy; but the writing did not please him, for, after a moment's hesitation, it was torn into innumerable fragments and cast aside. Again and again the attempt, whatever it might be, was made, and at last, we may presume, he was successful, for some scraps of paper he put contentedly into a note-case, and others he locked up in his *escritoire*. Then placing the sovereigns in a canvas-bag, and the canvas-bag in his pocket, he took up his hat, stepped softly along the hall (just noticing the dial, which pointed to a few minutes past four), and stealthily opening the street-door, went out, closing it by means of a latch-key also, without noise. Neither Susan nor any of the servants had the slightest suspicion of his absence, though, by a singular accident, Herbert Forster saw him a *second time* enter the house to which he had before alluded.

The life of Dawkins was a mystery which seemed to
arp the fate of all about him, and his increasing dis-
esses delayed the marriage of the amiable Susan. Six
onths after the explanations in the library, Mrs Dawkins
ed; and shortly afterwards, a still greater blow overtook
e family, in the elopement of the elegant and heartless
atilda with a personage, an occasional companion of the
ther; in short, no less dignified a being than the Count
Truccelini.

Alas! for the bereaved father. The wretch who had
lled himself the Count de Truccelini Mr Dawkins knew
be a gambler and swindler, besides more than sus-
cting him to be already a married man! And this was
e associate to which vice had linked him—the man he
d suffered to pollute his pure domestic hearth. With
handsome person and specious address, there could be
ry little wonder at his gaining influence over the weak
nds of Matilda and her mother, to whose ears, also, the
ipty title he possessed *or* assumed had a strange fasci-
tion. Oh! ye ignorant few, whose band, thank Heaven,
every day decreasing; ye who dread enlightened minds
women, and would keep them in darkness akin to your
n, will ye not understand that the mind requires light
d nourishment, and that if ye will not give it whole-
me food, it must grovel in the mire, or seek at best the
unting weeds which have root there! The wretched
her felt that his child was lost, and yet was he fain to
by any desperate measure to save her. He thought
had a faint clue by which to trace the fugitives; and
iting only to write three or four letters on business, he
rted with post-horses in pursuit. One of these letters
s addressed to Herbert; but when opened, he found it
d been misdirected, being evidently intended for some
e else, though whom he could not make out. At all
ents, it seemed unimportant, though naturally he was
ch annoyed at thus missing some instructions on busi-
ss matters which must have been intended for him;
t he felt that the haste and excitement under which Mr
awkins had written, easily accounted for the mistake.

It is not worth while to follow Mr Dawkins closely on his journey. Enough, that with unwearied steps he pursued the pair, and, it would seem, did at last discover them in an obscure French town. His own movements were so rapid and uncertain, that he was unable to receive any intelligence from home, and the letters he addressed to poor Susan only served to confirm their worst fears. But at home, oh! how serious were the scenes enacted during the interval of that chase upon the continent.

It was a sharp frosty moonlight evening at the end of December, within a day or so of the close of the year, when a traveller alighted in the city from a Dover coach. He called a street-coach immediately afterwards, and ordered the coachman to drive quickly to —— Street. Mr Dawkins, for the traveller was our old acquaintance, soon reached the door of his home. To his surprise, however, he found some difficulty in getting an answer to his repeated summons for admittance. He began to tremble. Wayworn and depressed in spirits, he had expected to find the arms of one kind child at least open to receive him, and to meet from her with those consolations which the conduct of Matilda had rendered only too necessary. But in place of Susan, an old woman—the sole remnant, seemingly, of his lately well-served household—appeared at length in answer to her master's summons. 'Where is Susan?' cried Dawkins hastily; 'where is my daughter?'

The faithful old servant looked at him with anxiety, almost with fear, in her aspect. 'Oh! sir,' said she, 'have you just newly arrived?—have you heard nothing!'

'Nothing—not a word,' answered the alarmed Dawkins. 'Since my departure I have scarcely been an hour in one place, and have, therefore, not heard a syllable from England. No letters *could* reach me.'

He had entered the parlour by this time, and sunk into a chair. Some moments elapsed ere he could ask the question that most naturally formed itself in his mind; '*Is Susan ill*—dead?'

, sir,' answered the woman; 'Heaven be praised,
ell in health; but she has gone for some time to
ı a friend. She has gone in order to be near the

)rison!' repeated Dawkins, growing pale as death.
sir,' continued the old woman. 'Oh! Mr Daw-
.ve you not heard of the misfortune of poor
ıter? He has been accused and found guilty of
'

:ery!' muttered Dawkins faintly as he started to

sir; the firm—your partners—discovered that
l been defrauded, and they said, though he denies
ing, that he had done it. But my dear young lady
believe a word against Mr Herbert, and she is
with him when they will allow her.'
ins stood for a time as if stupified. Suddenly,
', he changed his manner, and, with a hasty hand,
ıt and examined some papers from his bag.
these in his pocket-book, he seized his hat, and,
a word to the servant, quitted his now desolate
When in the street, he again called a coach, and
the conductor to drive to —— Street, the site
:ity mansion of the head partner of the firm of
ıt, Dobson, Smith, Jones, and Dawkins.
ıat evening, Sir John Altamont was called from
:ence of a party of his friends to witness a scene
he dullest brain was not likely to forget during a
. The man who burst in upon him was his own
, but so changed as scarcely to be recognisable.
ıave prosecuted Herbert Forster for forgery,'
ıwkins with agitated abruptness; 'for the love
'en fly without delay and liberate him! *I am the*
ıan! Here—here the proofs!'—and he took
ly from his pocket a mass of papers which the
ıt, startled and confused as he was, soon recog-
be connected with the forgeries, and as supplying
g link which had alone thrown doubt on Forster's
lity.

In short, the papers were convincing. Dawkins, meanwhile, watched the face of Altamont with eager anxiety; and when he saw that the other seemed to be satisfied, he again cried: 'Fly to save him! I have retained the coach for the purpose. There should be no delay in clearing the innocent. The life of my child—now my only child—hangs on that of the guiltless young man!'

The alderman, who was sheriff for the time, and was the very person to be of use in such a case, had risen to his feet, and Dawkins observed a confused glance cast on himself. He understood its meaning. 'In the name of our common Father,' he again cried, 'answer me—are you satisfied, from these papers, of that guilt which I again solemnly avouch and admit with my tongue!'

Altamont replied gravely in the affirmative.

'Then I know you to be a just and a merciful man; I know that you will do your duty,' said Dawkins. 'For me—may God forgive me! Oh, may God forgive me!'

With the words, and ere the alderman could interfere, the unhappy man drew out the hand which he had for some time held in his breast—it grasped a pistol; and in one instant he lay dead on the floor, shot through the heart!

We need not dwell on the consequences of this event. Sir John Altamont—for, as sheriff, he had been knighted—drove immediately to the Home-Secretary, whom he made acquainted with the important discovery related. The ultimate consequence, of course, was the complete exculpation and liberation of Herbert. The general public rejoiced deeply in the escape of the innocent young man. More deeply did they rejoice when the rumour afterwards went abroad that Herbert Forster had nourished vague suspicions of the truly guilty party, but that, being uncertain of the truth, he could not and would not step forward to throw a shade on the name of the father of her whom he loved.

Not long after the events related, Herbert Forster *might have* been found in the respectable situation of

British consul at a foreign port of some eminence. With him was his wife, Susan Dawkins, or she who had borne that name. While Herbert had lain in prison, with a sudden and shameful death before his eyes, she had been his constant attendant, his sole consolation, and he repaid her love by the after-devotion of a lifetime. The pair had the sad consolation of giving a refuge to the deserted Matilda, humbled by suffering into something better than she had been in her earlier years.

THE DUNNED POET.

Giambattista Casti, an Italian modern poet of celebrity —author of a whimsical production, entitled *Animali Parlanti*, which has been translated by Mr Stewart Rose into English, under the title of the *Court of Beasts*—had the misfortune one day to borrow three Giuli (pieces of the value of fivepence) from a Roman ice-dealer. It was stern necessity which reduced him to the act—he was a poor man, and had no other resource. If fortune had soon after begun to smile upon him, it might have been all very well, for then he should have been able to treat his creditor as creditors who wish their money back again ought to be treated—namely, to say to him: 'There's the paltry sum you have made such a racket about;' adding sundry expressions designed to shew how mean a wretch an importunate creditor is. But Casti continued poor, and was totally unable to indulge in this luxury of throwing the paltry coin back in the creditor's teeth; he was, on the contrary, exposed to a process of dunning, such as perhaps never debtor underwent before, insomuch that he became at length unable to think of anything but the Giuli Tre and the inexorable ice-dealer. In these circumstances, it was the sole relief available to his wounded mind to commit the various hardships of his case to verse in the form of sonnets, of which, at the last, he

compiled 200, all written in the purest of Italian. These have been published, and form one of the most favourite books in the light modern literature of Italy. It was a sweet revenge, and one with which the very victim of it might have been pleased rather than otherwise, if he had been a man of any soul—which the creditors of poets, however, never are. Thus the debt may be said to have been immortalised: we rather suspect it was never paid; at least the two-hundredth sonnet concludes without one word as to the forthcoming of the coin. Casti ultimately rose in the world, and was poet-laureate to Francis II. of Austria; but probably long ere then the ice-dealer had died with the debt in the same predicament as his wares —unliquidated. If so, we can only hope that his ghost has had many a pleasant day of it, reflecting on the mirth which the affair has excited in living men.

The Giuli Tre has never been fully translated into our language; but two attempts have been made to convey some idea of it to the English reader by means of extracts.* This is not the best plan for imparting the jest to any one, for much of that lies in the very profusion and protraction of it; but it is all which has yet been ventured on; and we, so far from doing more, can only propose to give a few specimens from the most amusing of those sonnets which have been translated.

Signor Casti thus begins to sing his woes:—

'I weep as I recall the day my Dun
Lent me those fatal *Giuli Tre*:† he stood
A full half-hour in shilly-shallying mood,
Poising them in his hand, and—one by one—
Counting them o'er, as first he had begun.
Even then I saw no human likelihood
Of my repaying them—and I still see none.
Small wonder, therefore, if I sometimes brood

* By Mr Leigh Hunt, and a writer of an article in the *Dublin University Magazine*. In the following extracts from these series, initials are used to distinguish the respective translators.

† The magazine translator makes this into three half-crowns—a bad change, we think, in as far as much of the humour of the whole affair lies in the smallness of the debt. Not only for that reason, but *for uniformity*, we assume liberty to restore the actual sum.

With bitter tears over my dismal fate,
Besonnetising and bewailing it;
Loathing my food, which at such seasons I
Exert myself in vain to masticate;
And suffering in such style as makes me fit
For nothing but to—go to bed, and—die!'—(D. U. M.)

sonnet fifth, he complains that, having an ardent
of renown, and of singing about arms and warriors,
ompelled to exchange those heroic subjects for the
Giuli Tre. Sonnet tenth is full of anger at his
or—

'I've said for ever, and again I say,
And it's a truth as plain as truth can be,
That from a certain period to this day,
Pence are a family quite extinct with me.
And yet you still pursue me, and waylay
With your insufferable importunity,
And for those —— infernal Giuli Tre,
Haunt me without remorse or decency.
Perhaps you think that you'll torment me so,
You'll make me hang myself? You wish to say
You saw me *sus. per coll*—no, Giuli; no.
The fact is, I'll determine not to pay;
And drive *you*, Giuli, to a state so low,
That you shall hang yourself, and I be gay.'—(L. H.)

en says (sonnet eleventh), that if he is in the com-
of beautiful girls, who delight to be talking with
r if he picks out some solitary and quiet spot to
is walk in—wherever he is, in short, morning or
g, he cannot wean his memory from the Giuli Tre.
nage of his creditor comes before him, and haunts
vorse than Asmodeus or Beelzebub. In sonnet
h, he recommends any one who wishes to meet
the ice-dealer, to inquire where the poet is; the
r having no other thought or occupation than the
ss of the Giuli Tre.

'Never did beetle hum so teasingly
About one's ears, in walking, when it's hot;
Never did fly return so to one spot,
As comes my teasing creditor on me.
Let it but rain, for instance, and you'll see
The flies and beetles vanish like a shot;
But never comes the time—the day is not—
In which this vermin here will let me be.

Perhaps, as bodies tend invariably
Tow'rds other bodies by some force divine
Attraction, gravity, or centripathy
(God knows, I'm little versed in your righ
So, by some natural horrid property,
This petty satellite tends towards me and

In sonnet sixteenth, tormented by the
Orestes was by the Furies, he speculates,
seeking repose in some other country. E
while bidding adieu to his dear friends, h
his creditor, who says he will go with h
fore gives up the project in despair. By
suddenly brighten up. The poet is trans
nineteenth) with the intelligence that
going out of town. Now he sees him pu
spurs on! Now he mounts on horseb
horse is in motion! He is gone, and the
a mariner when the storm has cleared aw
(sonnet twentieth) with freedom and deli
city, knowing that he will not be molested.
Giuli Tre has gone towards the coast, and
may find an opportunity of carrying hi
Not that he wishes him ill: on the con
rejoice in his being preferred to a viziers
have the effect of fixing him in Turkey fo
twenty-first contains an apostrophe to
entreating them to behave in their kind
order to facilitate the creditor's voyage.
hand, the voyage being finished, he tr
become extremely furious, so as to pre
Noah's dove, from ever returning. In
he feels like a city after the raising o
this halcyon period is soon to end.
third—a letter by post from the creditor
get ready the three Giuli, as he will
Sunday or Monday at furthest. 'Poffared
the ill-starred poet; 'the fellow has fo
of tormenting me at a distance.' This
in next sonnet, to a mode there is of co
by letter.

n sonnet forty-sixth, he discusses the question whether creditor be a greater scoundrel than an Algerine ıte; and thinks that he is, because the pirate is satis- with robbing a man of what he has, whereas his litor wishes to rob him of what he has *not*, and never have—namely, three Giuli. Afterwards he goes on s:—

'Some fine May morn you wake, and find a small
Pimple established on your neck—or nose—
Thereof at first you nothing think at all;
But weeks pass, and your jolly pimple shews
Itself a tumour, the which grows and grows,
Till, waxing bigger than a cannon-ball,
Like that, it lays you on your back—nor goes
Till you go with it—under plumes and pall.
'Twas thus, and 'tis with me in this case. When
I first incurred my debt, it seemed a trifle—
A nothing—a mere pimple, so to say:
Now 'tis a tumour—an enormous wen—
An incubus—a mountain—and will stifle
My very life and soul, I think, some day.'—(D. U. M.)

ıan it be an influence of the nature of climate which ces his persecutor so troublesome?

'One fact, I'm very clear, I may set down
As proved—to wit, that, travel in what line
You please, you'll meet no creditor like mine,
Even though you ransack every land and town:
On which account I oftentimes opine,
That if clime, skies, and temperature combine
To make some nations black and others brown,
This people fierce, and t'other just as meek,
The Thracian proud and greedy of renown,
Th' Assyrian indolent, the Frenchman gay,
There may be in this Roman atmosphere
An influential something, so to speak,
Which renders debtors averse to pay,
And creditors remorselessly severe.'—(D. U. M.)

hus he runs on from one thought to another, placing case in every sort of light. Once happy, he wrote no se: now miserable, his groans escape him in sonnets. former stoicism long since gone, he feels like the lion ı the gadfly in its ear. He envies the state of infant, because it knows nothing of Giuli Tre. He

laments that early condition of the world in which there was a community of goods, and denounces the avidity which now deluges the earth with miseries, and subjects him, in particular, to all the evils of the Giuli Tre. He thinks of marrying, but is deterred by a conviction that his children would all resemble his creditor, so that he should see creditorlings constantly dancing about him. A friend takes him to see the antiquities in the Capitol, but he is put to flight by seeing a statue resembling his creditor. He wishes (79th) that some logician, who understands the art of persuading people, would be charitable enough to suggest to him some syllogism, or other form of argument, which may enable him to prove to his creditor the impossibility of paying money when a man has not got it. Science, learning, and ancient history, are all brought in to illustrate his unhappy predicament:—

'Let doctors dissertate about attraction,
And preach long lectures upon gravitation,
Indulging thereanent in speculation;
For which no human being cares one fraction—
'Tis all mere twaddle talk and iteration:
There never yet was any explanation
To anybody's perfect satisfaction.
However, this I stubbornly believe—
And, for the proof thereof, see no great need
To take down Isaac Newton from the shelf—
That, move whither I will, noon, morn, or eve,
I manage to attract, with awful speed,
My Giuli Tre tormentor tow'rds myself!'—(D. U. M.)

'Often and often have I understood
From Galen's readers and Hippocrates's,
That there are certain seasons in diseases
In which the patient oughtn't to lose blood.
Whether the reason that they give be good,
Or doctors square their practice to the thesis,
I know not: nor is this the best of places
For arguing on that matter, as I could.
All that I know is this, that Giuli Tre
Has no such scruple or regard with me,
Nor holds the rule himself: for every day
He does his best, and that most horribly,
To make me lose my cash; which, I must say,
Has, with one's blood, some strange affinity.'—(L. H.)

ures on a well-known maxim of Juvenal :—

inless traveller, as he jogs along
ighway on some fine September morn,
r in his pauperism, can laugh to scorn
ich man's fears of robbery and wrong :
otpad hears the rascal's merry song,
ts him pass in peace, as one forlorn.
u, oh, pitiless wretch ! with heart of horn,
ver in my ears the dong-ding-dong
r vile Giuli Tre, albeit I hold
runken purse before you upside down,
urn my small-clothes' pocket inside out;
wear ten oaths that all my hopes of gold,
, and copper, in the shape of crown,
, penny, or pistole, are down the spout!'—(D. U. M.)

tell this most characteristic story
rning Cicero, called also Tully,
ie, in virtue of his oratory,
l never pay a debt, however fully
out; but that, when badgered by a bore, he
l mount the rostrum, talk about his glory,
it that forking out the blunt would sully
nour bright; in short, so coax and bully,
even his creditor walked off enchanted.
py Cicero, thrice-favoured man,
om this grand gift of the gab was granted!
to me, whose logic, for my sins,
vofully; for, twaddle all I can,
editor, the blackguard, only grins!'—(D. U. M.)

to our poet (128th) that, as Languedoc was
m the use of the particle *oc* in that country,
n other parts of France used to be called
ii, and as Italy is denominated the land of *si*
particles signifying *yes*), so his own language,
nstant habit of using the negative particle to
ought to be called the language of *no*. He
ears that his creditor has taken to learning
surmises that the object must be to try the
new language in the business of dunning.
trusting to first appearances in this man :—

editor seems often in a way
nely pleasant with me, and polite;
ke a friend : you'd fancy, at first sight,
ought no longer of the Giuli Tre.
at he wants to know is, what they say

Of Frederick now; whether his guess was right
About the selling of the French that night;
Or what's the news of Hanover and D'Estrées.
But start from whence he may, he comes as truly,
By little and by little to 's ancient pass,
And says: "Well, when am I to have the Giuli?"
'Tis the cat's way. She takes her mouse, alas!
And having purred, and eyed, and tapped him duly,
Gives him at length the fatal *coup de grace*.'—(L. H.)

One of the most ingenious of the scientific speculations is the following:—

'It seems that at the pole, in winter-time,
When days are shortest, anything you say,
It don't much matter whether prose or rhyme,
Dies on the frozen air unheard away,
Till summer comes, when, on the first fine day
That visits that most hyperborean clime,
Same air dissolves, and without more delay,
Out come the words of your past pantomime.
Pondering on this, I've sometimes fancied, if
My creditor and I were there together
Some winter, and his talk were frozen stiff,
How much it would astonish and astound
The polers, when they'd hear, in warmer weather,
Ten thousand calls for *Giuli Tre* all round!'—(D. U. M.)

And thus the bard might, to all appearance, have gone on rhyming for ever, if Apollo had not appeared to him in the 200th sonnet, and remonstrated against his wasting his time further on so trivial a subject. He ends, accordingly, bidding a friendly farewell to his creditor, but holding forth to him no prospect of reimbursement. It is to be hoped that the poet not long after found himself in cash, and satisfied the ice-dealer—an act which, we believe, must have conduced much to his comfort, however poorly it might have told in his verse.

AN INCIDENT AT BOULOGNE.

om which our fashionable Englishmen have of the coast of France, when debts and the like render their own country somewhat too hot to n comfortably, causes Boulogne and other towns the chief places of rendezvous on such occasions, it, for the most part, a strangely assorted society, witness, at times, very curious scenes. We do isely ask our readers to believe the following story in all its details, though there is nothing robable in any part of them.

orge Tindal was a young baronet of good English vho came to Boulogne some years ago under eculiar circumstances. He had been left very ith command of a good patrimonial estate, but n way so far to the fashionable follies of the high life, as to allow nearly the whole of it to on the turf as fast as race-horses could carry it. still good expectations, however. A maternal a merchant, and one of the richest in the metro- is likely, in the due course of things, to leave ge his fortune, as his nearest heir. He was fond oung man, but had been greatly and perilously l by the conduct and reverses of the latter. It le meditating on this subject that an idea struck ly ruined baronet. 'How successful,' thought he, le has been by his speculations in the funds! t I have a chance that way also! Might not I ıy poor remnant of means into that great lottery, out a prize? I may as well try it: all that I v is scarcely worth thinking twice about. I shall ast.'

Sir George! He forgot that though some seas leep, there are others which cannot be sounded hat however deep one may be in the mire, there

is a chance of getting deeper. He *did* venture his all in the stocks. He was successful once, and even twice. Getting inspirited by his good-fortune, he thought he had but to venture further and win more. Alas! he was a novice, merely, in the hands of veteran gamblers. Some of the very worst members of the body who speculate in these matters got him into their hands; and knowing well what his expectations were, and where they lay, they led him on by a nibble or two, until, by a series of ruses, considered not infamous only on such a field of transactions, they at length got him placed under a load of debt which even all his uncle's means would with difficulty lighten. Holding him bound by signatures and bonds, they then waited coolly for his accession to his prospective inheritance, knowing well that the same prospect would keep their victim also within reach of their grasp at any time.

Sir George wandered about town for some months after these mishaps, like a man with a rope around his neck. During that time he had many reasonings with himself on an important point. This point affected his whole prospective fortunes. The young baronet was naturally possessed of good sense: he was well educated, and it may be said that his heart was good, and his intentions fair towards all men, under ordinary circumstances; but his course of life, and the associations he had formed, had relaxed his moral principles. This acquired defect came now into play. The point which he canvassed with himself was, whether or not, after having most distinctly ascertained that he had been the dupe of his creditors, his engagements with them were binding upon him. His good sense said yes, for they had acted within the law; his sense of honour said the same, for they had his bonds; 'but then,' said other internal arguers, 'they got these by base means, and they have not lost a shilling by me. The article *experience* was what my folly bought from them at the price of a fair fortune, and with it came no penny out of their pockets. Besides, if I pay these harpies, I *shall be* beggared.' The end of the whole was, that the

Sir George died; the young baronet was left heir; in a few hours almost after being put in possession of his fortune, which was the portable one of an old hoarder, the young baronet was on his way with ulogne. The creditors stormed and vowed re- but they at first knew not whither he might fly, e are great difficulties attending the recovery of om creditors on the continent in any case.

orge fixed himself in a small country-house near . He had been able to carry thither a sufficiency anent maintenance—above L.20,000, nearly the of his funded embarrassments, after what he air debts' were privately settled. He lived for ie in great seclusion, only occasionally appearing . The society which he then met was not of a r to trouble itself much about what he had done, oing, or was about to do, so long as he maintained iable appearance and a gentlemanly deportment. eorge led a very quiet and undisturbed existence e, always excepting some little twinges from a violated honour, until love, the universal busy- me in the way to overthrow the runaway's A lady made her appearance in Boulogne, bear- ame and style of the Baroness d'Estival. Report : she was an English woman by birth, and the f a foreign noble; and she was young, beautiful, ted rich. Ere long, such attractions brought all lers of dangling Boulogne into subjection to the , and among the rest, our baronet saw and the lady. For a time, however, he was undis- d by her, nor did he make any marked advances n part. An accident brought round an éclair- t. By a peculiar piece of awkwardness, as it on the part of her servant, the calèche of the was nearly overturned near Sir George's door. g baronet sprung out; and the lady appearing l terrified, he entreated her to alight for a few . She complied. It was the hour of lunch, and ched together. Sir George begged her to view

his garden, and they walked together. Whe
was at last about to depart, Sir George begge
take the reins out of the hands of the awkwa
and escort her home in person. The result
that the baronet became an established visit
baroness; and having declared his passion, r
answer which left him much to hope, while a
time it promised nothing positive.

Sir George could not be long acquainted w
baroness without discovering that she had one
and somewhat eccentric taste: she was distra
of angling—a perfect female Walton. She ha
the season a large yawl, something between a
and a yacht, and every morning, when the w
good, she rose with the sun to amuse herself o
with the rod.

'I cannot comprehend the pleasure you t
occupation,' said Sir George to her one day.

'It is a charming recreation,' answered she g
besides, my physicians have recommended to
as much air and exercise at sea as possible.
the taste through this cause. It is sometimes
sure, for the sailors and my servants are n
But I have been pressed by a certain gallant
a certain warlike colonel, to permit them t
company, and I think I must really consent
How could a lover forbear to entreat permissio
the place of these rival suitors? Sir George
He begged and sued, and the fair lady gave
that he should accompany her next morning
her odd excursions to sea.

The day proved beautiful, and the pair wen
sunrise. They sailed, however, far out to sea
the coast, ere any desire for fishing was sh
lady. The water was not favourable, she
place, and then she declared that she had
this morning for the exercise. Sir George
pleased with this disinclination, which was
flattered himself, to her being absorbed

conversation; and she, on her part, seemed only to think of charming him by sweet discourse. At length a slight shower fell, and the baroness asked her lover to enter a small rude cabin, where a glass of wine and cake were offered to him. Here the pair sat, hour after hour, the lady enchanting her lover with talk that caused him to forget all but her present self. At length, he pulled out his watch and started up. 'What!' cried he, 'the day is far advanced, and I don't think they have ever put about!' The wind, too, was blowing nearly direct from the coast. 'Come, madam, if you fish at all to-day, it is surely time to begin.'

The answer startled the poor baronet. 'I *have* angled,' said she quietly; 'and, what is more, I have caught my fish.'

'What mean you?' cried Sir George. 'What fish have you caught?'

'Twenty thousand pounds!' answered the lady, with coolness. Sir George grew pale, and stepped hurriedly on deck.

'Distraction!' cried he, as soon as he had looked around. 'Put about instantly, pilot; that is Margate!—we are off England!'

'Exactly so, Sir George,' said the lady at his back. He turned round and looked at her.

'Your purpose, then, is to take me'——

'To London, Sir George,' said the lady, interrupting him with calmness, though a gratified flush was on her cheek. Sir George turned to the sailors.

'My purse!' said he; 'twenty-five louis for you, if you put about for Boulogne!'

'Twenty-five louis!' said the lady disdainfully, 'when twenty thousand pounds are in the other scale!'

'Barbarous, treacherous woman!' cried the infuriated baronet, as he looked around with an eye that threatened peril to all, if he had but had the means to inflict it; but the baroness gave a signal, and in an instant his arms were pinned to his side by two pair of brawny arms. The baronet struggled, but in vain; a cord was produced, and

he was only saved from the ignominy of being bound, by giving his assurance that he would remain in quiet durance in the cabin. It seemed to him that he had nothing for it but to submit.

Sir George, reduced to this condition, looked with indignation at his captor. She had checked the sailors for harshness in their usage of him, but otherwise she expressed no visible emotion. 'Betrayed by you!' said the captive, 'you whom I loved so much!'

'You loved me!'

'Yes; well you knew it!' answered Sir George. 'Since you are an adventuress, cruel woman, would not my whole fortune, with my hand, have better paid you than a miserable hire?' The lady spoke not in reply, and Sir George also held a scornful silence from that moment until he landed in the Thames. He was here put into the hands of the sailors, and conducted to a hotel, on giving his solemn promise that he would not attempt to escape. Believing all to be lost in any case, he was glad to be relieved from the confinement of a jail, though it might be but till his creditors were warned of his capture.

It was night when this landing in the Thames took place. Sir George spent a wretched night, moaning over that fate which his conscience told him was not unmerited. In the morning he drew up an act, briefly giving up all to his creditors. He had scarcely finished this when a visitor was announced. It was his betrayer, the baroness.

'Wretched woman! what seek you?' said he sternly. 'Is not *your* task done? I have now to do with others.'

'With none but me,' said the lady in a low voice, and with a timidity of manner most unlike her previous deportment.

'What do you mean, madam?' asked Sir George.

'I am your sole creditor,' said the lady; and she placed in his hands some papers, which he at once saw to be his own redeemed bonds. He looked up in amazement. 'You had a cousin once, Sir George,' said the lady, with *her eyes* on the floor.

l—Anne Fulton,' said Sir George; 'we were
es in childhood.'
went abroad, when a child, with her family?'
d the lady.
lid,' said the baronet; 'and, I have heard, was
to a very wealthy planter in the island where
led. It pained me to hear it, for we loved each
en when infants.'
wedded against her will,' continued the lady;
too, remembered old days. She is now a widow.'
had been gradually breaking upon Sir George's
He started hastily forward, and took hold of the
ınd, almost throwing himself at her feet.
are'——
your cousin Anne,' said the lady.
.eedless to carry our tale beyond the point when
ɾination of the reader can do all that remains to
. The lady had returned to England a rich
had learned the situation and embarrassments
well-remembered cousin; had seen him at
ɜ; had contrived the overturn at his door, and
s acquaintance. She had only thought of the
:heme through a spice of romance in her tem-
t, and that she might get him to England, where
ıt have his debts paid. They wedded, and lived
like all lovers in stories; and we wish all were
ıs the present one.

INSURRECTIONS AT LYON.

INSURRECTIONS, mobbings, and all other commotions the purpose of raising the rates of wages, have invaria ended in misery and disappointment to the parties c cerned; for the simple reason, that they discourage adventuring of capital, and paralyse the very mov springs of employment. Their fatal effects have in instance been seen more conspicuously than at L some years ago. The history of the great insurrec at that city is interesting, and may yield an instruc lesson. It was originally told by M. Monfalcon, a physi of Lyon, whose narrative is here given in an abrid shape.

The silk manufacture, introduced from Italy in fifteenth century, forms the great spring of industry wealth in the city of Lyon, a town happily situated c peninsula formed by the junction of the Saône and Rh in the south-east of France. It is the second city of country, and contained, about the year 1830, a popula of 140,000 persons. Of these, fully 30,000, including n women, and children, may be computed to have l engaged, at the same period, in the silk manufactu and the quantity of silk manufactured may be recko in round numbers, at 700,000 kilogrammes—a kilogran being equal to 2 lbs. 8 oz. and 3 dwts. of troy-weight. money turned over at Lyon by the silk trade is estim by M. Monfalcon at 200,000,000 francs annually. ' exportation of the article is greater, by one-half,' he s ' than the exportation of all the other manufactu productions of the whole of France put together.' the great, though not the sole seat of a manufactur important to the national wealth and welfare, Lyo may be imagined, is a place viewed with deep interes the entire people of France.

The parties engaged in the silk manufacture ma

divided into two principal classes—namely, the masters, who have several silk-looms of their own, usually from three to eight, and have a fixed residence; and the class called *compagnons*, who work some of the looms of the masters, and receive half of the money gained by these looms, without having responsibility of any sort upon their heads. When the silk trade is dull, these latter persons turn their hands to something else, and the instability of their position forms a great evil in the manufacturing system of Lyon. Generally speaking, the compagnons are improvident persons, and their habits are immoral. They dissipate upon foolish or injurious luxuries much of the means which they gain by working five days in the week with diligence. They live poorly, their houses are crowded and unhealthy, and sometimes large families live together in single ill-ventilated apartments. Their children, boys and girls, are usually brought up to the silk trade, like their parents, and the youths of the male sex may be said to be the most dangerous portion of the population of Lyon. The elder among them, youths from fifteen to twenty, are called apprentices, and the younger are called *lancers*, their task being to throw (*lancer*) the shuttle in certain pattern-silks. For the most part, M. Monfalcon assures us, 'neither apprentices nor lancers have received the slightest education. They are turbulent on days of riot and revolt through a mere love of noise. But these boys were seen, during the days of disturbance, creeping among the horses, and aiming blows at the dragoons, which were so much the more dangerous, as it was impossible to foresee them.' They were even provided with firearms, he continues, and shewed an utter contempt of danger.

Such is the character of the class of artificers among whom, in 1831, a spirit of disorder insinuated itself, in consequence partly of the agitating influence of the Three Days of the preceding July, and partly from the effect on the French silk trade of the increasing competition of Prussia, Switzerland, and, above all, Great

Britain. The influence of the latter cause should have rendered them more prudent and industrious than formerly. Feeling a change for the worse, though to no great extent, they adopted a very opposite course, charging the evil upon their guiltless and equally suffering employers, and demanding terms which could never be acceded to. In the autumn of 1831, even while business was getting brisker, the workmen, or the agents of the unions which they had formed, required the adoption of an unvarying scale of prices, and resolved upon a general turn-out in the event of non-compliance. By this scale or tariff, the silk-weavers determined to stand, never reflecting, apparently, that it was absurd to call upon the employer, himself suffering from all changes in the market, to insure the workmen from the chances of suffering from the same cause. Early in October 1831, the weavers, pursuing their object, laid the scheme of a wage-tariff before the mayor and authorities of Lyon. The latter, intimidated seemingly by so numerous a body, received the application, and called on the master-manufacturers to send delegates to meet those of the workmen on a certain day. M. Dumolart, prefect of the Rhône, rashly yielded to this arrangement. 'The definitive convocation of the delegates of the working-men and of their employers took place in M. Dumolart's drawing-rooms. While the opposing interests were engaged in debate, an immense multitude of the workers in silk, organised in troops and cohorts, advanced from the suburbs to the square of Bellevue and the square of La Préfecture, immediately in front of M. Dumolart's house. They were then without arms, without sticks, and they marched in silence and in perfect order. Their chiefs carried wands in their hands as signs of their authority; and the multitude, rallying round the tri-colored flag, remained inoffensive and mute. That day (the 25th of October) presented a singular spectacle: a perfect order reigned in the disorder—there were no tumultuous cries—no provocations; the working-men *satisfied* themselves with making a demonstration of their

forces. A great number of them, however, penetrated into the courtyard of the Préfecture, and stationed themselves immediately under the apartment where the tariff was regulating. At last, one of their delegates left the assembly, walked down to the square in front of the Préfecture, and commanding silence, said: "My friends, people are busy up there about your interests—all goes on well—retire!" At the instant, all that host of working-men quietly retreated in the same order in which they had advanced. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the civil authorities of Lyon announced that the tariff was agreed upon and finally settled. This news was received by the weavers with the most lively demonstrations of joy. A tariff had been established on paper, but it remained to be seen if it would work. The men had fixed that work was only to be done at certain prices, but they could not compel masters to give them work at those prices, if the latter should find it ruinous to do so. Clearly, the right of considering whether they were to give work at the prices fixed upon remained with the manufacturers, if liberty and right were to be anything more than mere names in the country. To pursue the narrative of M. Monfalcon: 'Scarcely was the tariff promulgated in Lyon, when many commercial houses, alarmed at the prospect of the future, or finding it impossible to pay the high prices demanded by the weavers, came to a determination to suspend all their operations. The great fault of M. Dumolart had placed our capitalists in a frightful position—many thousand looms were at once left without work.

'A dreadful fermentation agitated the working-classes during the first weeks of November. They demanded the execution of the tariff, and showed the most deadly animosity against the manufacturers. Mobs gathered in the streets, squares, and suburbs; La Croix-Rousse—a large dependent town, rather than a suburb—was up in arms, and a hostile collision seemed inevitable. A grand review of the national guard took place on Sunday, the 20th of November, for the installation of its chief, old

General Ordonneau. Ten thousand men were present beneath the national flag, and had these men been decided in their wish of maintaining order, no troubles could have happened. But it was easy to see, by the alarming countenances of all the companies from the suburbs, and by the apathy of the majority of that armed militia, that some great event was preparing. The citizens of Lyon were left a prey to the most acute anxiety, and people ran everywhere inquiring what would be the probable result of this cruel situation. They were not left long in this state of uncertainty.'

The result was a dreadful conflict, which lasted for three days, and watered the streets of Lyon with the blood of its citizens. Hundreds of lives were lost, and, as takes place in every similar scene of confusion, the innocent suffered alike with the guilty. It was on the morning of Monday, November 21, that the weavers of La Croix-Rousse placed themselves in an attitude of open insurgency, raised barricades, and planted above their heads a black standard, with the pointed inscription: 'We will live working, or die fighting!' They cut the silk from looms, and forced the peaceable to join them or perish. They had abundance of arms and ammunition, and even two pieces of artillery. The civil and military authorities knew all this, and they had force sufficient, of regular troops, to restore order; but they sent, at the outset, only sixty men of the national guard, with arms, but *without ammunition*, to march upon the barricaded position. 'A shower of stones gave them their welcome; many of them were wounded, and the detachment was compelled to make a hasty retreat. Then, indeed, some attacks were made by the troops of the line, but with feeble means, and not upon one but different points; thus they all failed. An officer was wounded in the thigh —a drummer shot through the shoulder. These first successes encouraged the insurgents; the working part of the population rose like one man.'

All classes of mechanics were now involved in the *affair*, and seized the opportunity to demand wage-tariffs.

Dumolart the prefect, and General Ordonneau, went to speak to the insurgents; they were seized and made prisoners. General Roguet, commander of the garrison, a veteran but invalid soldier, was the only man now found to direct a force against the insurgents. But the latter, secure in the lofty firm-built houses of La Croix-Rousse, repulsed all attacks, though at the cost of much bloodshed. On the second day, the soldiers were in possession of but one square, in the whole of the great city of Lyon. They had fought with courage; 'but what could cavalry do in a war of streets, under the fire of enemies that were carefully concealed behind gates and chimneys? Many of them were dismounted, wounded, or killed; and several, who were thrown or fell from their horses, were despatched by the women and children of the weavers.'

The insurgents fired on all flags of truce sent to them. True, they liberated the prefect and General Ordonneau, but only because they saw their victory almost secured. And in reality, the despairing magistrates thought it best to yield, and send away the soldiers. 'At two hours after midnight,' says our author, 'on the morning of the 23d of November, General Roguet yielded to the representations of the civil authorities, and resolved to quit the town with the remainder of the troops he commanded. .... He was followed and assisted by a few men of the national guard. But the insurgents were aware of his movements, and established a strong post at the barrier of St Clair, with the view of intercepting his retreat. A single piece of artillery, and a general fire from the troops of the line, presently forced a passage there. The soldiers, formed in close columns, then cleared with courage and rapidity three barricades that had been raised between St Clair and La Boucle, and beat and threw into perfect disorder the posts of working-men that guarded them; and in spite of a running-fire of musketry, and stones and tiles that rained upon them from the houses, they made good their retreat to Montessuy, Caluire, and La Pape, after having lost a number

of men. The dragoons, who performed several brilliant charges, suffered the most. A battalion of the 40th closed the retreat, and fought with courage for its protection. But the unfortunate wounded soldiers left behind were stripped, despatched, and thrown into the Rhône, by a set of weavers whose fury had obliterated every feeling of humanity. General Fleury was wounded and dismounted in the fatal retreat, and one of his aides-de-camp was killed by his side.

Intoxicated with their victory, the workmen now gave themselves up to riotous indulgence, and went about the streets, hugging one another, and crying: 'Les Braves!' ('The Heroes!') They were reeking even then with the blood of their countrymen. But the removal of all opposition restored them, in some measure, to reason. Much property was burned and destroyed; but at length they stood still, as if sensible that wanton destruction could do nought else than bring ruin and famine on themselves. The municipal authorities began to regain some portion of their authority. The population retired to their houses, and, willing to return to work, became aware of the obstacles which their own insane conduct had thrown in the way of their peaceful maintenance. On the 27th of November, four days after the retreat of the troops, General Roguet was asked by the authorities to return with them. He found a humbled population in Lyon. Men were praying for work and food. Revenge might readily have been taken upon them, but happily another course was pursued. Louis-Philippe's eldest son, the Duke of Orleans, was to visit the city with Marshal Soult, and he did so on the 3d of December, when he was received with great acclamations. A powerful force accompanied him; the citizens received all, not only without resistance but with joy. 'And thus,' says M. Monfalcon, 'finished the history of the three days of November, and such was the winding-up of the workingmen's victory. Much blood was shed; brave French soldiers received their death; the first manufacturing *city in* France was a prey to the most frightful disorder:

and for what end? Had the condition of the working-classes been improved? Had they succeeded in forcing their employers to adopt the tariff? No. The principle of that scheme was absurd, and could never be acknowledged by the government. Had they succeeded in raising the price of their labour? No. Trade can flourish only when no blows are aimed at the liberty and tranquillity of its transactions; and their revolt paralysed it, and condemned the silk manufacture to a long period of inactivity. Had their easy and short triumph attracted the public interest to their cause? Was their country indebted to them for what they had done? Alas! no. They attacked with an armed hand the institutions of their country—trod her laws under foot, expelled the legitimate authorities, and threw our city into an abyss of misery. The brutal employment of force to resolve a question of trade and industry is equally absurd and criminal, whether it proceed from the working-man, his employer, or the government. But some will say, the insurgents did not abuse their victory. Yes; we must, without doubt, to a certain point, be grateful to them for not having proceeded to extremes and the most horrid excesses, which, however, would have brought down a fearful and inevitable vengeance on their own heads. They did not do to Lyon, and to the capitalists and manufacturers of Lyon, all the mischief that they might have done; but ought this negative merit to make us forget the crime of their impious aggression, the horrors of a civil and civic war of three days, and the deplorable consequences that resulted therefrom!'

Notwithstanding the lesson given by the results of this senseless resort to violence and bloodshed, the workmen of Lyon did not then learn the wiser part. We shall now advert to the scenes which were presented in that city in 1834, originating in the same, or nearly the same cause.

Circumstances soon occurred to prove that the working-men of Lyon had derived no effective warning from

their futile and blood-spilling outbreak in November 1831. The miserable tariff for which they had held out having been given up at the time with perfect indifference, a new plan was tried, with full consent of both masters and men. This consisted in the establishment of a tribunal, called *L'Institution des Prud'hommes*, and composed of an equal number of manufacturers and delegated workmen, whose business it was to arrange the scale of wages for regular periods. It was hoped that this council would be one of amity and concord; but it speedily proved to be a very pandemonium of confusion and anarchy. The representatives of the working-men carried their prejudices and passions with them, and acted not as the colleagues, but as the constant and bitter rivals of the master-deputes, interrupting debates, and annulling decisions at will. A mob was, moreover, admitted to the place of meeting, and there hooted and threatened all who displeased them. Harmony was further distant than ever.

Nor did the evil rest here. The disturbances of 1831 had drawn upon Lyon the attention of all the wild speculators in politics, morals, and religion, whom Paris or France contained; and preachers and lecturers of all denominations accordingly flocked to the unfortunate city. Before the outbreak of 1831, the weavers of Lyon had been remarkably indifferent to all sorts of politics and political discussions. A few months sufficed to change their feelings. As was to be expected in a place where so much ignorance prevailed, the adventurers who preached republican opinions found most converts in the workshops of Lyon, outstripping all their competitors, from Carlists to Saint-Simonians. Ere long, the workmen chose to have a newspaper purposely for themselves; and this journal, called the *Echo de la Fabrique*, had for its auxiliaries other papers, which openly advocated a revolution and a republic. By such combined causes were the uninstructed weavers of Lyon worked up to, and kept continuously in, a state of frenzy. 'The great *weapons of* the publications described were, of course,

calumny and personal defamation. Any manufacturer or merchant who did, or even said, anything considered unfavourable to the cause of the people, was at once accused of every vice and crime, and held up as a monster to popular execration.'

M. Monfalcon, the writer now quoted, states that, during the thirty months intervening between November 1831 and April 1834, 'Lyon never at any time enjoyed fifteen days of tranquillity.' The numerous and sometimes conflicting sources of agitation tended, for a part of that period, to prevent any great or combined movement towards a new insurrection. But at length certain gentlemen calling themselves Propagandists of the Society of the Rights of Men of Paris, came to the city of Lyon to lend their generous assistance in throwing the confused mass of mischief into a proper shape, and in giving it an impulse toward its destined end. Under their auspices, unions were formed, and laws and by-laws concocted. The two great unions were, that of the *Mutuellistes*, or weavers who had looms of their own; and that of the *Ferrandiniers*, or weavers who had no looms. The constitution of these unions was nearly the same. The Mutuellistes had 122 lodges, of twenty members each, and with a president in each. From the united body of presidents were formed twelve central lodges, each of which named three members to form an executive commission, which thus consisted of thirty-six members. This commission again resolved itself into a permanent directory of three members. Each member of the union paid five francs on admission, and one franc per month regularly. The money here was the important matter, fine though the lodge-scheme looked. The money was the thing which sustained such men as struck or wanted work; and the money kept up the *Echo de la Fabrique*, as well as the *Echo des Travailleurs*, a rival which sprang up in due time.

Though dissensions soon occurred among these unions, yet they so far worked out their unhappy ends as to give a stronger aim to the mischievous elements existing in

Lyon. From the middle of 1832, the city not only never enjoyed fifteen days of peace, but a month never passed without an open attempt at insurrection. These would have been much more quickly and decisively destructive than they really were, but for the wise measures taken by the French government immediately after November 1831. They then commenced to fortify the city, and in less than two years a number of forts, connected partly by intrenchments, had arisen around Lyon, while a strong barrack was built in the square of the Bernardines, commanding the always turbulent quarter of La Croix-Rousse. The erection and completion of these works, with the number of forces in the city, doubtless kept down the insurrectionary spirit to a certain extent. But it grew in strength and audacity till it became ungovernable. At the close of 1833, scarcely a day passed without a riot, more or less serious. Mingling political with commercial matters, the weavers publicly sang republican hymns at the same time with psalms about the tariff, the cry for which revived in double force; and 'Down with Louis-Philippe!' 'Long live the guillotine!' 'Down with the aristocrats!' were also common cries on the streets of Lyon.

In consequence of these mad dissensions, the silk trade was in a languishing state in February 1834. The natural result was, an inability on the part of the manufacturers to pay the wages given before. Blind to the fact that their own previous insane conduct had the inevitable tendency to cause this fall, the Mutuellistes, by a majority of 2341 over 1290, resolved on a strike. Next day not a loom in Lyon was at work, the minority remaining idle under compulsion. From the 12th to the 22d, the weavers held out, making senseless and vain demands; but after the eight days had elapsed, they returned to their work, having gained nothing. But it was calculated *one million of francs* (L.40,000 sterling) *was lost to Lyon during these eight days.* And, moreover, a 'great number of families left the town, and terror became general among the manufacturers. Most of them

concealed their goods, or packed them up and exported them; and then getting their own passports, hurried from Lyon as fast as they could. Considerable amounts of capital thus left the city. Some first houses were shut up and abandoned.'

It seemed, however, as if nothing but bloodshed—bloodshed once more—could quell the mad spirit of insurgency in these ignorant and misguided men. On Saturday the 5th April, six men belonging to the Mutuelliste Society were to be brought to trial for various acts of riot. An enormous multitude of the weavers assembled in and around the court, and the result was an attack upon the assembled officials, from which the judges, the attorney-general, and the commissaries of police, only escaped by making their exit through a concealed door and a hayloft. A body of sixty foot-soldiers marched out to check the riot; but though the weavers parted without further mischief, the discovery that the muskets of the soldiers were unloaded did much harm, leading the people to believe that the soldiery would not act against them.

Next day, 8000 weavers turned out to attend a workman's funeral, and in the evening the streets were crowded with men singing the Marseilloise hymn, and shouting republican and seditious cries. This state of things led to the instantaneous departure of many other capitalists and manufacturers from the city. It was now evident that Lyon was clearing, to become once more a field of battle. In the weaving-lodges, the question was openly debated—how and when a revolt, political and commercial, might be best effected. The actual determination to revolt was taken, and the workmen were confident of success, though the troops in the city amounted to 10,500 men. The rioters deemed the troops friendly, however, and there committed a great and fatal mistake. The 9th of April, the day fixed for resuming the trial of the six Mutuellistes, was looked on by the authorities as the perilous moment, and justly, as it proved. 'On Wednesday, the 9th of April,' says M. Monfalcon, 'at seven o'clock in the morning, the soldiers were at their

combat at six A.M., by ringing the tocsin from St Bonaventure and other churches. The firing, however, did not begin till eight o'clock. The street warfare presented much the same character as the preceding day; but at La Guillotière the battle became still more furious. A multitude of working-men, placed on the roof-tops and behind chimneys, fired incessantly on the troops; consequently whole batteries of artillery thundered on that populous suburb, and soon wrapped many houses in flames. The main street was literally swept by the cannon. A large and beautiful house, situated at one corner, was set on fire—the flames rapidly spread from house to house, and in a short time all that part of La Guillotière was nothing but a heap of smoking ruins. At another point near the hospital, the troops kept up a tremendous fire of musketry against a party of working-men who lay there in ambush behind a barricade. The balls rebounding (*par ricochet*), entered in at the windows of the houses, and wounded many females. At noon, the black flag floated over the church of St Polycarpe at L'Antiquaille, at Fourvières, at St Nizier, and at the Cordeliers. The stunning tocsin resounded on all sides. Colonel Mounier, at the head of some grenadiers, ordered the destruction of a barricade in the street of St Marcel. The colonel directed the attack in person. He wanted to shew his men how easy it was to carry such a defence; he jumped upon the barricade, and was shot dead by a musket fired point-blank. The death of that brave officer infuriated the grenadiers; they threw themselves upon the barricade, scaled it, beat it to the ground, and pursued the insurgents, who fled in all directions. A few of the soldiers saw some of the republicans seek refuge in a corner house; it was from that direction that the fatal shot which killed poor Mounier was fired. With blind fury the grenadiers rushed into the house, ran up the stairs, forced open the room-doors, and discharging their pieces, killed, among others, one of the most honourable and esteemed citizens of Lyon—M. Joseph Rémond. *Thus the* death of the brave Colonel Mounier was followed

by a not less deplorable accident! Mournful results of civil wars are these, where the lives of so many innocent persons expiate the offences of the factious, who themselves often escape unpunished! During this day, the buildings of the College were set on fire three times, and three times the fire was extinguished; the library was threatened with destruction, but fortunately that rich literary treasure did not sustain the least injury. At the end of this day, if the garrison had obtained no decisive success, it had at least lost none of its advantages. The insurgents had nowhere gained ground, though they had fought with more obstinacy than had been expected.'

It would be painful to follow this insurrection through all its details. The plan of action pursued by the military consisting chiefly in discharges of artillery, was prudent as regarded themselves, but awfully destructive as respected life and property in the insurgent streets. The soldiers took care not to enter the long narrow streets, where escape with life was almost impossible. Four days the warfare continued unabated. On the evening of the fourth day (12th of April), however, the troops were in possession of nearly the whole city, and peaceful citizens began to breathe freely. Physicians for the first time dared to visit the sick and wounded. Still there was a little fighting on Sunday the 13th, but on the 14th the contest ended. On that day, the last lanes in La Croix-Rousse were taken, and nearly every insurgent in them was shot or bayoneted by the troops. It was only then that the true authors of the evil were exposed to and met the fate which they had provoked.

By these six days of commotion, Lyon was left nearly in ruins. The destruction of property was enormous, and the loss of life also very great, though not proportionate. The results of the whole was an almost total stoppage of the silk trade in Lyon. Capital was taken from it to an immense amount, and its owners settled in more tranquil scenes. For years after, the effects of these riots were felt in the trading concerns of the city.

STAYS AND SLIPPERS:

A TALE.

'SHOULDERS, Jemima!' said Miss Partington to her niece, who had been just admitted to the dessert with her two younger sisters. 'Shoulders, miss!' repeated the ancient damsel, thrusting back her elbows, and drawing up her head for the young lady's especial imitation; 'shoulders once more, and pray do not lean back in your chair! Really, General Phillips,' she added, addressing her brother-in-law, 'I must get *you* to speak to Miss Crampton about the slovenly carriage of your eldest daughter. I have addressed her so often on the subject, that I am tired of the office.'

The general turned himself in his chair, pettishly exclaiming: 'I will, I will;' but the promise of a man who speaks in a half-doze can hardly be held binding. He attempted to resume his doze, but in vain. Miss Partington, as commander-in-chief of the general's household, had to consult him continually respecting an important event which was daily anticipated. The Earl of Laxington and family had promised a visit to Primley Hall on their way to the Highlands, and Miss Partington—overwhelmed as she was with preparations—had scarcely slept since receiving the news of the intended honour, and she seemed determined that her brother should have no rest either.

'I am most fearful,' she continued, 'lest anything should go wrong, and that his lordship should leave with bad impressions respecting our management—(Janet, my dear, I am shocked! Cut it, miss! How could you think of *peeling* an orange?)—for of course, general, the high rank of his lordship insures the utmost precision and exactitude in his own establishment.'

This sentiment conveyed Miss Partington's confession

of faith respecting virtue and dignity. A rigid adherence to forms and ceremonies constituted, according to her notions, the highest of human excellences. Possessing a great veneration for nobility, she imagined that the higher the rank of individuals, the greater share they possessed of her favourite formality. These notions she had never mixed sufficiently with the world to correct, and thus she was, on the death of her sister, intrusted with the management of General Phillips's family in a remote country-house.

Exactly at a quarter to seven o'clock, Miss Crampton, the governess, entered the dining-room to lead the young ladies to the school-room, where they were to be entertained by learning their various tasks for the next morning; and from which they were never allowed to rise till the clock struck nine, when they retired to rest. On this occasion Miss Partington announced, that next morning, after lessons, it was her intention to speak to the ladies respecting the great event which was expected shortly to take place. The three Misses Phillips then rose from the table, and advancing in succession to the spot where their governess stood, placed their arms before them, made a polite courtesy to their father and aunt, and left the room in single file, headed by Miss Crampton. Shortly after, Miss Partington retired to the drawing-room, at the door of which the still-room maid awaited her orders. These having been given, were promptly obeyed; and soon afterwards, the footman was sent with Miss Partington's compliments to General Phillips—— and coffee;' whereupon the general arose and adjourned to the drawing-room with military promptitude. These events happened, with very few exceptions, exactly at the same points of time, in precisely the same manner, three hundred and sixty-five times in every year.

The school-room at Primley Hall was a cold-looking apartment, without carpet or draperies. At one end was a long table, surrounded by several chairs, placed exactly equidistant by the correct eye of an esteemed house-maid. A perpendicular book-case stood between the

windows, in each of which was placed a globe, carefully covered with brown Holland. An embroidery-frame and work-table adorned each side of the fireplace. Back-boards, stocks, and other old-fashioned implements of physical education, were hung up in various parts of the room; for calisthenic exercises were pronounced, both by Miss Partington and her ally the governess, to be quite improper for young ladies in their station of life: they were vulgar and unfeminine. A writing-desk, covered with green baize when out of use, and a high-backed chair, placed at the head of the table, formed Miss Crampton's post of honour, and completed the furniture of the Primley Hall seat of learning.

Next day, precisely at the appointed hour of twelve o'clock, and not above a minute after Miss Crampton had closed the geographical class-book with 'That will do for this morning, ladies,' Miss Partington entered the school-room. The governess abdicated her seat immediately, and the aunt, with stately step, advanced and took it, Miss Crampton standing reverentially by her side. There was for a time a dead silence, to render what was to follow the more impressive. In due time Miss Partington broke it, and commenced by informing her nieces that the Earl of Laxington, with his son, Lord Augustus Montgomery, his daughter, Lady Belinda Montgomery, and his niece, the Honourable Miss Pelham, were about to honour them and Primley Hall with a visit. She cautioned the Misses Phillips in regard to their carriage and conduct, that it should be rigidly correct in every particular: she anticipated they would find little difficulty in behaving with strict propriety; as, to do that, they would only have to copy the actions of their guests, who, from their high rank, were of course models of undeviating regularity and strict etiquette. She hoped her nieces would demean themselves with that gravity which was so estimable in ladies of their age; but addressed herself more especially to the youngest auditor, *Georgina*, who had occasionally betrayed symptoms of *levity*, which, considering her age (quite eight years), had

urprised and sometimes shocked her. The pupils pro-nised obedience and the most exemplary demeanour; iss Partington patted each affectionately on the head n order of seniority, and left the room; while Miss rampton, placing a puzzle-map of Asia upon the table, ade the young ladies 'play' while she retired to put on a alking-dress. About an hour after, all four were seen narching with measured steps in the grounds, till the ursery dinner-bell should summon them to the house at ive minutes to two o'clock.

On the following morning, a servant, belonging to the amily with whom the noble guest was making a tem-orary sojourn, rode up the avenue with a letter announ-ing that the earl would arrive in an hour. So well had very plan been laid, that this somewhat short notice carcely disconcerted the household in the least. Before he hour had elapsed, the young ladies were dressed n prim demi-toilet, awaiting the summons to appear for ntroduction to their coming companions; but exhibited igns of impatience which drew forth several severe ebukes from Miss Crampton. General Phillips betook imself to the dining-parlour, so as to be ready to receive ord Laxington in the hall. The comely porter was at is post, and the servants lined the entry. It was not ntil she had satisfied herself that all these arrangements ere perfected, that Miss Partington retired to her llotted place and position: she at length perched, rather han sat, herself upon a chair in the drawing-room—her ountenance expressive of the calmest patience, her mind ithout a care, her dress without a wrinkle. The dearest opes of the last three weeks of her life were soon to be ealised—a peer of the realm was about to witness the ffects of her clock-work management—to behold the erfectitude of her rigid regularity. It was not, there-ore, without feeling all that emotion which she ever llowed herself to give way to (and that was not much), hat Miss Partington heard the carriage-wheels sound heir gritty way along the avenue. Curiosity—that single eeling which the most severe discipline is not able to

banish from the female breast—induced her to look out of the window to view the stately procession which would, she expected, pass before it. Conceive her disappointment, therefore, when, in its stead, she beheld a dusty travelling-carriage, occupied by the earl in a plain Macintosh, and his daughter in a very plain dress. A lady's-maid sat in the dickey, and a couple of road-begrimed grooms rode in the rumble. But where were the son and the cousin? This question was ocularly answered in a manner which increased the old lady's astonishment tenfold. While the general was receiving his guest in the hall, up galloped Miss Pelham upon a Shetland pony, in a state of high exultation at having beaten her cousin in a race. But a more extraordinary spectacle next presented itself to the aunt's wonderment; for Lord Augustus Montgomery soon after made his appearance upon neighbour Mactaggart's donkey.

Miss Partington was petrified! How happy she was that the school-room window looked out upon the lawn instead of towards the avenue, and that the dangerous example of her noble visitors had been hidden from her innocent nieces' eyes. But could she believe her own? Was it possible that titled personages could be guilty of such extravagances? Surely there must be some mistake. That ill-dressed man in the dusty carriage could not be General Phillips's brother-officer, the earl, of whose high birth and breeding she had heard so much? But in the very midst of these reflections, Miss Partington was undeceived: the door opened, and her brother entered with his noble guest. The earl, a frank but well-bred man, saluted his hostess in a manner which put everything out of Miss Partington's head except his rank and title. He soon made her forget the dusty carriage and the donkey; for, with the unerring tact of good-breeding, his lordship deported himself in a way which would, he knew, be most agreeable to the maiden aunt, and consequently appeared to her as a person, stately, after her *own heart.*

Meanwhile the occupants of the school-room had to

endure the torments of impatience before the bell rang for them to be presented to the earl and his family. They had heard, poor creatures, all the bustle which the arrival had occasioned, without being able to participate in the general satisfaction of the establishment. They sat motionless upon their chairs, strictly watched by their grim governess. They did not dare to move for fear of tumbling their muslin frocks, or creasing their dove-coloured waist-ribbons. After enduring this demure suspense for half an hour, the door suddenly opened, and in came a young gentleman in a round jacket, flourishing a stick, and inquiring for his sister Bel. Miss Crampton screamed; but the young ladies vented their surprise in a more prudent manner: they turned their eyes slowly towards each other, and then returned them upon their governess, with the slow motion of puppet Turks worked by machinery.

'I trust I have not alarmed you—I beg pardon, are you Miss Phillips?' inquired the intruder, stepping up to that young lady, and offering his hand. Jemima looked towards her governess to see if she might take it. An approving nod followed, the instant the juvenile gallant announced that he was Lord Montgomery, and the three girls held out their hands one after another, courtesied, and resumed their seats, with uniform exactitude, but without speaking; after this the young lord retired to continue his search for his sister, leaving Miss Crampton in a state of extreme perplexity. She knew that this accidental mode of introduction was not in Miss Partington's programme, and that it superseded the formal meeting which was to have taken place in the 'blue parlour,' and which she had frequently rehearsed with her pupils.

When, alas! it was too late, the bell rang, and the governess and her girls made their progress to the blue parlour. But on entering it, instead of finding their three young guests drawn up in a row to receive them, as their aunt had arranged—the room was empty! The fact was, the earl's daughter and niece were superintending the

unpacking of their toys—without which they never travelled—and when the Misses Phillips turned to the window, they beheld to their extreme astonishment the Honourable Miss Pelham on the lawn bowling a hoop! Miss Crampton was only awakened from her wonderment by the entrance of the aunt and Lord Laxington. Miss Partington was much mortified on perceiving the young guests absent, and her careful arrangements utterly disregarded. The earl, however, adroitly patched up the disappointment, by complimenting the aunt on the personal appearance of her nieces, and congratulating the nieces upon their being cared for by so accomplished an aunt. All this would have passed off satisfactorily, had not his lordship concluded his introduction to the Misses Phillips by an unlucky proposition. He begged that, by way of a treat, the young ladies and his own children may be allowed to dine with the family! So unheard-of a suggestion more than surprised the girls—it frightened them! and they cast a simultaneous look of terror upon their aunt. With her, however, the word of an earl was law, and she gave a bewildered consent. 'Lunch for children!' she inwardly exclaimed. 'Dangerous indulgence!' Besides, she reflected that they had never been instructed in the proper behaviour for dinner—had not, in short, been put through their state-dinner-table exercise.

It happened, therefore, that when the dressing-bell rang, Miss Partington—who had already made her own toilet—was employed administering to her nieces such weighty instructions as the urgent necessity of the case demanded. They were told what to eat, and how to eat it; their drink was prescribed after the manner of the faculty—one sip of sherry and water about every fifteen minutes. In fact, so minute and various were Miss Partington's directions, that, as she followed them to the dining-room, she congratulated herself on having left nothing whatever to her nieces' discretion.

Fortunately, the early courses of the feast passed off to Miss Partington's satisfaction; for her beloved charges

ate but little, by reason of an ample lunch they had made; it having been a part of their instructions to leave themselves, during dinner, as little to do as possible. Indeed, she secretly congratulated herself on the favourable contrast which their demeanour presented to that of the young guests. The latter actually ate as if dining were not a mere formal duty, but a necessity; her own young ladies, Miss Partington was glad to remark, betrayed not the smallest symptom of gratification at what they were doing, not even while the pastry was in course of mastication. The contrast, however, gave rise in Lord Laxington to far different reflections. He saw that the minds of the girls were tied and bound by rules and regulations: that they were constrained into an unnatural, and therefore unhappy mode of existence. He pitied them, and determined that, while he stayed at Primley Hall, they should enjoy as much relaxation as it was in his power to create. With this view, he proposed an excursion for the next day to a celebrated scene in the neighbourhood. Miss Partington hesitated; Lady Belinda and her brother declared it was a delightful proposition; and at length it was decided that the excursion should take place.

The period had now arrived when, according to the instructions given to the Misses Phillips, they were to rise from the table of their own accord, make one, two, three courtesies, in order of seniority, and to leave the room. But the thoughts of the promised excursion affrighted their minds. Miss Partington's patience was losing the even tenor of its way, when a diversion was effected by Lord Montgomery. That young nobleman having got tired of building houses with ratafias, and manufacturing pigs out of orange-peel—after-dinner arts, in which he was a great adept—proposed that they should change the scene for a romp on the lawn! Miss Partington turned pale! 'A very good thought,' added the Honourable Miss Pelham; 'and as we have brought the sticks and strings, suppose we commence with a game at —Devil!' At the mention of that horrible word, Miss

Partington sunk back in her chair, like to a person who had been suddenly wounded. Her head swam, and she had the utmost difficulty in preventing herself from further disarranging her own programme for the day, by fainting. When she returned to her ordinary state of sedate consciousness, the whole of the juveniles had departed; perhaps her own nieces were—agonising thought!—playing at that unmentionable game; and etiquette forbade her retiring to forbid them!

The next morning there was a bustle in Primley Hall, such as had not occurred under its venerable roof since General Phillips retired from active service. The carriage stood at the door, together with Farmer Mactaggart's donkey, and one of the post-horses saddled, for the especial equestrianism of Lord Augustus Montgomery. The Misses Phillips stood in the hall dressed exactly alike in slate-colour pelisses and poke-bonnets. Upon Miss Crampton's gaunt figure hung her outdoor apparel, a never-absent reticule swinging from her arm. When the whole party had assembled, they were called into the breakfast-room. 'I am told,' said Lord Laxington, 'that although the waterfall you are going to visit can be seen without danger, yet the approach to the hermitage is extremely perilous. I must therefore request of you, young ladies,' he continued, addressing himself to his daughter and niece only, 'not to make any attempt to enter it. As for Augustus, being a boy, he may run into whatever dangerous adventures he chooses: if he get off with impunity, well; if not, he must abide the consequences.'

'But, papa,' remarked Lady Belinda, 'they tell us the hermitage is by far the most interesting thing of the whole.'

'And I am an excellent climber,' rejoined Miss Pelham.

'You really must promise what I ask,' said the earl.

The young ladies knew another word would be useless, *and gave the* required pledge.

Miss Partington, who stood by, mentally congratulated

rself that no such caution was necessary for the young lies under her and Miss Crampton's care and pupilage. ney, the well-behaved darlings, were never let out of r or their governess's sight. Hence, for any accident befall them from their own heedlessness, was utterly possible.

The well-looked-after girls having severally courtesied, cording to their age, entered the carriage with Lady linda, followed by Miss Crampton. The family vehicle lled away in advance; the rear being brought up by rd Montgomery on the post-hack, and the Honourable iss Pelham on the borrowed donkey. The destination as not far distant, and the steady coachman—an old ooper in the corps of which General Phillips had been lonel—drove his precious charges deliberately and fely to the spot. The equestrians, however, made veral excursions to view the beautiful scenery which esented itself in the neighbourhood of their route. On ining the Misses Phillips, they spoke raptures of what ey had seen, and wondered their young friends, natives the place, were not equally charmed; but the gover- ss explained that they were never allowed to go out ithout proper superintendence, and that it had never en convenient till now to spare sufficient time from eir scholastic studies to visit the celebrated scenes of eir native parish. Miss Pelham exclaimed: 'How ld!' and tried to pull away Georgina from the firm asp of her governess, who was leading her, but without ccess. Miss Phillips, however, was free, the conductress t having three hands for all her three pupils, and Lady elinda, taking her round the waist, half-enticed and lf-forced her to the bottom of the hill, to the utter smay of the governess and the trembling sisters. Lord ontgomery and his cousin followed, and all four diving to the woods, were soon out of sight. Indeed, by the me Miss Crampton reached the spot where they had sappeared, the truants were at least half a mile distant. 'O how beautiful!' exclaimed Lady Belinda, when the rst view of the waterfall burst upon them; 'it is like

fairy-land. One almost expects to see little elv
forth from between the rocks. *You* do not see
though, Miss Phillips?'

'Why—why,' said that young lady with
'I've lost my governess, and aunt will be so an

'Oh, never mind your governess!' Lord
replied; 'she is far enough away—out of
hearing.'

'And a good thing, too,' interrupted Miss Pe
am sure her very look is enough to spoil one's
She is so stiff, and looks uncommonly cross.'

Miss Phillips had thought the same thing
Crampton a thousand times, but had never
express it. She did not, therefore, contradict th
but addressed herself more earnestly to inquirin
it was perfectly certain that the governess was
far away to hear or see what was going on. Ha
conclusively satisfied on this point, Miss Phillips
changed with extraordinary celerity. The
up animal spirits of the pupil found full ve
unrestrained delight of the girl.

Living, speaking, and acting by rule being a
unnatural condition for children, they are,
drilled into that mode of existence, studi
effectually taught to become hypocrites. Thi
case with Miss Phillips. Naturally, her dispo
lively, and her spirits so high, that all the rigid
she had been subjected to could not break the
quently, when the barrier of restraint was rem
completely overflowed, and to the amazeme
companions, she laughed, talked, and romped
less reserve than either of the more volatile you
so much so, that Belinda took occasion to rem
cousin, that 'she thought Miss Phillips somet
too far.'

'And oh, Bel,' was the reply, 'if her aunt w
her now! Poor old lady, the consequences
really shocking!'

Augustus was amazed, and apologised to J

having so entirely mistaken her character. 'Why,' said he, 'I thought you the primmest, most disagreeable, icy person I ever met with. Didn't you, Fanny?'

'As for me,' remarked Fanny Pelham, 'I had an idea you all lived upon starch, and had been taught that to be dumb was an accomplishment.'

By this time the party rambled to the path which led to the forbidden hermitage, and they all wondered where the danger could possibly be. It was broad as far as they could see it, and, to all appearance, as easily traversed as any other path. Augustus suggested, however, that the point of danger might be where it turned abruptly upon the overhanging cliff. 'At all events,' he continued, 'I can cross the stream a little above the fall, and see the whole thing.' Accordingly, he soon appeared on the other side, and reported he could see the mouth of the cave, and that the path seemed as safe as possible.

'Then I wonder,' said Miss Pelham, 'why we were forbidden to go.'

'That is no affair of ours,' replied Belinda; 'we are not to visit this mysterious hermitage, and there is an end of the matter.'

'But cannot Augustus go? He was not restricted; and then he can describe it to us. I'll ask him.'

Miss Pelham called across, and her cousin replied that he would not go; for although his father did not expressly forbid the adventure, it was evident he did not wish it. 'And so you see, cousin,' said the sister, turning to Miss Pelham, 'we must give it up entirely.'

Miss Phillips wondered at all this hesitation, and at the coolness with which so desirable a project was abandoned. *She* had not been instructed either one way or the other. Governess could not see, and if her companions would promise not to tell, *she* would go and see the hermitage. Lady Belinda would give no such promise; 'for,' she said, 'half the pleasure consists in telling papa all we have seen and done after we get home. Besides, I am quite sure I could not keep a secret.'

Miss Phillips, however, determined to venture, arguing

that although it was likely her papa and aunt would be angry, yet they had not expressly forbidden the attempt; and, above all, governess was not there to interdict her. Nevertheless, she felt perfectly certain that Miss Crampton would do so were she present.

'Hallo!' shouted Augustus from the other side, 'are *you* going, Miss Phillips? But I would advise you to turn back; I am sure they won't like it at home.' He saw, however, that she was resolute, and advised her to take unusual care when she turned the corner, for the path sloped a little, and being bare rock, might be slippery.

This part of the path was cut upon a rock which overhung the basin into which the water fell. Jemima felt not the smallest apprehension till she arrived at the projecting point where the path turned suddenly round towards the entrance of the cave. It was only at this point that the dizzy height above the water could be distinctly seen. At the sight of it, she turned giddy, her foot slipped over the edge of the sloping path, the unfortunate girl uttered a piercing scream, and the next audible sound was the splash of her body in the water below! Augustus being directly opposite, was the only person who saw the accident; and though terribly shocked, lost no time in useless reflection. He was an expert swimmer —he clambered over the rocks with the celerity of a chamois, and when sufficiently near the river for a safe plunge, dived into the water as near to the sinking object as possible. He soon seized it. Luckily, the shock had stunned the girl; hence the rescuer was not embarrassed by that convulsive grasp of the drowning which so often proves fatal to both. He held her by the hair, keeping her head above water, and allowed the stream to carry him down to a safe landing-place.

The cousins on hearing Jemima shriek, hastened, in an agony of dread, to an opening where they could see what had happened. Lady Belinda outstripped Fanny, *and* her first view of the accident shewed her beloved *brother* striking out gallantly to a shelving part of the

bank. She rushed down the hill with the speed of a fawn, and was soon at the water's edge. Meantime, Miss Crampton and her two pupils arrived in their search for the lost sister at the same spot, and were so completely overpowered at what they saw, as to be totally deprived of motion, and unable to render assistance; but their shrieks were prolonged and piercing. The other young ladies, on the contrary, uttered no sound, but employed themselves more usefully. Miss Pelham having taken hold of her cousin's hand as she had requested, Belinda walked far enough into the stream to catch Jemima's dress, as she and Augustus were sweeping past, borne rapidly along by the current. By this means they were dragged on shore. In a moment the senseless girl was laid on the bank, and stripped by her female friends. Augustus galloped as fast as possible to Primley Hall. Jemima having been properly dried by Lady Montgomery and Miss Pelham, was reclothed with the superfluous garments of the rest of the party.

In all these proceedings, Miss Crampton and the two young sisters were unable to afford the smallest assistance. They stood inactive, looking on and shrieking. All Miss Crampton did was in the way of expostulation on the indelicacy of her ladyship's operations. The cousins were, however, deaf to the governess, and on their way to the carriage, had the happiness to find their efforts rewarded by Miss Phillips's partial recovery. The old coachman was ordered to drive home considerably faster than he came.

It is now necessary for us to outstrip the carriage, to note what was going on at Primley Hall while these events were taking place. General Phillips, accompanied by his sister, was shewing the noble guest over their grounds, and explaining the exact regularity of all their arrangements; when having sought rest in a mathematically-contrived summer-house, the earl exclaimed: 'Well, general, of the kind, I must say yours is the most complete house and grounds I have seen; but to my own taste—which may be very bad—a little less formality

in your domestic arrangements would be far more agreeable.'

'But where there are children, you know, Lord Laxington, it is positively necessary to keep up a system of order.'

'True, but even that may be overdone. I knew, to my cost, when cornet in your regiment, my dear general, that you were a strict martinet. Yet, despite your severity, we subalterns were noted for being the wildest set of fellows in the whole army. Depend upon it, young people too rigidly brought up, turn out in the end the very opposite of what was intended. When once they burst the bonds of pupilage, they abuse rather than enjoy the sweets of liberty.'

'But girls, Lord Laxington'—— suggested Aunt Partington.

'Belong to human nature as well as boys, and being more delicate, should be even less severely treated. Children of either sex should not be used like machines, but as intelligent beings.'

'They have so little discretion.'

'Indeed! then my young folks must be prodigies; for I can confide anything to their discretion, and it occasionally astonishes me to observe how well they exercise it. But they have plenty of liberty; the only restrictions I place upon them are verbal ones, and I cannot bring a single act of disobedience against them.'

'But that system, carried too far, might, I imagine, make girls unfeminine,' said the general.

'Very true, and an instance exists in my niece, who had, before coming under our charge, a little too much liberty. In spite of all, however, I think of the two systems, the liberal one is the better. If you will pardon the metaphor, I prefer seeing children at ease in their slippers, than continually pinched up in stays.'

Lord Laxington had scarcely uttered these words before a servant brought a message from his son, that he *wished to* see him immediately. Augustus having ridden *the post-horse* at a gallop, was in his dressing-room, and

when his father entered, was changing his wet clothes for dry ones. The earl, on hearing the story, congratulated him on his narrow escape, concealing with difficulty the agitation which he strongly felt. A more affecting scene immediately ensued. Lady Belinda rushed into the room, and, falling on her brother's neck, gave way to those emotions which she had mastered so long as they would have interfered with her usefulness in assisting to restore Miss Phillips. 'And are you quite safe and unhurt, my dear brother?' she asked.

Augustus kissed his sister, and tried to laugh at her fears; but his heart was too full of affection, and of thankfulness to Providence for having escaped with a fellow-creature from the danger that had passed. Meanwhile, Jemima was conveyed to bed, under the superintendence of Miss Pelham, she being the only person in the house who had the full use of her wits. The truth is, that the whole of the Primley Hall establishment, from Aunt Partington to the stable-boy, were quite unequal to a sudden emergency—it threw them out of their daily routine, and they became bewildered and useless.

In a few days Miss Phillips completely recovered. The cause of the accident having been minutely investigated, was traced by Aunt Partington to Miss Crampton's neglect in losing sight of her pupil. 'One cannot,' she remarked, 'leave them safely for a moment. Children have no discretion.'

Lord Laxington suggested a different cause, mainly arising from the manner in which the young lady's mind and actions till the day of the accident had been 'cribbed, cabined, and confined.'

'Then what would your lordship recommend?' asked General Phillips.

'In the first place,' was the reply, 'I would allow Miss Crampton to retire upon full-pay. In the next, I recommend a long visit to Laxington, and I hereby invite you all to spend the ensuing winter under my roof. Miss Partington will, I am sure, get on amazingly well with the countess; and the Misses Phillips shall take their

lessons from our governess with my daughter and niece.'

Though, like most maiden ladies of her age, Aunt Partington was firmly wedded to her own opinions, yet so intense was her veneration for the peerage, that she really felt she could not take upon herself to differ from his lordship. It is due, however, to her discretion to add, that no one under the rank of an earl could have possibly convinced her.

Miss Crampton *was* discharged upon a pension. Lord Laxington paid a second visit to Primley Hall in his way back from the Highlands, and the whole family joined him in the journey to Laxington.

It was not till late in the spring of the following year that the return-visit was concluded; but before General Phillips's family had again settled themselves in Primley Hall, Lady Laxington's governess had been induced to become a member of it—the countess's health having sufficiently recovered for her to travel. She accompanied her lord to the continent, with Lady Belinda and Miss Pelham. Meanwhile, the general's daughters improved rapidly under the care of the new instructress. Their intellects expanded, their dispositions improved, and although Miss Partington kept up her much-loved rigid order in the domestic arrangements, she was at length obliged to acknowledge the superiority of the *slipper* over the *stay* system of education.

SINGULAR LETTERS.

.—LETTER FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF AN OLD
:ORNEY, TO WHOM, IT IS PRESUMED, IT HAD BEEN
NDED TO BE COPIED AND FORWARDED TO THE
ITY.

ɪ—As I am informed that you live in good cir-
tances at Plymouth, I have drawn upon you for
um of 12s. 6d., payable to Mr Grinsell Thomson.
as it is a debt of old standing, you may have per-
forgot the circumstances, though, when I mention
particulars, you may recollect the truth of the
ɾe.

happened, in the year 1741, that you were tried and
emned to death, at the March assizes at Shrewsbury,
he murder of your wife. In such a dreadful situa-
you stood in need of a coffin, as the surgeons in
days had no legal right to the body, as they now

old and delivered you a coffin, handsomely mounted
brass-nails, in the jail-yard. Some time after this,
good friends procured you a respite, and you, though
, made use of the coffin by dressing up a fellow
white sheet, and shewing him as representing
self after you were hanged. After that play was
by way of farce, you converted the coffin into
ɜts, and used them at play, till such time as you
transported, and so made a very pretty hand of
offin.

you have now returned, and in good circumstances,
ve drawn upon you for the said 12s. 6d., and hope
will consider me something for interest.—I am, sir,
most obedient servant and coffin-maker,

EDWARD LUKE.

NO. II.—SINGULAR LETTER, BEING A SPECIMEN OF ALLITERATION.

PARK PLACE, *No.* 2*d*, 1716.

To Mr Paul Pettiward, Penny-post paid.

SIR—Persuaded of the pleasure you will partake in being put in possession of the particulars of my pleasant progress into Pembrokeshire, I here present you an account of my proceedings, principally a visit to the picturesque park of Mr Pritchard, M.P. for Portmain, purely to procure a peep of that paragon of places.

I proceeded on a party of pleasure with Mr Pratt of Picton Castle, Mr Powell of Pembroke, and Mr Pugh of Penley—all particularly pleasant people; and who, when the party was proposed, readily put it in practice. I thought it a proper precaution to post away a person privately to prepare Mr Pritchard, that he might provide for us, and we proceeded [illegible] ontly after. His house is in the prettiest part of Pembrokeshire, and almost a princely palace. His parlour is of lofty pitch, and full of pictures of prime painters. He has a pompous portico or pavilion, prettily paved, leading to a parterre from whence you have a prodigious prospect, particularly pointing towards Percilly Hill, which Mr Pritchard has planted, and where he propagates a parcel of Polish and Portuguese poultry, principally precious for their finely-pencilled plumage. It has pleased Mr Pritchard to call his place Pendynrhys Park, which puzzled me most plaguily to pronounce properly.

He received us very politely, and placed before us a plentiful dinner. At the head of the table was a pike, with perch and plaice; at the lower end, pickled pork, pease-pudding, and parsnips; in the middle, a pigeon-pie with puff-paste; on one side potatoes, on the other, pig's pettitoes. The second course consisted of pheasants, poults, and partridges, pastry in profusion, prawns, and plover's eggs. For dessert we had a prodigious pine-*apple*, and perfect pyramids of pears, peaches, plums, and *pippins*.

After dinner, port and punch were passed profusely, which proved too powerful for poor Mr Peter, the parson of the parish; for it pleased his palate, and he poured it down in pints, which made him prate in a pedantic pragmatical manner. This piqued Mr Pratt, a parliament man, and a profound politician; but the parson persisted, and made a prolix Philippic, which proved him prejudiced and partial against the present people in power. Mr Pratt, who is a potent party man, peppery, and soon provoked, called him a popish priest, and said he prayed privately for the Pretender; and that he was very presumptuous to promulgate such pestilent principles publicly. The parson puffed his pipe passively for some time, because Mr Pratt was his patron, but presently losing patience, he plucked off Mr Pratt's periwig, and was preparing to push it with the point of the poker into the fire; upon which Mr Pratt, perceiving a pewter porter-pot in the passage, [illegible]ited Mr Peter with the contents of it in his phiz, and [illegible]ave him a pat on the pate, which prostrated him plump on the pavement, and raised a protuberance on his pericranium.

This put a period to our pugilistic proceedings, and patched up a peace—for the parson was in a piteous plight, and had the prudence to prevail on himself to cry *peccavi*, and in a penitent posture plaintively petitioned for pardon. Mr Pratt, who, though proud of his performance, is a placable person, pulled him out of the puddle, and protested he was sorry for what had passed in his passion; pleading the provocation given him by Peter's preposterous propositions, which he prayed him never to presume to publish again in his presence. Mr Pugh, a practitioner of physic, prescribed phlebotomy to the parson, but he preferred brown paper to any plaster.

This pother put an end to party politics; but we panegyrised the king of Prussia, protested against the partition of Poland, laughed at Pulteney, the patriot's patent for a peerage, talked of Prague and the Palatinate, and the presumption of Privatus picking up prizes in our very ports.

Mr Pritchard would hardly part with us, and placed a padlock on the stable, to prevent our proceeding; but perceiving we were peremptory, at length permitted us to pass. We pricked on our palfreys at a good pace, though it was pitch dark, and some of us rode plump against the posts placed to prevent passengers from riding on the path for pedestrians. Mr Pratt, who was our pilot, providentially escaped, by his pad's penetration, being plunged down a perpendicular precipice. These perils put us in a palpitation, and persuaded us to plod on as slow as a procession, *pian piano*, as the Piedmontese say, or *pas à pas*, as the French phrase is. I shall postpone other particulars till I have the pleasure of passing a day with you at Putney, which I propose as soon as possible. PHILIP.

NO. III.—LETTER FROM THE PERSIAN AMBASSADOR, MIRZA ABUL HASSAN, TO AN ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT, WHO, BEFORE HE LEFT ENGLAND, REQUESTED HIM TO GIVE HIS OPINION OF WHAT HE HAD SEEN THERE.

To the lord or gentleman without name, who lately write letter to him, and ask very much to give an answer.

SIR! MY LORD!—When you write to me some time ago, to give my thought of what I see good and bad this country, that time I not speak English very well; now, I speak, I write much little better; now I give you my think. In this country bad not very much; everything very good; but suppose I not tell something little bad, then you say I tell all flattery; therefore I tell most bad thing. I not like such crowd in evening party every night; in cold weather not very good, *now* hot weather much too bad. I very much astonish every day now much more hot than before, evening party more crowd than before; I always afraid some old lady in great crowd *come dead*, that not good, and spoil my happiness. I think old lady after 85 years not come to evening party, that much better; why for take so much trouble? Some *other thing* little bad. Very beautiful young lady she

got ugly fellow for husband; that not good; very shocking. I ask Sir Gore Ousely why for this? He say me perhaps he very good man, not handsome, no matter; perhaps he got much money, perhaps got little. I say I not like that; all very shocking.

This all bad I know—*now* I say good. English people all very good people, all very happy; do what like, say what like, write in newspaper what like. I love English people very much. They very good, very civil to me. I tell my king English love Persian very much. English king best man in the world. He love his people very much; he speak very kind to me. Queen very best woman I ever saw. Prince of Wales, such a fine, elegant, beautiful man! I not understand English enough proper to praise him; he is too great for my language! I respect him the same as my own king, his manner all the same as talisman and charm! All the princes very fine men, very handsome men, very sweet words and affable. I like all too much.

I think the ladies and gentlemen this country most high rank, high honour, very rich (except one or two), most good, very kind to inferior people; all this very good. I go to see Chelsea; all old men, sit on grass in shade of fine tree; fine river run by; beautiful place, plenty to eat, drink, good coat, everything very good. Sir Gore he tell me of King James and King Charles. I say Sir Gore, 'They not Mussulmans, but I think God love them very much. I think God love the king very well for keep up that charity.' Then I see one small regiment of children go to dinner. One small boy he say thanks to G d for meat, for drink, for clothes; other little boys all answer Amen: *then I cry a little my heart too much pleased!* This all very good for two things: one thing, God very much please; two things, soldiers fight much better when see good king take care of old wounded fathers and little children. Then I go to Greenwich; that, too, good place; *such a fine sight make me a little sick for joy!* All old mans so happy! eat dinner so well, fine house, fine beds, all very good; this very good country! . . . . .

English ladies very handsome, very beautiful. I travel great deal, I go to Arabia, I go Calcutta, Hyderabad, Poonah, Bombay, Georgia, Armenia, Constantinople, Malta, Gibraltar. I see best Georgian, Circassian, Turkish, Greek ladies; but nothing not so beautiful as the English ladies. All very clever, sp ak French, speak Italian, play music very well, sing very good. Very glad for me if Persian ladies like them; but English ladies speak such sweet words, I think *tell a little story*, that not very good.

One thing more I see, but I not understand thus thing good or bad. Last Thursday, I see some fine carriages, fine horses; thousand people go look that carriage. I ask why for? They say me that gentlemen on boxes they drive their own carriage. I say why for take so much trouble! they say me he drive very well; that very good thing. It rain very hard, some gentleman he get very wet; I say why for he not go inside? They tell me good coachman not mind get wet every day—will be much ashamed if go inside. This I not understand.—Sir, my lord! good-night. ABUL HASSAN.

THE END.

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